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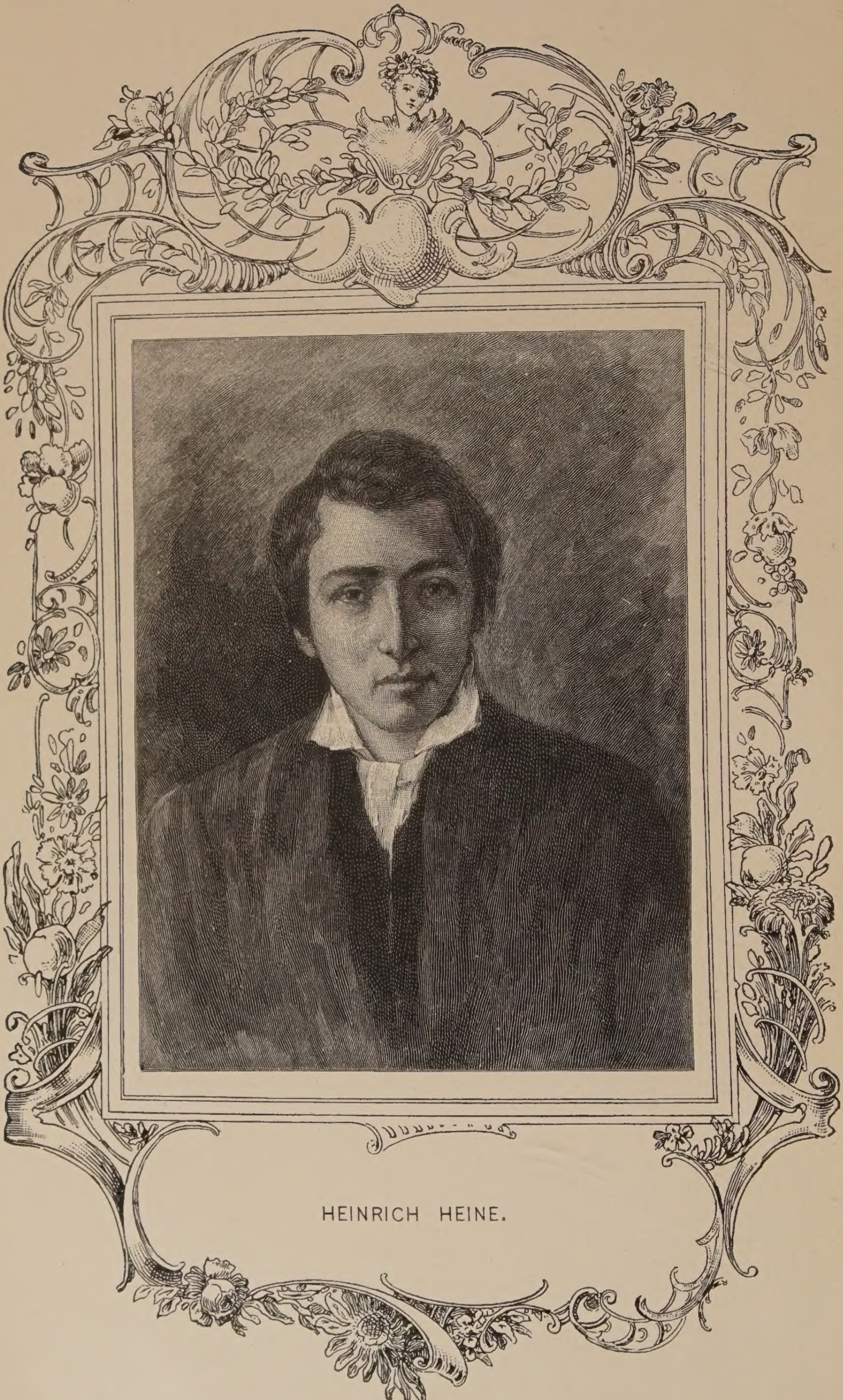

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THIRTY VOLUMES

VOL. XII

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

VOL. XII

	LIVED	PAGE
HORACE GREELEY	1811–1872	6653

BY CLARENCE CLOUGH BUEL

The United States Just After the Revolution (‘The American Conflict’)
Political Compromises and Political «Log-Rolling» (same)

JOHN RICHARD GREEN	1837–1883	6663

The Battle of Hastings (‘History of the English People’)
The Rising of the Baronage against King John (same)
England's Growth in Commerce and Comfort under Elizabeth (same)
William Pitt (same)
Attempt on the Five Members: Preparations for War (same)

THOMAS HILL GREEN	1836–1882	6683

The Scope of the Novelist (‘Value and Influence of Works of Fiction’)

ROBERT GREENE	1560–1592	6691

Deceiving World (‘A Groatsworth of Wit’)
The Shepherd's Wife's Song (‘The Mourning Garment’)
Down the Valley (‘Never Too Late’)
Philomela's Ode (‘Philomela’)
Sweet are the Thoughts (‘Farewell to Folly’)
Sephestia's Song to her Child (‘Menaphon’)

GERALD GRIFFIN	1803–1840	6699

How Myles Murphy is Heard on Behalf of his Ponies (‘The Collegians’)

		LIVED	PAGE
GERALD GRIFFIN — *Continued:*			
How Mr. Daly the Middleman Rose Up from Breakfast (same)			
Old Times! Old Times!			
A Place in Thy Memory, Dearest			
FRANZ GRILLPARZER		1791–1872	6714
Sappho and Phaon ('Sappho')			
The Death of Sappho (same)			
HERMAN GRIMM		1828–	6723
Florence ('Life of Michael Angelo')			
THE GRIMM BROTHERS	1785–1863	1786–1859	6733
BY BENJAMIN W. WELLS			
A Word to the Reader (Preface to the 'Household Tales')			
Little Briar-Rose ('Household Tales')			
The Three Spinners (same)			
The Author to the Reader (Preface to the 'Deutsche Grammatik')			
GEORGE GROTE		1794–1871	6745
The Death, Character, and Work of Alexander the Great ('A History of Greece')			
The Rise of Cleon (same)			
EUGÉNIE AND MAURICE DE GUÉRIN:	1805–1848,	1810–1839	6761
From the 'Journal' of Eugénie de Guérin			
From the 'Journal' of Maurice de Guérin			
The Thoughts of Macareus ('The Centaur')			
FRANÇOIS GUIZOT		1787–1874	6771
BY CHARLES GROSS			
Civilization ('General History of Civilization in Europe')			
The Example of Shakespeare ('Shakespeare and his Times')			
ERNST HAECKEL		1834–	6781
At Peradenia ('A Visit to Ceylon')			
Color and Form in the Ceylon Coral Banks (same)			

LIVED PAGE

Hāfiz Fourteenth Century A. D. 6793

BY A. V. WILLIAMS JACKSON

Selected Ghazals or Odes
Three Ghazals or Odes
Three Ghazals or Odes

Richard Hakluyt 1552?–1616 6807
Expectations of America

Edward Everett Hale 1822– 6821
Philip Nolan (‹The Man Without a Country›)

Ludovic Halévy 1834– 6831
The Most Beautiful Woman in Paris (‹Parisian Points of View›)

Thomas C. Haliburton 1796–1865 6848
Mr. Samuel Slick (‹The Clockmaker›)

Henry Hallam 1777–1859 6853
English Domestic Comfort in the Fifteenth Century (‹View of the State of Europe During the Middle Ages›)
The Middle Ages as a Period of Intellectual Darkness (same)

Fitz-Greene Halleck 1790–1867 6861
Marco Bozzaris
Robert Burns
On the Death of Joseph Rodman Drake

Jehudah Hallevi 1080–? 6869

BY RICHARD GOTTHEIL

Ode to Zion
Separation
The Earth in Spring
Longing for Jerusalem

Philip Gilbert Hamerton 1834–1894 6875
Peach-Bloom (‹The Sylvan Year›)
The Fascination of the Remote (‹Life of J. M. W Turner›)
Trees in Art (‹Landscape›)
The Noble Bohemianism (‹Human Intercourse›)

	LIVED	PAGE
ALEXANDER HAMILTON	1757–1804	6891
BY DANIEL C. GILMAN		
From 'The Federalist': Defense of his Views of the Constitution; The Wisdom of Brief Presidential Terms of Office; Of the Distinction Between a President and a Sovereign; The Militia System as Distinguished from a Standing Army; Confederacy as expressed in the Federal System; Of the Geographical Aspects of the United States as Related to its Commerce; The Standing Army as a Peril to a Republic; Do Republics Promote Peace? Personal Influence in National Politics; Results of the Confederation; Instances of the Evils of State Sovereignty		
ANTHONY HAMILTON	1646?–1720	6913
Nothing Venture, Nothing Have ('Gramont's Memoirs')		
ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY	1847–	6925
Father Le Blanc Makes a Call; and Preaches a Sermon ('But Yet a Woman')		
THOMAS HARDY	1840–	6933
BY ANNA McCLURE SHOLL		
The Mellstock «Waits» ('Under the Greenwood Tree') Sociability in the Malt-House ('Far from the Madding Crowd') The Grave-Diggers ('A Pair of Blue Eyes')		
JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS	1848–	6961
Why Brother Wolf Didn't Eat the Little Rabbits ('Uncle Remus and his Friends') Brother Mud-Turtle's Trickery (same) Uncle Remus at the Telephone (same)		
FREDERIC HARRISON	1838–	6975
The Use and Selection of Books		

	LIVED	PAGE
Bret Harte	1839–	6985

BY WILLIAM HENRY HUDSON

Jim
Dow's Flat
In the Tunnel
The Society upon the Stanislaus
Thompson of Angel's
Plain Language from Truthful James
On a Cone of the Big Trees
Dickens in Camp
An Heiress of Red Dog

Wilhelm Hauff	1802–1827	7014

The Story of the Caliph Stork ('The Caravan')

Gerhart Hauptmann	1861 ?–	7025

The Death and Awakening of Hannele ('Hannele')

Julian Hawthorne	1846–	7041

The East Wing: Archibald is a Changeling ('Archibald Malmaison')

Nathaniel Hawthorne	1804–1864	7053

BY HENRY JAMES

Salem and the Hawthornes ('The Scarlet Letter')
The Minister's Vigil (same)
The Child at the Brook-Side (same)
The Revelation of the Scarlet Letter (same)
Hepzibah Pyncheon ('The House of the Seven Gables')
The Old Manse ('Mosses from an Old Manse')
The Faun's Transformation ('The Marble Faun')

John Hay	1838–	7097

Lincoln's Death and Fame ('Abraham Lincoln: a History')
When Phyllis Laughs
Night in Venice
A Woman's Love
Jim Bludso, of the Prairie Belle

LIVED PAGE

Paul Hamilton Hayne 1830–1886 7110

Ode to Sleep
Aspects of the Pines
Poverty
The Hyacinth

William Hazlitt 1778–1830 7115

Of Persons One would Wish to have Seen (‘Table Talk’)

Lafcadio Hearn 1850– 7131

The Storm (‘Chita: A Memory of Last Island’)
My First Day in the Orient (‘Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan’)
Impressions and Memories (same)
The Temple of Kwannon (same)
The Shintō Faith (same)

Reginald Heber 1783–1826 7153

The ‘Missionary Hymn’
Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity
Trinity Sunday
Epiphany
Before the Sacrament
To His Wife — Written in Upper India
At a Funeral
The Moonlight March

George William Frederick Hegel 1770–1831 7161

BY WILLIAM T. HARRIS

Transition to the Greek World
The Problem
The Greek World
The Meaning of Christianity
The Doctrine of the Trinity
The Nature of Evil
The Fall
The Atonement

All from the ‘Philosophy of History’

Heinrich Heine 1799–1856 7185

BY RICHARD BURTON

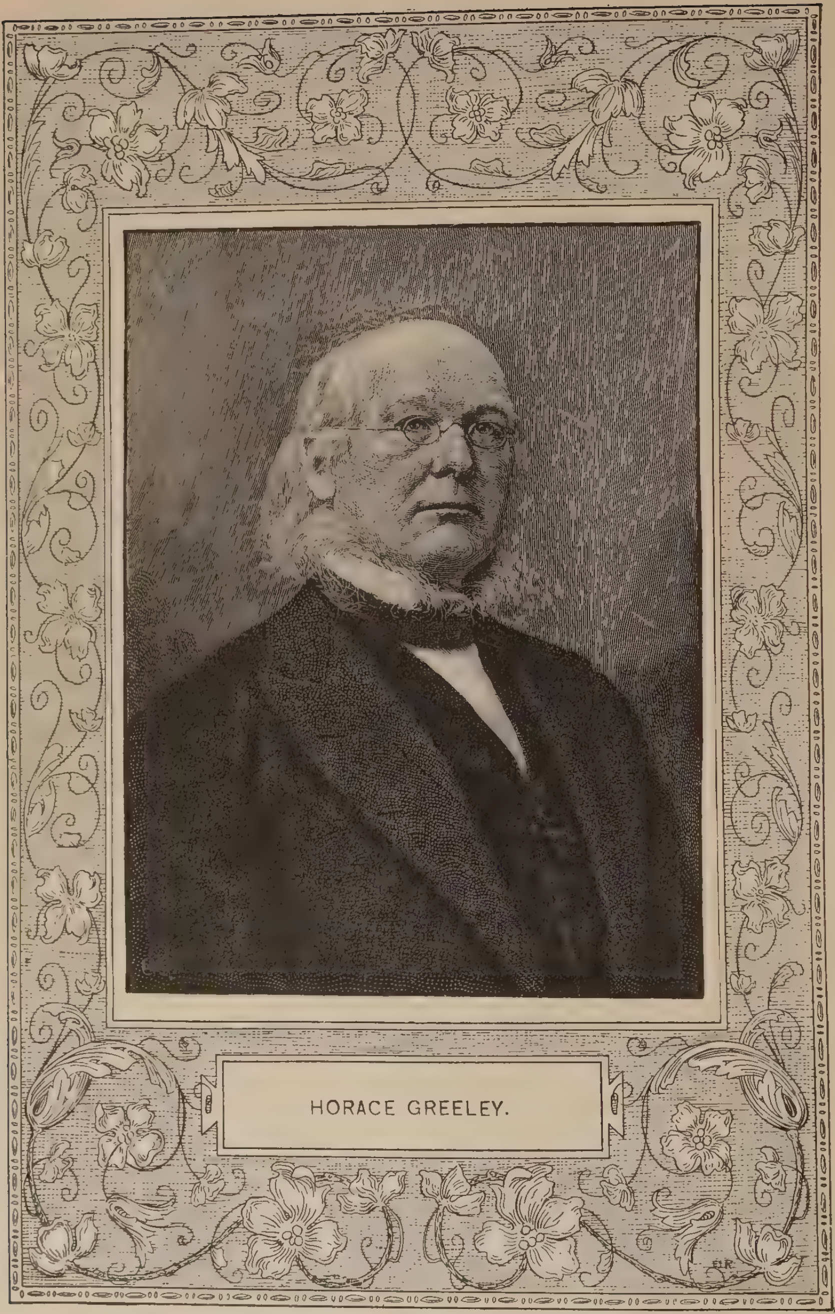
Atlas
The Lorelei
Pine and Palm
Love Songs
My Heart with Hidden Tears is Swelling

	LIVED	PAGE
HEINRICH HEINE—*Continued:*		
Will She Come?		
Katharina		
Gold ('Romances')		
Glimpses (same)		
The Fisher's Hut		
In the Fisher's Cabin		
The Grammar of the Stars		
Sonnets to his Mother		
The Jewels		
Voices from the Tomb ('Dream Pictures')		
Maxims and Descriptions		
Marie		
Göttingen ('The Hartz Journey')		
The Supper on the Brocken (same)		
Life and Old Age ('Book Le Grand')		
Düsseldorf (same)		
The Philistine of Berlin ('Italy')		
Heine's Visit to Goethe		
HELIODORUS	Fourth Century A. D.	7221
The Lovers ('Theagenes and Chariclea')		
Theagenes and the Bull (same)		
FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS	1793–1835	7229
The Homes of England		
The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in New England		
The Hour of Death		
The Lost Pleiad		
The Treasures of the Deep		
WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY	1849–	7236
Ballade of Midsummer Days and Nights		
Longfellow and the Water-World ('Views and Reviews')		
«Out of the Night that Covers Me»		
«O Time and Change»		
PATRICK HENRY	1736–1799	7241
The Alternative (Wirt's 'Life of Henry')		
On the Return of the Refugees (same)		

LIST OF PORTRAITS

IN VOL. XII

Horace Greeley	Full page
John Richard Green	Vignette
Franz Grillparzer	Vignette
Herman Grimm	Vignette
Grimm Brothers	
Jacob Ludwig Carl	Vignette
Wilhelm Carl	Vignette
George Grote	Vignette
François Guizot	Full page
Ernst Haeckel	Vignette
Edward Everett Hale	Vignette
Ludovic Halévy	Vignette
Thomas C. Haliburton	Vignette
Fitz-Greene Halleck	Vignette
Philip Gilbert Hamerton	Vignette
Alexander Hamilton	Full page
Anthony Hamilton	Vignette
Arthur Sherburne Hardy	Vignette
Thomas Hardy	Full page
Joel Chandler Harris	Vignette
Bret Harte	Full page
Wilhelm Hauff	Vignette
Julian Hawthorne	Vignette
Nathaniel Hawthorne	Full page
John Hay	Vignette
Paul Hamilton Hayne	Vignette
William Hazlitt	Vignette
Lafcadio Hearn	Vignette
Reginald Heber	Vignette
George William Frederick Hegel	Full page
Heinrich Heine	Full page
Felicia Dorothea Hemans	Vignette
William Ernest Henley	Vignette
Patrick Henry	Full page



HORACE GREELEY.

HORACE GREELEY

(1811–1872)

BY CLARENCE CLOUGH BUEL

TWENTY-FIVE years after his death, Horace Greeley's name remains at the head of the roll of American journalists. Successors in the primacy of current discussion may surpass him, as doubtless some of them already have, in consistency and learning, but hardly in the chief essentials of a journalistic style; others may exert a more salutary influence, if not so personally diffused: but in the respect of high ideals, courage, intellectual force, and personal magnetism, the qualities which impel a man of letters to be also a man of action, Horace Greeley was of heroic mold. He was no popgun journalist firing from a sky-sanctum, but a face-to-face champion in the arena of public affairs, laying about him with pen and speech like an ancient Bayard with his sword. The battles he fought for humanity, and the blows he gave and received, have made him for all time the epic figure of the American press.

Born in rural New Hampshire, of English and Scotch-Irish descent, he epitomized his heritage and his attainment in the dedication of his autobiography «To our American boys, who, born in poverty, cradled in obscurity, and early called from school to rugged labor, are seeking to convert obstacle into opportunity, and wrest achievement from difficulty.»

Though physically a weak child, his intellect was strong, and when near his tenth year his father removed to Vermont, the boy took with him the reputation of a mental prodigy; so, with little schooling and much reading, he was thought when fourteen to be a fit apprentice to a printer, setting forth four years later as a journeyman. His parents had moved to western Pennsylvania, and he followed; but after a desultory practice of his art he came to the metropolis on August 17th, 1831, with ten dollars in his pocket, and so rustic in dress and manners as to fall under suspicion of being a runaway apprentice. Later in life, at least, his face and his figure would have lent distinction to the utmost elegance of style: but his dress was so careless even after the long period of comparative poverty was passed, that the peculiarity became one of his distinguishing features as a public character; and to the last there were friends of little discernment who thought this eccentricity was studied affectation: but manifestly his dress, like his unkempt handwriting, was the unconscious expression of a spirit so concentrated on the intellectual interests of its life as to be oblivious to mere appearances.

After eighteen months of dubious success as a journeyman in the city, in his twenty-first year he joined a friend in setting up a modest printing-office, which on March 22d, 1834, issued the New-Yorker, a literary weekly in the general style of Willis's Mirror, under the firm name of H. Greeley & Co. For four years the young printer showed his editorial aptitude to such good effect that in 1838 he was asked to conduct the Jeffersonian, a Whig campaign paper. This was so effective that in 1840 he was encouraged to edit and publish the Log-Cabin, a weekly which gained a circulation of 80,000, brought him reputation as a political writer, and active participation in politics with the Whig leaders, Governor Seward and Thurlow Weed. It contributed much to the election of General Harrison, but very little to the purse of the ambitious editor. On April 10th of the following year, 1841, he issued the first number of the New York Tribune, as a Whig daily of independent spirit. He was still editing the New-Yorker and the Log-Cabin, both of which were soon discontinued, the Weekly Tribune in a way taking their place. Though the New-Yorker had brought him literary reputation, it had not been profitable, because of uncollectible bills which at the end amounted to $10,000. Still, at the outset of the Tribune he was able to count $2,000 to his credit in cash and material. He was then thirty years of age, and for thirty years thereafter the paper grew steadily in circulation, influence, and profit, until, a few weeks after his death, a sale of the majority interest indicated that the «good-will» of the Tribune, aside from its material and real estate, was held to be worth about a million dollars. The Greeley interest was then small, since he had parted with most of it to sustain his generous methods of giving and lending.

He had great capacity for literary work, and when absent for travel or business was a copious contributor to his paper. To his rather delicate physical habit was perhaps due his distaste for all stimulants, alcoholic or otherwise, and his adherence through life to the vegetarian doctrines of Dr. Graham; another follower of the latter being his wife, Mary Young Cheney, also a writer, whom he married in 1836. His moderate advocacy of temperance in food and drink, coupled with his then unorthodox denial of eternal punishment, helped to identify him in the public mind with most of the «isms» of the time, including Fourierism and spiritualism; when in fact his mind and his paper were merely open to free inquiry, and were active in exposing vagaries of opinion wherever manifested. Protection to American industry, and abolitionism, were the only varieties which he accepted without qualification; and while the proslavery party detested him as a dangerous agitator, it is possible at this day even from their point of view to admire the moderation, the candor, and the gentle humanity of his treatment of the slavery question. In all issues concerning the practical affairs of life, like marriage and divorce, he was guided by rare common-sense, and usually his arguments were scholarly and moderate; but in matters of personal controversy he was distinctly human, uniting with a taste for the intellectual fray a command of facts, and a force and pungency of presentation, which never seem admirable in an opponent.

He was in great demand as a lecturer and as a speaker at agricultural fairs, his addresses always being distinguished by a desire to be helpful to working humanity and by elevated motives. Though not a jester, genial humor and intellectual exchange were characteristic of his social intercourse. His books, with one or two exceptions, were collections of his addresses and newspaper articles. His first book, ‹Hints Toward Reforms,› appeared in 1850, and was followed by ‹Glances at Europe› (1851); ‹A History of the Struggle for Slavery Extension or Restriction› (1856); ‹The Overland Journey to California› (1859); ‹An Address on Success in Business› (1867); ‹Recollections of a Busy Life,› formed on a series of articles in the New York Ledger (1869); ‹Essays Designed to Elucidate the Science of Political Economy› (1870); ‹Letters from Texas and the Lower Mississippi, and an Address to the Farmers of Texas› (1871); ‹What I Know of Farming› (1871); and ‹The American Conflict,› written as a book, the first volume appearing in 1864 and the second in 1867. This work on the Civil War is remarkable, when considered in the light of his purpose to show «the inevitable sequence whereby ideas proved the germ of events»; but it was hastily prepared, and while strikingly accurate in the large sense, will not bear scrutiny in some of the minor details of war history.

Neither his political friends, nor his party, nor the causes he espoused, could hold him to a course of partisan loyalty contrary to his own convictions of right and duty. As a member of the Seward-Weed-Greeley «triumvirate,» he was often a thorn in the flesh of the senior members; his letter of November 11th, 1854, dissolving «the political firm,» being one of the frankest documents in the history of American politics. During the Civil War he occasionally embarrassed Mr. Lincoln's administration by what seemed then to be untimely cries of «On to Richmond!» immediate emancipation, and peace. On the whole, his influence for the Union cause was powerful; but when, the war being over, he advocated general amnesty, and finally as an object lesson went on the bail bond of Jefferson Davis, he lost the support of a large body of his most ardent antislavery admirers.

The clamor against him called forth a characteristic defiance in his letter to members of the Union League Club, who were seeking to discipline him. Having further alienated the Republican party by his general attitude in «reconstruction» matters, he became the logical candidate for the Presidency, in 1872, of the Democrats at Baltimore and the Liberal Republicans at Cincinnati, in opposition to a second term for General Grant. Though personally he made a brilliant canvass, the influences at work in his favor were inharmonious and disintegrating, and the result was a most humiliating defeat. This he appeared to bear with mental buoyancy, despite the affliction of his wife's death, which occurred a week before the election, he having left the stump in September to watch unremittingly at her bedside. On November 6th, the day after his defeat, he resumed the editorship of the Tribune, which six months before he had relinquished to Whitelaw Reid. Thereafter he contributed to only four issues of the paper, for the strain of his domestic and political misfortunes had aggravated his tendency to insomnia: on the 12th he was seriously ill, and on the 29th he succumbed to inflammation of the brain. The last few months of his eventful career supplied most of the elements essential to a Greek tragedy. On December 23d, the Tribune having been reorganized with Mr. Reid in permanent control, there first appeared at the head of the editorial page the line «Founded by Horace Greeley,» as a memorial to the great journalist and reformer. A bronze statue has been erected in the portal of the new Tribune office, and another statue in the angle made by Broadway and Sixth Avenue, appropriately named «Greeley Square,» after the man who was second to no other citizen in establishing the intellectual ascendency of the metropolis.

Clarence Clough Buel

THE UNITED STATES JUST AFTER THE REVOLUTION

From ‹The American Conflict.› Reprinted by permission of O. D. Case & Co., publishers, Hartford, Connecticut

THE difficulties which surrounded the infancy and impeded the growth of the thirteen original or Atlantic States were less formidable, but kindred, and not less real. Our fathers emerged from their arduous, protracted, desolating Revolutionary struggle, rich indeed in hope, but poor in worldly goods. Their country had for seven years been traversed and wasted by contending armies, almost from end to end. Cities and villages had been laid in ashes. Habitations had been deserted and left to decay. Farms, stripped of their fences and deserted by their owners, had for years produced only weeds. Camp fevers, with the hardships and privations of war, had destroyed many more than the sword; and all alike had been subtracted from the most effective and valuable part of a population always, as yet, quite inadequate. Cripples and invalids, melancholy mementoes of the yet recent struggle, abounded in every village and township. Habits of industry had been unsettled and destroyed by the anxieties and uncertainties of war. The gold and silver of ante-Revolutionary days had crossed the ocean in exchange for arms and munitions. The Continental paper, which for a time more than supplied (in volume) its place, had become utterly worthless. In the absence of a tariff, which the Confederate Congress lacked power to impose, our ports, immediately after peace, were glutted with foreign luxuries,—gewgaws which our people were eager enough to buy, but for which they soon found themselves utterly unable to pay. They were almost exclusively an agricultural people, and their products, save only tobacco and indigo, were not wanted by the Old World, and found but a very restricted and inconsiderable market even in the West Indies, whose trade was closely monopolized by the nations to which they respectively belonged. Indian corn and potatoes, the two principal edibles for which the poor of the Old World are largely indebted to America, were consumed to a very limited extent, and not at all imported, by the people of the Eastern Hemisphere. The wheat-producing capacity of our soil, at first unsurpassed, was soon exhausted by the unskillful and thriftless cultivation of the eighteenth century. Though one third of the labor of the country was probably devoted to the cutting of timber, the axe-helve was but a pudding-stick, while the plow was a rude structure of wood, clumsily pointed and shielded with iron. A thousand bushels of corn (maize) are now grown on our Western prairies at a cost of fewer days' labor than were required for the production of a hundred in New York or New England eighty years ago. And though the settlements of that day were nearly all within a hundred miles of tide-water, the cost of transporting bulky staples, for even that distance, over the execrable roads that then existed, was about equal to the present charge for transportation from Illinois to New York. Industry was paralyzed by the absence or uncertainty of markets. Idleness tempted to dissipation, of which the tumult and excitement of civil war had long been the school. Unquestionably, the moral condition of our people had sadly deteriorated through the course of the Revolution. Intemperance had extended its ravages; profanity and licentiousness had overspread the land; a coarse and scoffing infidelity had become fashionable, even in high quarters; and the letters of Washington and his compatriots bear testimony to the wide-spread prevalence of venality and corruption, even while the great issue of independence or subjugation was still undecided.

The return of peace, though it arrested the calamities, the miseries, and the desolations of war, was far from ushering in that halcyon state of universal prosperity and happiness which had been fondly and sanguinely anticipated. Thousands were suddenly deprived by it of their accustomed employment and means of subsistence, and were unable at once to replace them. Those accepted though precarious avenues to fame and fortune in which they had found at least competence were instantly closed, and no new ones seemed to open before them. In the absence of aught that could with justice be termed a currency, trade and business were even more depressed than industry. Commerce and navigation, unfettered by legislative restriction, ought to have been, or ought soon to have become, most flourishing, if the dicta of the world's accepted political economists had been sound; but the facts were deplorably at variance with their inculcations. Trade, emancipated from the vexatious trammels of the custom-house marker and gauger, fell tangled and prostrate in the toils of the usurer and the sheriff. The common people, writhing under the intolerable pressure of debt for which no means of payment existed, were continually prompting their legislators to authorize and direct those baseless issues of irredeemable paper money, by which a temporary relief is achieved at the cost of more pervading and less curable disorders. In the year 1786 the Legislature of New Hampshire, then sitting at Exeter, was surrounded, evidently by preconcert, by a gathering of angry and desperate men, intent on overawing it into an authorization of such an issue. In 1786 the famous Shay's Insurrection occurred in western Massachusetts, wherein fifteen hundred men, stung to madness by the snow-shower of writs to which they could not respond and executions which they had no means of satisfying, undertook to relieve themselves from intolerable infestation and save their families from being turned into the highways, by dispersing the courts and arresting the enforcement of legal process altogether. That the seaboard cities, depending entirely on foreign commerce, neither manufacturing themselves nor having any other than foreign fabrics to dispose of, should participate in the general suffering and earnestly scan the political and social horizon in quest of sources and conditions of comprehensive and enduring relief, was inevitable. And thus industrial paralysis, commercial embarrassment, and political disorder combined to overbear inveterate prejudice, sectional jealousy, and the ambition of local magnates, in creating that more perfect Union whereof the foundations were laid and pillars erected by Washington, Hamilton, Franklin, Madison, and their compeers in the Convention which framed the Federal Constitution.

Yet it would not be just to close this hasty and casual glance at our country under the old federation, without noting some features which tend to relieve the darkness of the picture. The abundance and excellence of the timber, which still covered at least two-thirds of the area of the then States, enabled the common people to supply themselves with habitations which, however rude and uncomely, were more substantial and comfortable than those possessed by the masses of any other country on earth. The luxuriant and omnipresent forests were likewise the sources of cheap and ample supplies of fuel, whereby the severity of our northern winters was mitigated, and the warm bright fireside of even the humblest family, in the long winter evenings of our latitude, rendered centres of cheer and enjoyment. Social intercourse was more general, less formal, more hearty, more valued, than at present. Friendships were warmer and deeper. Relationship, by blood or by marriage, was more profoundly regarded. Men were not ashamed to own that they loved their cousins better than their other neighbors, and their neighbors better than the rest of mankind. To spend a month in the dead of winter in a visit to the dear old homestead, and in interchanges of affectionate greetings with brothers and sisters married and settled at distances of twenty to fifty miles apart, was not deemed an absolute waste of time, nor even an experiment in fraternal civility and hospitality. And though cultivation was far less effective than now, it must not be inferred that food was scanty or hunger predominant. The woods were alive with game, and nearly every boy and man between fifteen and sixty years of age was a hunter. The larger and smaller rivers, as yet unobstructed by the dams and wheels of the cotton-spinner and power-loom weaver, abounded in excellent fish, and at seasons fairly swarmed with them. The potato, usually planted in the vegetable mold left by recently exterminated forests, yielded its edible tubers with a bounteous profusion unknown to the husbandry of our day. Hills the most granitic and apparently sterile, from which the wood was burned one season, would the next year produce any grain in ample measure, and at a moderate cost of labor and care. Almost every farmer's house was a hive, wherein the «great wheel» and the «little wheel»—the former kept in motion by the hands and feet of all the daughters ten years old and upward, the latter plied by their not less industrious mother—hummed and whirled from morning till night. In the back room, or some convenient appendage, the loom responded day by day to the movements of the busy shuttle, whereby the fleeces of the farmer's flock and the flax of his field were slowly but steadily converted into substantial though homely cloth, sufficient for the annual wear of the family, and often with something over, to exchange at the neighboring merchant's for his groceries and wares. A few bushels of corn, a few sheep, a fattened steer, with perhaps a few saw-logs or loads of hoop-poles, made up the annual surplus of the husbandman's products, helping to square accounts with the blacksmith, the wheelwright, the minister, and the lawyer, if the farmer was so unfortunate as to have any dealings with the latter personage. His life during peace was passed in a narrower round than ours, and may well seem to us tame, limited, monotonous: but the sun which warmed him was identical with ours; the breezes which refreshed him were like those we gladly welcome; and while his roads to mill and to meeting were longer and rougher than those we daily traverse, he doubtless passed them unvexed by apprehensions of a snorting locomotive, at least as contented as we, and with small suspicion of his ill fortune in having been born in the eighteenth instead of the nineteenth century.

The illusion that the times that were are better than those that are, has probably pervaded all ages. Yet a passionately earnest assertion which many of us have heard from the lips of the old men of thirty to fifty years ago, that the days of their youth were sweeter and happier than those we have known, will doubtless justify us in believing that they were by no means intolerable. It is not too much to assume that the men by whose valor and virtue American independence was achieved, and who lived to enjoy for half a century thereafter the gratitude of their country and the honest pride of their children, saw wealth as fairly distributed, and the labor of freemen as adequately rewarded, as those of almost any other country or of any previous generation.

POLITICAL COMPROMISES AND POLITICAL ‹LOG-ROLLING›

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POLITICAL compromises, though they have been rendered unsavory by abuse, are a necessary incident of mixed or balanced governments; that is, of all but simple, unchecked despotisms. Wherever liberty exists, there diversities of judgment will be developed; and unless one will dominates over all others, a practical mean between widely differing convictions must sometimes be sought. If for example a legislature is composed of two distinct bodies or houses, and they differ, as they occasionally will, with regard to the propriety or the amount of an appropriation required for a certain purpose, and neither is disposed to give way,—a partial concession on either hand is often the most feasible mode of practical adjustment. Where the object contemplated is novel, or non-essential to the general efficiency of the public service,—such as the construction of a new railroad, canal, or other public work,—the repugnance of either house should suffice entirely to defeat or at least to postpone it; for neither branch has a right to exact from the other conformity with its views on a disputed point, as the price of its own concurrence in measures essential to the existence of the government. The attempt therefore of the Senate of February–March, 1849, to dictate to the House, « You shall consent to such an organization of the Territories as we prescribe, or we will defeat the Civil Appropriation Bill, and thus derange if not arrest the most vital machinery of the government,»—was utterly unjustifiable. Yet this should not blind us to the fact that differences of opinion are at times developed on questions of decided moment, where the rights of each party are equal, and where an ultimate concurrence in one common line of action is essential. Without some deference to adverse convictions, no confederation of the insurgent colonies was attainable — no Union of the States could have been effected. And where the executive is, by according him the veto, clothed with a limited power over the making of laws, it is inevitable that some deference to his views, his convictions, should be evinced by those who fashion and mature those laws. Under this aspect, compromise in government is sometimes indispensable and laudable.

But what is known in State legislation as *log-rolling* is quite another matter. A has a bill which he is intent on passing, but which has no intrinsic worth that commends it to his fellow members. But B, C, D, and the residue of the alphabet, have each his «little bill»; not perhaps specially obnoxious or objectionable, but such as could not be passed on its naked merits. All alike must fail, unless carried by that reciprocity of support suggested by their common need and peril. An understanding is effected between their several backers, so that A votes for the bills of B, C, D, etc., as the indispensable means of securing the passage of his own darling; and thus a whole litter of bills become laws, whereof no single one was demanded by the public interest, or could have passed without the aid of others as unworthy as itself. Such is substantially the process whereby our statute-books are loaded with acts which subserve no end but to fill the pockets of the few, at the expense of the rights or the interests of the many.

JOHN RICHARD GREEN

(1837–1883)

Dean Stanley, on reading one of Green's first literary productions, said: «I see you are in danger of becoming picturesque. Beware of it. I have suffered from it.» Though Green was then at an age when advice from such a source might well have had some influence, his natural bent was even then too strong to be affected by the warning. Born in Oxford in 1837, he entered Jesus College, where he showed the same remarkable power of reconstructing the life of the past that marked his historical writings in after years, and where his preference for historical chronicles over the classics, and his lack of verbal memory, puzzled his tutor and prevented his winning especial distinction in the studies of his college course. On graduating in 1859 he entered the Church, and in 1866 became vicar of Stepney in East London. Here, besides preaching and visiting, he was a leader in the movement for improving the condition of the East Side, and in the organization of an effective system of charitable relief. Nearly the whole of his meagre income being expended on his parish, he was obliged to make up the deficit by writing articles for the Saturday Review. These were mainly brief historical reviews and essays, but some were of a light character dealing with social topics. Hastily written, but incisive and original, many of them have permanent value, and they were emended and published in a separate volume under the title of ‹Stray Studies in England and Italy,› after his ‹Short History of the English People› had made him famous.

John R. Green

His health was fast breaking under the strain of his parish work; and this, combined with the growing spirit of skepticism, induced him to withdraw from active clerical work and accept an appointment as librarian at Lambeth, where he was able to give much of his time to historical study. He had at first planned a treatise on the Angevin kings, but was urged by his friends to undertake something of wider scope and more general interest. Accordingly he set to work on his ‹Short History of the English People.› The task before him was difficult. He wished to make a book that would entertain the general reader and at the same time be suggestive and instructive to the scholar, and to compress it all within the limits of an «outline,» — a term usually associated with those bare, crabbed summaries which are sometimes inflicted by teachers upon the young and defenseless, but are avoided by general reader and scholar alike. How far he succeeded appears from the fact that with the exception of Macaulay's work, no treatise on English history has ever met with such prompt and complete success among all classes of readers. The vivid, picturesque style made it exceedingly popular, while the originality of method and of interpretation won for it the praise of men like Freeman and Stubbs. As to its accuracy, there is some difference of opinion. When the book first came out (1874), sharp reviewers caught the historian in many slips, usually of a kind not to affect his general conclusions, but serious enough to injure his reputation for accuracy. Most of these errors were corrected in later editions, and are not to be found in the longer ‹History of the English People› (4 vols.), which contains the material of the earlier work in an expanded, but as some think, in a less interesting form.

His next work was in a field in which none could refuse him credit for original research. The ‹Making of England,› dealing with the early part of the Anglo-Saxon period, and the ‹Conquest of England,› which carried the narrative down to 1052, show extraordinary skill in handling the scanty historical materials of those times. He was at work on the ‹Conquest› at the time of his death, which occurred in 1883. During the last years of his life his illness had frequently interrupted his work; and but for the aid of his wife in historical research as well as in the mechanical labor of amanuensis, he would not have accomplished what he did. As it is, his friends regard his actual achievements as slight compared to what his talents promised had he lived. Still, these achievements entitle him to a high place among modern historians. In accuracy he has many superiors; but in brilliancy of style, in human sympathy, and above all in the power to make the past present and real, he has few equals. «Fiction,» he once said, «is history that didn't happen.» His own books have the interest of novels without departing in essentials from the truth.

Besides writing the works above mentioned, he issued a selection of ‹Readings from English History› (1879), and wrote with his wife a ‹Short Geography of the British Isles› (1881).

THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS

From ‹History of the English People›

On the fourteenth of October, William led his men at dawn along the higher ground that leads from Hastings to the battle-field which Harold had chosen. From the mound of Telham the Normans saw the host of the English gathered thickly behind a rough trench and a stockade on the height of Senlac. Marshy ground covered their right; on the left, the most exposed part of the position, the hus-carles or body-guard of Harold, men in full armor and wielding huge axes, were grouped round the Golden Dragon of Wessex and the Standard of the King. The rest of the ground was covered by thick masses of half-armed rustics, who had flocked at Harold's summons to the fight with the stranger. It was against the centre of this formidable position that William arrayed his Norman knighthood, while the mercenary forces he had gathered in France and Brittany were ordered to attack its flanks. A general charge of the Norman foot opened the battle; in front rode the minstrel Taillefer, tossing his sword in the air and catching it again, while he chanted the song of Roland. He was the first of the host who struck a blow, and he was the first to fall. The charge broke vainly on the stout stockade, behind which the English warriors plied axe and javelin with fierce cries of «Out! out!» and the repulse of the Norman footmen was followed by a repulse of the Norman horse. Again and again the duke rallied and led them to the fatal stockade. All the fury of fight that glowed in his Norseman's blood, all the headlong valor that spurred him over the slopes of Val-ès-dunes, mingled that day with the coolness of head, the dogged perseverance, the inexhaustible faculty of resource, which shone at Mortemer and Varaville. His Breton troops, entangled in the marshy ground on his left, broke in disorder; and as panic spread through the army, a cry arose that the duke was slain. William tore off his helmet: «I live,» he shouted, «and by God's help I will conquer yet!» Maddened by a fresh repulse, the duke spurred right at the Standard; unhorsed, his terrible mace struck down Gyrth, the King's brother; again dismounted, a blow from his hand hurled to the ground an unmannerly rider who would not lend him his steed. Amidst the roar and tumult of the battle, he turned the flight he had arrested into the means of victory. Broken as the stockade was by his desperate onset, the shield-wall of the warriors behind it still held the Normans at bay, till William by a feint of flight drew a part of the English force from their post of vantage. Turning on his disorderly pursuers, the duke cut them to pieces, broke through the abandoned line, and made himself master of the central ground. Meanwhile the French and Bretons made good their ascent on either flank. At three the hill seemed won; at six the fight still raged around the Standard, where Harold's hus-carles stood stubbornly at bay, on a spot marked afterwards by the high altar of Battle Abbey. An order from the duke at last brought his archers to the front. Their arrow-flight told heavily on the dense masses crowded around the King, and as the sun went down, a shaft pierced Harold's right eye. He fell between the royal ensigns, and the battle closed with a desperate melly over his corpse.

THE RISING OF THE BARONAGE AGAINST KING JOHN

From ‹History of the English People›

THE open resistance of the northern barons nerved the rest of their order to action. The great houses who had cast away their older feudal traditions for a more national policy were drawn by the crisis into close union with the families which had sprung from the ministers and councilors of the two Henrys. To the first group belonged such men as Saher de Quinci, the Earl of Winchester; Geoffrey of Mandeville, Earl of Essex; the Earl of Clare, Fulk Fitz-Warin; William Mallet; the house of Fitz-Alan and Gant. Among the second group were Henry Bohun and Roger Bigod, the Earls of Hereford and Norfolk; the younger William Marshal; and Robert de Vere. Robert Fitz-Walter, who took the command of their united force, represented both parties equally, for he was sprung from the Norman house of Brionne, while the Justiciar of Henry the Second, Richard de Lucy, had been his grandfather. Secretly, and on the pretext of pilgrimage, these nobles met at St. Edmundsbury, resolute to bear no longer with John's delays. If he refused to restore their liberties, they swore to make war on him till he confirmed them by charter under the King's seal; and they parted to raise forces with the purpose of presenting their demands at Christmas. John, knowing nothing of the coming storm, pursued his policy of winning over the Church by granting it freedom of election, while he embittered still more the strife with his nobles by demanding scutage from the northern nobles who had refused to follow him to Poitou. But the barons were now ready to act; and early in January in the memorable year 1215 they appeared in arms to lay, as they had planned, their demands before the King.

John was taken by surprise. He had asked for a truce till Easter-tide, and spent the interval in fevered efforts to avoid the blow. Again he offered freedom to the Church, and took vows as a Crusader against whom war was a sacrilege, while he called for a general oath of allegiance and fealty from the whole body of his subjects. But month after month only showed the King the uselessness of further resistance. Though Pandulf was with him, his vassalage had as yet brought little fruit in the way of aid from Rome; the commissioners whom he sent to plead his cause at the shire courts brought back news that no man would help him against the charter that the barons claimed; and his efforts to detach the clergy from the league of his opponents utterly failed. The nation was against the King. He was far indeed from being utterly deserted. His ministers still clung to him. . . .

But cling as such men might to John, they clung to him rather as mediators than adherents. Their sympathies went with the demands of the barons when the delay which had been granted was over, and the nobles again gathered in arms at Brackley in Northamptonshire to lay their claims before the King. Nothing marks more strongly the absolutely despotic idea of his sovereignty which John had formed, than the passionate surprise which breaks out in his reply. "Why do they not ask for my kingdom?" he cried. "I will never grant such liberties as will make me a slave!" The imperialist theories of the lawyers of his father's court had done their work. Held at bay by the practical sense of Henry, they had told on the more headstrong nature of his sons. Richard and John both held with Glanvill that the will of the prince was the law of the land; and to fetter that will by the customs and franchises which were embodied in the barons' claims seemed to John a monstrous usurpation of his rights. But no imperialist theories had touched the minds of his people. The country rose as one man at his refusal. At the close of May, London threw open her gates to the forces of the barons, now arrayed under Robert Fitz-Walter as "Marshal of the Army of God and Holy Church." Exeter and Lincoln followed the example of the capital; promises of aid came from Scotland and Wales; the northern barons marched hastily under Eustace de Vesci to join their comrades in London. Even the nobles who had as yet clung to the King, but whose hopes of conciliation were blasted by his obstinacy, yielded at last to the summons of the "Army of God." Pandulf indeed, and Archbishop Langton, still remained with John; but they counseled, as Earl Ranulf and William Marshal counseled, his acceptance of the Charter. None in fact counseled its rejection save his new Justiciar, the Poitevin Peter des Roches, and other foreigners who knew the barons purposed driving them from the land. But even the number of these was small: there was a moment when John found himself with but seven knights at his back, and before him a nation in arms. Quick as he was, he had been taken utterly by surprise. It was in vain that in the short respite he had gained from Christmas to Easter he had summoned mercenaries to his aid, and appealed to his new suzerain the Pope. Summons and appeal were alike too late. Nursing wrath in his heart, John bowed to necessity and called the barons to a conference on an island in the Thames, between Windsor and Staines, near a marshy meadow by the river-side, the meadow of Runnymede. The King encamped on one bank of the river, the barons covered the flat of Runnymede on the other. Their delegates met on the 15th of July on the island between them, but the negotiations were a mere cloak to cover John's purpose of unconditional submission. The Great Charter was discussed and agreed to in a single day.

Copies of it were made and sent for preservation to the cathedrals and churches; and one copy may still be seen in the British Museum, injured by age and fire, but with the royal seal still hanging from the brown shriveled parchment. It is impossible to gaze without reverence on the earliest monument of English freedom which we can see with our own eyes and touch with our own hands, the great Charter to which from age to age men have looked back as the groundwork of English liberty. But in itself the Charter was no novelty, nor did it claim to establish any new constitutional principles. The Charter of Henry the

First formed the basis of the whole, and the additions to it are for the most part formal recognitions of the judicial and administrative changes introduced by Henry the Second. What was new in it was its origin. In form, like the Charter on which it was based, it was nothing but a royal grant. In actual fact it was a treaty between the whole English people and its King. In it, England found itself for the first time since the Conquest a nation bound together by common national interests, by a common national sympathy. In words which almost close the Charter, the «community of the whole land» is recognized as the great body from which the restraining power of the baronage takes its validity. There is no distinction of blood or class, of Norman or not Norman, of noble or not noble. All are recognized as Englishmen, the rights of all are owned as English rights. Bishops and nobles claimed and secured at Runnymede the rights not of baron and churchman only, but those of freeholder and merchant, of townsman and villein. The provisions against wrong and extortion which the barons drew up as against the King for themselves, they drew up as against themselves for their tenants. Based too as it professed to be on Henry's Charter, it was far from being a mere copy of what had gone before. The vague expressions of the old Charter were now exchanged for precise and elaborate provisions. The bonds of unwritten custom which the older grant did little more than recognize had proved too weak to hold the Angevins; and the baronage set them aside for the restraints of written and defined law. It is in this way that the Great Charter marks the transition from the age of traditional rights, preserved in the nation's memory and officially declared by the Primate, to the age of written legislation, of parliaments and statutes, which was to come.

Its opening indeed is in general terms. The Church had shown its power of self-defense in the struggle over the interdict, and the clause which recognized its rights alone retained the older and general form. But all vagueness ceases when the Charter passes on to deal with the rights of Englishmen at large, their right to justice, to security of person and property, to good government «No freeman,» ran a memorable article that lies at the base of our whole judicial system, «shall be seized or imprisoned, or dispossessed, or outlawed, or in any way brought to ruin; we will not go against any man nor send against him, save by legal judgment of his peers or by the law of the land.» «To no man will we sell,» runs another, «or deny, or delay, right or justice.» The great reforms of the past reigns were now formally recognized; judges of assize were to hold their circuits four times in the year, and the King's court was no longer to follow the King in his wanderings over the realm, but to sit in a fixed place. But the denial of justice under John was a small danger compared with the lawless exactions both of himself and his predecessor. Richard had increased the amount of the scutage which Henry the Second had introduced, and applied it to raise funds for his ransom. He had restored the Danegeld, or land-tax, so often abolished, under the new name of «carucage»; had seized the wool of the Cistercians and the plate of the churches, and rated movables as well as land. John had again raised the rate of scutage, and imposed aids, fines, and ransoms at his pleasure without counsel of the baronage. The Great Charter met this abuse by a provision on which our constitutional system rests. «No scutage or aid [other than the three customary feudal aids] shall be imposed in our realm save by the common council of the realm;» and to this Great Council it was provided that prelates and the greater barons should be summoned by special writ, and all tenants in chief through the sheriffs and bailiffs, at least forty days before. The provision defined what had probably been the common usage of the realm; but the definition turned it into a national right, a right so momentous that on it rests our whole Parliamentary life. Even the baronage seem to have been startled when they realized the extent of their claim; and the provision was dropped from the later issue of the Charter at the outset of the next reign. But the clause brought home to the nation at large their possession of a right which became dearer as years went by. More and more clearly the nation discovered that in these simple words lay the secret of political power. It was the right of self-taxation that England fought for under Earl Simon as she fought for it under Hampden. It was the establishment of this right which established English freedom.

ENGLAND'S GROWTH IN COMMERCE AND COMFORT UNDER ELIZABETH

From ‹History of the English People›

A MIDDLE class of wealthier land-owners and merchants was fast rising into importance. «The wealth of the meaner sort,» wrote one to Cecil, «is the very fount of rebellion, the occasion of their indolence, of the contempt of the nobility, and of the hatred they have conceived against them.» But Cecil and his mistress could watch the upgrowth of national wealth with cooler eyes. In the country its effect was to undo much of the evil which the diminution of small holdings had done. Whatever social embarrassment it might bring about, the revolution in agriculture which Latimer deplored undoubtedly favored production. Not only was a larger capital brought to bear upon the land, but the mere change in the system of cultivation introduced a taste for new and better modes of farming; the breed of horses and of cattle was improved, and a far greater use made of manure and dressings. One acre under the new system produced, it was said, as much as two under the old. As a more careful and constant cultivation was introduced, a greater number of hands came to be required on every farm; and much of the surplus labor which had been flung off the land in the commencement of the new system was thus recalled to it.

A yet more efficient agency in absorbing the unemployed was found in the development of manufactures. The linen trade was as yet of small value, and that of silk-weaving was only just introduced. But the woolen manufacture was fast becoming an important element in the national wealth. England no longer sent her fleeces to be woven in Flanders and to be dyed at Florence. The spinning of yarn, the weaving, fulling, and dyeing of cloth, were spreading rapidly from the towns over the country-side. The worsted trade, of which Norwich was the centre, extended over the whole of the Eastern counties. Farmers' wives began everywhere to spin their wool from their own sheeps' backs into a coarse «homespun.» The South and the West, however, still remained the great seats of industry and of wealth, for they were the homes of mining and manufacturing activity. The iron manufactures were limited to Kent and Sussex, though their prosperity in this quarter was already threatened by the growing scarcity of the wood which fed their furnaces, and by the exhaustion of the forests of the Weald. Cornwall was then, as now, the sole exporter of tin; and the exportation of its copper was just beginning. The broadcloths of the West claimed the palm among the woolen stuffs of England. The Cinque Ports held almost a monopoly of the commerce of the Channel. Every little harbor from the Foreland to the Land's End sent out its fleets of fishing-boats, manned with bold seamen who were to furnish crews for Drake and the Buccaneers. Northern England still lagged far behind the rest of the realm in its industrial activity. But in the reign of Elizabeth the poverty and inaction to which it had been doomed for so many centuries began at last to be broken. We see the first sign of the revolution which has transferred English manufactures and English wealth to the north of the Mersey and of the Humber, in the mention which now meets us of the friezes of Manchester, the coverlets of York, the cutlery of Sheffield, and the cloth trade of Halifax. . . .

Elizabeth lent a ready patronage to the new commerce; she shared in its speculations, she considered its extension and protection as a part of public policy, and she sanctioned the formation of the great merchant companies which could alone secure the trader against wrong or injustice in distant countries. The Merchant-Adventurers of London, a body which had existed long before, and had received a charter of incorporation under Henry the Seventh, furnished a model for the Russia Company and the company which absorbed the new commerce to the Indies. But it was not wholly with satisfaction that either the Queen or her ministers watched the social change which wealth was producing around them. They feared the increased expenditure and comfort which necessarily followed it, as likely to impoverish the land and to eat out the hardihood of the people. « England spendeth more on wines in one year,» complained Cecil, « than it did in ancient times in four years.» In the upper classes the lavishness of a new wealth combined with the lavishness of life, a love of beauty, of color, of display, to revolutionize English dress. Men « wore a manor on their backs.» The Queen's three thousand robes were rivaled in their bravery by the slashed velvets, the ruffs, the jeweled purpoints of the courtiers around her. But signs of the growing wealth were as evident in the lower class as in the higher. The disuse of salt fish and the greater consumption of meat marked the improvement which had taken place among the country folk. Their rough and wattled farm-houses were being superseded by dwellings of brick and stone. Pewter was replacing the wooden trenchers of the early yeomanry, and there were yeomen who could boast of a fair show of silver plate. It is from this period indeed that we can first date the rise of a conception which seems to us now a peculiarly English one,—the conception of domestic comfort. The chimney-corner, so closely associated with family life, came into existence with the general introduction of chimneys, a feature rare in ordinary houses at the beginning of this reign. Pillows, which had before been despised by the farmer and the trader as fit only "for women in childbed," were now in general use. Carpets superseded the filthy flooring of rushes. The loftier houses of the wealthier merchants, their parapeted fronts and costly wainscoting, their cumbrous but elaborate beds, their carved staircases, their quaintly figured gables, not only contrasted with the squalor which had till then characterized English towns, but marked the rise of a new middle class which was to play its part in later history.

A transformation of an even more striking kind marked the extinction of the feudal character of the noblesse. Gloomy walls and serried battlements disappeared from the dwellings of the gentry. The strength of the mediæval fortress gave way to the pomp and grace of the Elizabethan hall. Knole, Longleat, Burleigh, and Hatfield, Hardwick, and Audley End, are familiar instances of a social as well as an architectural change which covered England with buildings where the thought of defense was abandoned for that of domestic comfort and refinement. We still gaze with pleasure on their picturesque line of gables, their fretted fronts, their gilded turrets and fanciful vanes, their castellated gateways, the jutting oriels from which the great noble looked down on his new Italian garden, on its stately terraces and broad flights of steps, its vases and fountains, its quaint mazes, its formal walks, its lines of yews cut into grotesque shapes in hopeless rivalry of the cypress avenues of the South. Nor was the change less within than without. The life of the Middle Ages concentrated itself in the vast castle hall, where the baron looked from his upper daïs on the retainers who gathered at his board. But the great households were fast breaking up; and the whole feudal economy disappeared when the lord of the household withdrew with his family into his «parlor» or «withdrawing-room» and left the hall to his dependants. The Italian refinement of life which told on pleasance and garden told on the remodeling of the house within, raised the principal apartments to an upper floor,— a change to which we owe the grand staircases of the time,— surrounded the quiet courts by long «galleries of the presence,» crowned the rude hearth with huge chimney-pieces adorned with fauns and Cupids, with quaintly interlaced monograms and fantastic arabesques, hung tapestries on the walls, and crowded each chamber with quaintly carved chairs and costly cabinets. The prodigal use of glass became a marked feature in the domestic architecture of the time, and one whose influence on the general health of the people can hardly be overrated. Long lines of windows stretched over the fronts of the new manor halls. Every merchant's house had its oriel. «You shall have sometimes,» Lord Bacon grumbled, «your houses so full of glass that we cannot tell where to come to be out of the sun or the cold.»

What Elizabeth contributed to this upgrowth of national prosperity was the peace and social order from which it sprang. While autos-da-fé were blazing at Rome and Madrid, while the Inquisition was driving the sober traders of the Netherlands to madness, while Scotland was tossing with religious strife, while the policy of Catharine secured for France but a brief respite from the horrors of civil war, England remained untroubled and at peace. Religious order was little disturbed. Recusants were few. There was little cry as yet for freedom of worship. Freedom of conscience was the right of every man. Persecution had ceased. It was only as the tale of a darker past that men recalled how, ten years back, heretics had been sent to the fire. Civil order was even more profound than religious order. The failure of the northern revolt proved the political tranquillity of the country. The social troubles from vagrancy and evictions were slowly passing away. Taxation was light. The country was firmly and steadily governed. The popular favor which had met Elizabeth at her accession was growing into a passionate devotion. Of her faults indeed, England beyond the circle of her court knew little or nothing. The shiftings of her diplomacy were never seen outside the royal closet. The nation at large could only judge her foreign policy by its main outlines, by its temperance and good sense, and above all by its success. But every Englishman was able to judge Elizabeth in her rule at home, in her love of peace, her instinct of order, the firmness and moderation of her government, the judicious spirit of conciliation and compromise among warring factions, which gave the country an unexampled tranquillity at a time when almost every other country in Europe was torn with civil war. Every sign of the growing prosperity, the sight of London as it became the mart of the world, of stately mansions as they rose on every manor, told, and justly told, in the Queen's favor. Her statue in the centre of the London Exchange was a tribute on the part of the merchant class to the interest with which she watched and shared personally in its enterprises. Her thrift won a general gratitude. The memories of the Terror and of the martyrs threw into bright relief the aversion from bloodshed which was conspicuous in her earlier reign, and never wholly wanting through its fiercer close. Above all, there was a general confidence in her instinctive knowledge of the national temper. Her finger was always on the public pulse. She knew exactly when she could resist the feeling of her people, and when she must give way before the new sentiment of freedom which her policy unconsciously fostered. But when she retreated, her defeat had all the grace of victory; and the frankness and unreserve of her surrender won back at once the love that her resistance lost. Her attitude at home, in fact, was that of a woman whose pride in the well-being of her subjects and whose longing for their favor was the one warm touch in the coldness of her natural temper. If Elizabeth could be said to love anything, she loved England. «Nothing,» she said to her first Parliament in words of unwonted fire, «nothing, no worldly thing under the sun, is so dear to me as the love and good-will of my subjects.» And the love and good-will which were so dear to her she fully won.

WILLIAM PITT

From ‹History of the English People›

OUT of the union of these two strangely contrasted leaders, in fact, rose the greatest, as it was the last, of the purely Whig administrations. But its real power lay from beginning to end in Pitt himself. Poor as he was,—for his income was little more than two hundred a year,—and springing as he did from a family of no political importance, it was by sheer dint of genius that the young cornet of horse, at whose youth and inexperience Walpole had sneered, seized a power which the Whig houses had ever since the Revolution kept in their grasp. The real significance of his entry into the ministry was that the national opinion entered with him. He had no strength save from his «popularity»; but this popularity showed that the political torpor of the nation was passing away, and that a new interest in public affairs and a resolve to have weight in them was becoming felt in the nation at large. It was by the sure instinct of a great people that this interest and resolve gathered themselves round William Pitt. If he was ambitious, his ambition had no petty aim. «I want to call England,» he said, as he took office, «out of that enervate state in which twenty thousand men from France can shake her.» His call was soon answered. He at once breathed his own lofty spirit into the country he served, as he communicated something of his own grandeur to the men who served him. «No man,» said a soldier of the time, «ever entered Mr. Pitt's closet who did not feel himself braver when he came out than when he went in.» Ill combined as were his earlier expeditions, and many as were his failures, he roused a temper in the nation at large which made ultimate defeat impossible. «England has been a long time in labor,» exclaimed Frederick of Prussia as he recognized a greatness like his own, «but she has at last brought forth a man.»

It is this personal and solitary grandeur which strikes us most as we look back to William Pitt. The tone of his speech and action stands out in utter contrast with the tone of his time. In the midst of a society critical, polite, indifferent, simple even to the affectation of simplicity, witty and amusing but absolutely prosaic, cool of heart and of head, skeptical of virtue and enthusiasm, skeptical above all of itself, Pitt stood absolutely alone. The depth of his conviction, his passionate love for all that he deemed lofty and true, his fiery energy, his poetic imaginativeness, his theatrical airs and rhetoric, his haughty self-assumption, his pompousness and extravagance, were not more puzzling to his contemporaries than the confidence with which he appealed to the higher sentiments of mankind, the scorn with which he turned from a corruption which had till then been the great engine of politics, the undoubting faith which he felt in himself, in the grandeur of his aims, and in his power to carry them out.

"I know that I can save the country," he said to the Duke of Devonshire on his entry into the ministry, "and I know no other man can." The groundwork of Pitt's character was an intense and passionate pride; but it was a pride which kept him from stooping to the level of the men who had so long held England in their hands. He was the first statesman since the Restoration who set the example of a purely public spirit. Keen as was his love of power, no man ever refused office so often, or accepted it with so strict a regard to the principles he professed. "I will not go to court," he replied to an offer which was made him, "if I may not bring the Constitution with me." For the corruption about him he had nothing but disdain. He left to Newcastle the buying of seats and the purchase of members. At the outset of his career, Pelham appointed him to the most lucrative office in his administration, that of Paymaster of the Forces; but its profits were of an illicit kind, and poor as he was, Pitt refused to accept one farthing beyond his salary. His pride never appeared in loftier and nobler form than in his attitude towards the people at large. No leader had ever a wider popularity than "the great commoner," as Pitt was styled; but his air was always that of a man who commands popularity, not that of one who seeks it. He never bent to flatter popular prejudice. When mobs were roaring themselves hoarse for "Wilkes and liberty," he denounced Wilkes as a worthless profligate; and when all England went mad in its hatred of the Scots, Pitt haughtily declared his esteem for a people whose courage he had been the first to enlist on the side of loyalty. His noble figure, the hawk-like eye which flashed from the small thin face, his majestic voice, the fire and grandeur of his eloquence, gave him a sway over the House of Commons far greater than any other minister has possessed. He could silence an opponent with a look of scorn, or hush the whole House with a single word. But he never stooped to the arts by which men form a political party, and at the height of his power his personal following hardly numbered half a dozen members.

His real strength indeed lay not in Parliament, but in the people at large. His title of "the great commoner" marks a political revolution. "It is the people who have sent me here," Pitt boasted with a haughty pride when the nobles of the Cabinet opposed his will. He was the first to see that the long political inactivity of the public mind had ceased, and that the progress of commerce and industry had produced a great middle class, which no longer found its representatives in the legislature. «You have taught me,» said George the Second when Pitt sought to save Byng by appealing to the sentiment of Parliament, «to look for the voice of my people in other places than within the House of Commons.» It was this unrepresented class which had forced him into power. During his struggle with Newcastle, the greater towns backed him with the gift of their freedom and addresses of confidence. «For weeks,» laughs Horace Walpole, «it rained gold boxes.» London stood by him through good report and evil report; and the wealthiest of English merchants, Alderman Beckford, was proud to figure as his political lieutenant.

The temper of Pitt indeed harmonized admirably with the temper of the commercial England which rallied round him, with its energy, its self-confidence, its pride, its patriotism, its honesty, its moral earnestness. The merchant and the trader were drawn by a natural attraction to the one statesman of their time whose aims were unselfish, whose hands were clean, whose life was pure and full of tender affection for wife and child. But there was a far deeper ground for their enthusiastic reverence, and for the reverence which his country has borne Pitt ever since. He loved England with an intense and personal love. He believed in her power, her glory, her public virtue, till England learned to believe in herself. Her triumphs were his triumphs, her defeats, his defeats. Her dangers lifted him high above all thought of self or party spirit. «Be one people,» he cried to the factions who rose to bring about his fall: «forget everything but the public! I set you the example!» His glowing patriotism was the real spell by which he held England. But even the faults which checkered his character told for him with the middle classes. The Whig statesmen who preceded him had been men whose pride expressed itself in a marked simplicity and absence of pretense. Pitt was essentially an actor, dramatic in the cabinet, in the House, in his very office. He transacted business with his clerks in full dress. His letters to his family, genuine as his love for them was, are stilted and unnatural in tone. It was easy for the wits of his day to jest at his affectation, his pompous gait, the dramatic appearance which he made on great debates with his limbs swathed in flannel and his crutch by his side. Early in life Walpole sneered at him for bringing into the House of Commons «the gestures and emotions of the stage.»

But the classes to whom Pitt appealed were classes not easily offended by faults of taste, and saw nothing to laugh at in the statesman who was borne into the lobby amidst the tortures of the gout, or carried into the House of Lords to breathe his last in a protest against national dishonor.

Above all, Pitt wielded the strength of a resistless eloquence. The power of political speech had been revealed in the stormy debates of the Long Parliament, but it was cramped in its utterance by the legal and theological pedantry of the time. Pedantry was flung off by the age of the Revolution; but in the eloquence of Somers and his rivals we see ability rather than genius, knowledge, clearness of expression, precision of thought, the lucidity of the pleader or the man of business, rather than the passion of the orator. Of this clearness of statement Pitt had little or none. He was no ready debater like Walpole, no speaker of set speeches like Chesterfield. His set speeches were always his worst, for in these his want of taste, his love of effect, his trite quotations and extravagant metaphors came at once to the front. That with defects like these he stood far above every orator of his time was due above all to his profound conviction, to the earnestness and sincerity with which he spoke. «I must sit still,» he whispered once to a friend; «for when once I am up everything that is in my mind comes out.» But the reality of his eloquence was transfigured by a large and poetic imagination, an imagination so strong that—as he said himself—«most things returned to him with stronger force the second time than the first,» and by a glow of passion which not only raised him high above the men of his own day, but set him in the front rank among the orators of the world. The cool reasoning, the wit, the common-sense of his age made way for a splendid audacity, a sympathy with popular emotion, a sustained grandeur, a lofty vehemence, a command over the whole range of human feeling. He passed without an effort from the most solemn appeal to the gayest raillery, from the keenest sarcasm to the tenderest pathos. Every word was driven home by the grand self-consciousness of the speaker. He spoke always as one having authority. He was in fact the first English orator whose words were a power,—a power not over Parliament only, but over the nation at large. Parliamentary reporting was as yet unknown, and it was only in detached phrases and half-remembered outbursts that the voice of Pitt reached beyond the walls of St. Stephen's. But it was especially in these sudden outbursts of inspiration, in these brief passionate appeals, that the might of his eloquence lay. The few broken words we have of him stir the same thrill in men of our day which they stirred in the men of his own.

ATTEMPT ON THE FIVE MEMBERS: PREPARATIONS FOR WAR

From ‹History of the English People›

The brawls of the two parties, who gave each other the nicknames of «Roundheads» and «Cavaliers,» created fresh alarm in the Parliament; but Charles persisted in refusing it a guard. «On the honor of a King,» he engaged to defend them from violence as completely as his own children; but the answer had hardly been given when his Attorney appeared at the bar of the Lords and accused Hampden, Pym, Hollis, Strode, and Haselrig of high treason in their correspondence with the Scots. A herald-at-arms appeared at the bar of the Commons, and demanded the surrender of the five members. If Charles believed himself to be within legal forms, the Commons saw a mere act of arbitrary violence in a charge which proceeded personally from the King, which set aside the most cherished privileges of Parliament, and summoned the accused before a tribunal which had no pretense to a jurisdiction over them. The Commons simply promised to take the demand into consideration, and again requested a guard. «I will reply to-morrow,» said the King.

On the morrow he summoned the gentlemen who clustered round Whitehall to follow him, and embracing the Queen, promised her that in an hour he would return master of his kingdom. A mob of Cavaliers joined him as he left the palace, and remained in Westminster Hall as Charles, accompanied by his nephew the Elector Palatine, entered the House of Commons. «Mr. Speaker,» he said, «I must for a time borrow your chair!» He paused with a sudden confusion as his eye fell on the vacant spot where Pym commonly sate; for at the news of his approach the House had ordered the five members to withdraw. «Gentlemen,» he began in slow broken sentences, «I am sorry for this occasion of coming unto you. Yesterday I sent a Sergeant-at-arms upon a very important occasion, to apprehend some that by my command were accused of high treason, whereunto I did expect obedience, and not a message.» Treason, he went on, had no privilege, «and therefore I am come to know if any of these persons that were accused are here.» There was a dead silence, only broken by his reiterated «I must have them, wheresoever I find them.» He again paused, but the stillness was unbroken. Then he called out, «Is Mr. Pym here?» There was no answer; and Charles, turning to the Speaker, asked him whether the five members were there. Lenthall fell on his knees: «I have neither eyes to see,» he replied, «nor tongue to speak, in this place, but as this House is pleased to direct me.» «Well, well,» Charles angrily retorted, «'tis no matter. I think my eyes are as good as another's!» There was another long pause, while he looked carefully over the ranks of members. «I see,» he said at last, «all the birds are flown. I do expect you will send them to me as soon as they return hither.» If they did not, he added, he would seek them himself; and with a closing protest that he never intended any force, «he went out of the House,» says an eye-witness, «in a more discontented and angry passion than he came in.»

Nothing but the absence of the five members, and the calm dignity of the Commons, had prevented the King's outrage from ending in bloodshed. . . . Five hundred gentlemen of the best blood in England would hardly have stood tamely by while the bravoes of Whitehall laid hands on their leaders in the midst of the Parliament. . . . The five members had taken refuge in the City, and it was there that on the next day the King himself demanded their surrender from the aldermen at Guildhall. Cries of «Privilege» rang round him as he returned through the streets; the writs issued for the arrest of the five were disregarded by the Sheriffs, and a proclamation issued four days later, declaring them traitors, passed without notice. Terror drove the Cavaliers from Whitehall, and Charles stood absolutely alone; for the outrage had severed him for the moment from his new friends in the Parliament and from the ministers, Falkland and Colepepper, whom he had chosen among them. But lonely as he was, Charles had resolved on war. The Earl of Newcastle was dispatched to muster a royal force in the North; and on the tenth of January, news that the five members were about to return in triumph to Westminster drove Charles from Whitehall. He retired to Hampton Court and to Windsor, while the Trained Bands of London and Southwark on foot, and the London watermen on the river, all sworn «to guard the Parliament, the Kingdom, and the King,» escorted Pym and his fellow-members along the Thames to the House of Commons. Both sides prepared for the coming struggle. The Queen sailed from Dover with the Crown jewels to buy munitions of war. The Cavaliers again gathered round the King, and the royalist press flooded the country with State papers drawn up by Hyde. On the other hand, the Commons resolved by vote to secure the great arsenals of the kingdom,—Hull, Portsmouth, and the Tower; while mounted processions of freeholders from Buckinghamshire and Kent traversed London on their way to St. Stephen's, vowing to live and die with the Parliament. . . .

The great point, however, was to secure armed support from the nation at large; and here both sides were in a difficulty. Previous to the innovations introduced by the Tudors, and which had been already questioned by the Commons in a debate on pressing soldiers, the King in himself had no power of calling on his subjects generally to bear arms, save for purposes of restoring order or meeting foreign invasion. On the other hand, no one contended that such a power had ever been exercised by the two Houses without the King; and Charles steadily refused to consent to a Militia bill, in which the command of the national force was given in every county to men devoted to the Parliamentary cause. Both parties therefore broke through constitutional precedent: the Parliament in appointing the Lord-Lieutenants who commanded the Militia by ordinance of the two Houses, Charles in levying forces by royal commissions of array. The King's great difficulty lay in procuring arms; and on the twenty-third of April he suddenly appeared before Hull, the magazine of the North, and demanded admission. The new governor, Sir John Hotham, fell on his knees, but refused to open the gates; and the avowal of his act by the Parliament was followed by the withdrawal of the royalist party among its members from their seats at Westminster. . . . The two Houses gained in unity and vigor by the withdrawal of the royalists. The militia was rapidly enrolled, Lord Warwick named to the command of the fleet, and a loan opened in the City, to which the women brought even their wedding-rings. The tone of the two Houses had risen with the threat of force: and their last proposals demanded the powers of appointing and dismissing the royal ministers, naming guardians for the royal children, and of virtually controlling military, civil, and religious affairs. «If I granted your demands,» replied Charles, «I should be no more than the mere phantom of a king.»

THOMAS HILL GREEN

(1836–1882)

One of the most interesting phases of thought in the second half of the nineteenth century is that known as the Neo-Hegelian movement in England. Certain English students of the deeper problems of life, dissatisfied with the prevailing philosophies in their own country, turned to Germany for light and believed that they found it in the philosophy of Kant, as modified and supplemented by Hegel. Among the leaders of the movement were J. W. Stirling, the brothers John and Edward Caird, and William Wallace, all of whom have helped to make Hegel's doctrine known to English and American students; but the most prominent and influential of the group was the subject of this sketch, Thomas Hill Green.

Green was born in Birkin, Yorkshire, on the 7th of April, 1836, and was the youngest of four children. His mother died in his infancy, and the children were left to be cared for and educated by their father. In 1850, when he was fourteen, Thomas went to Rugby, where he did not shine as a scholar, being uninterested in his studies and lagging behind his class. In 1855 he entered Balliol College, Oxford, and came fortunately under the teaching of Benjamin Jowett, who succeeded in rousing his latent energies. He became interested in history and philosophy, and in 1860 was elected a Fellow of Balliol, beginning his career as a teacher by lecturing on ancient and modern history. Two years later he gained the Chancellor's prize for an essay on ‹The Value and Influence of Works of Fiction.› In 1864 he lectured before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution on ‹The English Commonwealth,› a favorite subject which he treated with much ability.

The course of his philosophic studies is not known, nor at what time he became acquainted with Hegel's works, which were destined to have so great an influence on his opinions and life. But after lecturing for a short time on history he began to teach philosophy, which he had come to recognize as the true field of his life work.

For a time, indeed, he had hesitated in the choice of a profession. Changes in his religious views prevented him from following his father's example and entering the ministry; and notwithstanding his interest in public affairs, he seems to have had no inclination toward journalism. But in teaching philosophy he found a congenial occupation which made him pecuniarily independent. For many years, however, his position at Oxford was that of a tutor only, and it was not until 1878 that his abilities received adequate recognition in his appointment as Whyte's Professor of Moral Philosophy.

In 1871 he had married Charlotte Symonds, daughter of Dr. Symonds of Clifton and sister of John Addington Symonds, one of Green's oldest friends. Whether she was interested in his philosophical work or not, she shared his sympathy with the poor, and devoted herself largely to their cause. Only seven years of married life, however, were granted to Green, and only four years in his professorship; for on March 26th, 1882, after a brief illness, he died.

His biographer, Mr. Nettleship, gives many interesting reminiscences of this fine thinker. Ordinarily very undemonstrative, he was capable of strong affection, and whenever he broke through his reserve was a delightful companion. He had a true love for social equality and a high sense of the dignity of simple human nature; and he hoped, he said, for a condition of English society in which all honest citizens would recognize themselves and be recognized by each other as gentlemen. «We hold fast,» he wrote, «to the faith that the cultivation of the masses, which has for the present superseded the development of the individual, will in its maturity produce some higher type even of individual manhood than any which the Old World has known.» With such sentiments he was naturally a radical in politics; and so far as his professional duties permitted, he took an active part in political discussion. He declared his political aim to be «the removal of all obstructions which the law can remove to the free development of English citizens.» He was a warm friend of the American Union during the Civil War, and a sympathizer with liberal movements throughout the world. He was pledged also to the advancement of popular education, and labored especially, like Matthew Arnold, for the better education of the middle classes. Taking him all in all, he stands for the most noble and thoughtful type of modern citizen, devoted to the pursuit of truth and to the highest interests of his fellow-man.

Of Green's writings only a small portion were published during his lifetime; the most important being perhaps the two introductory essays prepared for the complete edition of Hume edited by himself and T. H. Grose in 1874. His principal ethical work, the ‹Prolegomena to Ethics,› appeared in 1883 under the editorship of his friend A. C. Bradley; and all his writings except the ‹Prolegomena› were issued a few years later in three volumes, edited with a memoir by R. L. Nettleship. In literary form, his essays display his most finished work, his philosophical papers being often obscure from overcrowding of the thought. The main outlines of his ideas and the leading principles of his philosophy are, however, unmistakable. «Philosophy was to him,» says Mr. Nettleship, «the medium in which the theoretic impulse, the impulse to see and feel things more clearly and intensely than every-day life allows, found its most congenial satisfaction. The strength, the repose, the mental purgation which come to some men through artistic imagination or religious emotion, came to him through thinking.» From Kant, Green took his theory of knowledge, according to which substance and cause, and all the relations that subsist between things, are mental creations; while the material world, which to most men appears so substantial, has no real existence. From Hegel he took the doctrine of pantheism, which formed the metaphysical basis of his ethics and his religion. According to this view our minds are only manifestations of God; or as he otherwise expresses it, the Divine spirit reproduces itself in the human spirit, while the material world exists only for thought. In ethics also he was indebted to Hegel, holding with him that the ultimate end of moral action is the self-realization or self-perfection of the individual — a theory not easily reconcilable with Green's political views nor with his ardent interest in social reforms.

The best expression of his doctrines is found in the ‹Prolegomena to Ethics,› his ablest constructive work; which, though mainly devoted to the discussion of ethical subjects, contains several chapters on the metaphysical questions with which ethics is so closely connected. His ethical instructions are the most valuable, not only in the ‹Prolegomena,› but in certain of the essays and in the ‹Lectures on the Principles of Political Obligation.› If he impresses the impartial critic as an able and earnest inquirer, whose system of philosophy is incomplete, yet the world has reason to be grateful to so honest and brave a thinker; for Green's writings must long remain suggestive and stimulating in a high degree.

THE SCOPE OF THE NOVELIST

From the Essay on the ‹Value and Influence of Works of Fiction›

THE novelist not only works on more various elements, he appeals to more ordinary minds than the poet. This indeed is the strongest practical proof of his essential inferiority as an artist. All who are capable of an interest in incidents of life which do not affect themselves, may feel the same interest more keenly in a novel; but to those only who can lift the curtain does a poem speak intelligibly. It is the twofold characteristic, of universal intelligibility and indiscriminate adoption of materials, that gives the novel its place as the great reformer and leveler of our time. Reforming and leveling are indeed more closely allied than we are commonly disposed to admit. Social abuses are nearly always the result of defective organization. The demarcations of family, of territory, or of class, prevent the proper fusion of parts into the whole. The work of the reformer progresses as the social force is brought to bear more and more fully on classes and individuals, merging distinctions of privilege and position in the one social organism. The novel is one of the main agencies through which this force acts. It gathers up manifold experiences, corresponding to manifold situations of life; and subordinating each to the whole, gives to every particular situation a new character as qualified by all the rest. Every good novel, therefore, does something to check what may be called the despotism of situations; to prevent that ossification into prejudices arising from situation, to which all feel a tendency. The general novel-literature of any age may be regarded as an assertion by mankind at large in its then development, of its claims as against the influence of class and position; whether that influence appear in the form of positive social injustice, of oppressive custom, or simply of deficient sympathy.

To be what he is, the novelist must be a man with large powers of sympathetic observation. He must have an eye for the «humanities» which underlie the estranging barriers of social demarcation, and in relation to which the influence of those barriers can alone be rightly appreciated. We have already spoken of that acquiescence in the dominion of circumstance to which we are all too ready to give way, and which exclusive novel-reading tends to foster. The circumstances, however, whose rule we recognize, are apt to be merely our own or those of our class. We are blind to other «idola» than those of our own cave; we do not understand that the feelings which betray us into «indiscretions» may, when differently modified by a different situation, lead others to game-stealing or trade outrages. From this narrowness of view the novelist may do much to deliver us. The variations of feeling and action with those of circumstance, and the essential human identity which these variations cannot touch, are his special province. He shows us that crime does not always imply sin, that a social heresy may be the assertion of a native right, that an offense which leads to conventional outlawry may be merely the rebellion of a generous nature against conventional tyranny.

Thus, if he does not do everything, he does much. Though he cannot reveal to us the inner side of life, he at least gives a more adequate conception of its surface. Though he cannot raise us to a point of view from which circumstances appear subordinate to spiritual laws, he yet saves us from being blinded, if not from being influenced, by the circumstances of our own position. Though we cannot show the prisoners the way of escape from their earthly confinement, yet by breaking down the partitions between the cells he enables them to combine their strength for a better arrangement of the prison-house. The most wounding social wrongs more often arise from ignorance than from malice, from acquiescence in the opinion of a class rather than from deliberate selfishness. The master cannot enter into the feelings of a servant, nor the servant into those of his master. The master cannot understand how any good quality can lead one to «forget his station»; to the servant the spirit of management in the master seems mere «driving.» This is only a sample of what is going on, all society over. The relation between the higher and lower classes becomes irritating and therefore injurious, not from any conscious unfairness on either side, but simply from the want of a common understanding; while at the same time every class suffers within its own limits from the prevalence of habits and ideas, under the authority of class convention, which could not long maintain themselves if once placed in the light of general opinion

Against this twofold oppression the novel, from its first establishment as a substantive branch of literature, has made vigorous war. From Defoe to Kingsley, its history boasts of a noble army of social reformers; yet the work which these writers have achieved has had little to do with the morals — commonly valueless, if not false and sentimental — which they have severally believed themselves to convey. Defoe's notion of a moral seems to have been the vulgar one that vice must be palpably punished and virtue rewarded; he recommends his 'Moll Flanders' to the reader on the ground that «there is not a wicked action in any part of it but is first or last rendered unhappy or unfortunate.» The moral of Fielding's novels, if moral it can be called, is simply the importance of that prudence which his heroes might have dispensed with but for the wildness of their animal license. Yet both Defoe and Fielding had a real lesson to teach mankind. The thieves and harlots whom Defoe prides himself on punishing, but whose adventures he describes with the minuteness of affection, are what we ourselves might have been; and in their histories we hear, if not the «music,» yet the «harsh and grating» cry of suffering humanity. Fielding's merit is of the same kind; but the sympathies which he excites are more general, as his scenes are more varied, than those of Defoe. His coarseness is everywhere redeemed by a genuine feeling for the contumelious buffets to which weakness is exposed. He has the practical insight of Dickens and Thackeray, without their infusion of sentiment. He does not moralize over the contrast between the rich man's law and the poor man's, over the «indifference» of rural justice, over the lying and adultery of fashionable life. He simply makes us see the facts, which are everywhere under our eyes, but too close to us for discernment. He shows society where its sores lie, appealing from the judgment of the diseased class itself to that public intelligence which, in spite of the cynic's sneer on the task of «producing an honesty from the combined action of knaves,» has really power to override private selfishness.

The same sermon has found many preachers since, the unconscious missionaries being perhaps the greatest. Scott was a Tory of the purest water. His mind was busy with the revival of a pseudo-feudalism; no thought of reforming abuses probably ever entered it. Yet his genial human insight made him a reformer against his will. He who makes man better known to man takes the first steps towards healing the wounds which man inflicts on man. The permanent value of Scott's novels lies in his pictures of the Scotch peasantry. He popularized the work which the Lake poets had begun, of reopening the primary springs of human passion. «Love he had found in huts where poor men lie,» and he announced the discovery; teaching the «world» of English gentry what for a century and a half they had seemed to forget, that the human soul, in its strength no less than in its weakness, is independent of the accessories of fortune. He left no equals, but the combined force of his successors has been constantly growing in practical effect. They have probably done more than the journalists to produce that improvement in the organization of modern life which leads to the notion that because social grievances are less obvious, they have ceased to exist. The novelist catches the cry of suffering before it has obtained the strength or general recognition which are presupposed when the newspaper becomes its mouthpiece. The miseries of the marriage market had been told by Thackeray with almost wearisome iteration, many years before they found utterance in the columns of the Times.

It may indeed be truly said that after all, human selfishness is much the same as it ever was; that luxury still drowns sympathy; that riches and poverty have still their old estranging influence. The novel, as has been shown, cannot give a new birth to the spirit, or initiate the effort to transcend the separations of place and circumstance; but it is no small thing that it should remove the barriers of ignorance and antipathy which would otherwise render the effort unavailing. It at least brings man nearer to his neighbor, and enables each class to see itself as others see it. And from the fusion of opinions and sympathies thus produced, a general sentiment is elicited, to which oppression of any kind, whether of one class by another, or of individuals by the tyranny of sectarian custom, seldom appeals in vain.

The novelist is a leveler also in another sense than that of which we have already spoken. He helps to level intellects as well as situations. He supplies a kind of literary food which the weakest natures can assimilate as well as the strongest, and by the consumption of which the former sort lose much of their weakness and the latter much of their strength. While minds of the lower order acquire from novel-reading a cultivation which they previously lacked, the higher seem proportionately to sink. They lose that aspiring pride which arises from the sense of walking in intellect on the necks of a subject crowd; they no longer feel the bracing influence of living solely among the highest forms of art; they become conformed insensibly to the general opinion which the new literature of the people creates. A similar change is going on in every department of man's activity. The history of thought in its artistic form is parallel to its history in its other manifestation. The spirit descends, that it may rise again; it penetrates more and more widely into matter, that it may make the world more completely its own. Political life seems no longer attractive, now that political ideas and power are disseminated among the mass, and the reason is recognized as belonging not to a ruling caste merely, but to all.

A statesman in a political society resting on a substratum of slavery, and admitting no limits to the province of government, was a very different person from the modern servant of "a nation of shopkeepers," whose best work is to save the pockets of the poor. It would seem as if man lost his nobleness when he ceased to govern, and as if the equal rule of all was equivalent to the rule of none. Yet we hold fast to the faith that the "cultivation of the masses," which has for the present superseded the development of the individual, will in its maturity produce some higher type even of individual manhood than any which the old world has known. We may rest on the same faith in tracing the history of literature. In the novel we must admit that the creative faculty has taken a lower form than it held in the epic and the tragedy. But since in this form it acts on more extensive material and reaches more men, we may well believe that this temporary declension is preparatory to some higher development, when the poet shall idealize life without making abstraction of any of its elements, and when the secret of existence, which he now speaks to the inward ear of a few, may be proclaimed on the house-tops to the common intelligence of mankind.

ROBERT GREENE

(1560–1592)

Greene was a true Elizabethan Englishman: impulsive, reckless, with a roving instinct that in many a life of that restless age found a safe vent in adventure on the sea. But with his gifts and failings, and the conditions in which his life was cast, the ruin that overwhelmed him was the fate of many poets of great mind and weak will. Yet with all his sin and weakness, there were struggles toward a better life and nobler work which should make our judgment lenient, remembering Burns's lines:—

> «What's done we partly may compute,
> But know not what's resisted.»

Greene was born about 1560 in Norwich, and belonged to a family of good standing. That his father was a man of some wealth may be inferred from Greene's tour to Italy and other countries,—a great expense in those days,—which he made after taking his B. A. degree at Cambridge in 1578. In his 'Repentances' he shows that he was affected by the vices of Italy, and became fixed in those dissolute habits that were his ruin. On his return he was engaged in literary work at Cambridge, and took his M. A. degree from both universities. He then went to London and became «an author of plays and penner of Love Pamphlets, so that I soone grew famous in that qualitie, that who for that trade growne so ordinary about London as Robin Greene.»

In 1585 he married, and apparently lived for a time in Norwich. After the birth of a child he deserted his wife, because she tried to persuade him from his bad habits. From that time he lived permanently in London, where he seems to have had some influential patrons. Among those to whom his works are dedicated we find the names of Lord Derby, the Earl of Cumberland, Lady Talbot, and Lord Fitzwater. He tells us that «in shorte space I fell into favor with such as were of honorable and good calling.» Yet his restless temper made such society irksome to him; and as there was then no reputable literary Bohemia, such as arose later under Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, he sank to the company of the lowest classes of London. In spite of his dissipated life he was constantly at work, and «his purse, like the sea, sometime sweld, anon like the same sea fell to a low ebbe; yet seldom he wanted, his labours were so well esteemed.»

Not only did he write for the stage, but it is probable that he appeared at times as an actor. At one time, when a gust of repentance swept over him, he resolved to write no more love pamphlets, and to devote himself to more serious writings. He then published a series of tracts exposing the tricks of London swindlers, in «trust that those my discourses will doe great good and bee very beneficiall to the Common wealth of England.» His ‘Repentances’ were intended to warn young men by the unhappy example of his own life. His career was cut short in 1592 by an illness resulting from too much indulgence in Rhenish wine and pickled herrings. Deserted by his friends, he died in extreme poverty at the house of a poor shoemaker who had befriended him. Just before his death he wrote to his forsaken wife this touching letter:—

Sweet Wife:

As ever there was any good-will or friendship betweene thee and mee, see this bearer (my Host) satisfied of his debt: I owe him tenne pound, and but for him I had perished in the streetes. Forget and forgive my wrongs done unto thee, and Almighty God have mercie on my soule. Farewell till we meet in heaven, for on earth thou shalt never see me more.

This 2 of September 1592.
Written by thy dying husband
ROBERT GREENE.

Gabriel Harvey soon after published in his ‘Foure Letters’ a virulent attack on Greene's character. That and Greene's confessions, in which like many another he no doubt exaggerated his sins, have given rise to a probably too harsh estimate of the poet's failings.

Of his numerous dramatic works but five have survived, *all* published after his death: ‘Orlando Furioso’; ‘Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay’; ‘James the Fourth’; ‘Alphonsus, King of Aragon’; and ‘George-a-Greene, the Pinner of Wakefield.’ ‘A Looking-Glass for London and England’ was the joint work of Thomas Lodge and Greene. Greene did for the romantic drama what Marlowe accomplished for tragedy, and his works form a noteworthy step in the development of the old English drama. His most popular drama was ‘Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay,’ in which he pictures Old English life at Fussingfield, with a touching love story. His ‘George-a-Greene’ has the best constructed plot of any of his plays; and in the Pinner, a popular English hero like Robin Hood, he portrays an ideal English yeoman, faithful, sturdy, and independent. Nash called Greene the Homer of women; and it is remarkable that, dissolute as he was, he has given the charm of modest womanhood to all his female characters.

Besides Greene's non-dramatic works there are four kinds: first, the romantic pamphlets; second, the semi-patriotic tracts; third, the Cony-Catching pamphlets; fourth, his ‹Repentances.›

In his love pamphlets may be found traces of the beginnings of the English novel. Several of the ‹Repentances,› the ‹Never Too Late› and ‹A Groatsworth of Wit,› are largely autobiographical. Scattered through his romances are the many charming lyrics on which his fame mainly rests. In several respects Greene was exceptionally in advance of his time: in the ‹Pinner› he plainly acknowledges popular rights, and in the ‹Looking-Glass› is found a forecast of coming disaster, resulting from the disorders of the times and the oppression of the poor. Greene's peasants are portrayed with a sympathetic realism most unusual at that time. He gives the «wise humor of the low-born clown» as does none but Shakespeare, who was no doubt indebted to Greene for the material of several of his plays. ‹The Winter's Tale› is founded on ‹Pandosto› in all points but Antigonus, Paulina, Autolycus, and the young shepherd. ‹Lear› has a strong likeness to the ‹Looking-Glass›; ‹Orlando› points to ‹Lear› and ‹Hamlet,› and the fairy framework of ‹James IV.› suggests some features of ‹Midsummer Night's Dream.› Greene and the university men of his set drew from the old chroniclers for their dramas; but Shakespeare took whatever was at hand. His ignoring of their rule, and his growing fame, were the probable cause of the bitter feeling Greene shows in the address to his fellow dramatists in the ‹Groatsworth of Wit,› when he refers to Shakespeare as «an upstart Crow beautified with our Feathers, that with his *Tygres heart, wrapt in a Players hyde*, supposes hee is as well able to bombast out a Blank verse as the best of you, and being an absolute Johannes factotum, is in his owne conceyt the onely Shake-scene in the Countrey.»

Alexander Dyce edited Greene's plays and poems in 1831. Dr. Grosart edited ‹The Complete Works of Robert Greene› (1881–6) in fifteen volumes, and A. W. Ward published ‹Friar Bacon› in ‹Old English Drama› (1892). Both earlier editions contain memoirs; and accounts are found in J. A. Symonds's ‹Shakespeare's Predecessors in English Drama,› and Jusserand's ‹English Novel in the Time of Shakespeare.›

Greene's writings give vivid pictures of life in the Elizabethan age, and at the same time form a most interesting autobiography of that «wrecked life.» Unlike Herrick, who could say that if his verse were impure his life was chaste, Greene's writings show scarcely any of the uncleanness so prevalent in books of that period.

DECEIVING WORLD

From ‹A Groatsworth of Wit›

Deceiving world, that with alluring toys
Hast made my life the subject of thy scorn,
And scornest now to lend thy fading joys
T' outlength my life, whom friends have left forlorn;
How well are they that die ere they be born,
And never see thy slights, which few men shun
Till unawares they helpless are undone!

Oft have I sung of love and of his fire;
But now I find that poet was advised,
Which made full feasts increasers of desire,
And proves weak love was with the poor despised;
For when the life with food is not sufficed,
What thoughts of love, what motion of delight,
What pleasance can proceed from such a wight?

Witness my want, the murderer of my wit;
My ravished sense, of wonted fury reft,
Wants such conceit as should in poems fit
Set down the sorrow wherein I am left:
But therefore have high heavens their gifts bereft,
Because so long they lent them me to use,
And I so long their bounty did abuse.

Oh that a year were granted me to live,
And for that year my former wits restored!
What rules of life, what counsel would I give,
How should my sin with sorrow be deplored!
But I must die, of every man abhorred:
Time loosely spent will not again be won;
My time is loosely spent, and I undone.

THE SHEPHERD'S WIFE'S SONG

From ‹The Mourning Garment›

Ah, what is love? It is a pretty thing,
As sweet unto a shepherd as a king;
And sweeter too,
For kings have cares that wait upon a crown,
And cares can make the sweetest love to frown:

Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

His flocks are folded, he comes home at night,
As merry as a king in his delight;
And merrier too,
For kings bethink them what the State require,
Where shepherds careless carol by the fire:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

He kisseth first, then sits as blithe to eat
His cream and curds, as doth the king his meat;
And blither too,
For kings have often fears when they do sup,
Where shepherds dread no poison in their cup:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as sound
As doth the king upon his beds of down;
More sounder too,
For cares cause kings full oft their sleep to spill,
Where weary shepherds lie and snort their fill:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Thus with his wife he spends the year, as blithe
As doth the king at every tide or sith;
And blither too,
For kings have wars and broils to take in hand,
When shepherds laugh and love upon the land:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

DOWN THE VALLEY

From ‹Never Too Late›

Down the valley 'gan he track,
Bag and bottle at his back,
In a surcoat all of gray;
Such wear palmers on the way,
When with scrip and staff they see
Jesus's grave on Calvary.
A hat of straw, like a swain,
Shelter for the sun and rain,
With a scallop-shell before;
Sandals on his feet he wore;
Legs were bare, arms unclad;
Such attire this Palmer had.
His face fair like Titan's shine;
Gray and buxom were his eyne,
Whereout dropt pearls of sorrow;
Such sweet tears love doth borrow,
When in outward dews she plains
Heart's distress that lovers pains;
Ruby lips, cherry cheeks;
Such rare mixture Venus seeks,
When to keep her damsels quiet
Beauty sets them down their diet.
Adon was not thought more fair:
Curlèd locks of amber hair,
Locks where love did sit and twine
Nets to snare the gazer's eyne.
Such a Palmer ne'er was seen,
'Less Love himself had palmer been.
Yet, for all he was so quaint,
Sorrow did his visage taint:
Midst the riches of his face,
Grief decyphered high disgrace.
Every step strained a tear;
Sudden sighs showed his fear;
And yet his fear by his sight
Ended in a strange delight;
That his passions did approve,
Weeds and sorrow were for love.

‘PHILOMELA’S ODE

From ‹Philomela›

SITTING by a river’s side,
Where a silent stream did glide,
Muse I did of many things
That the mind in quiet brings.
I ’gan think how some men deem
Gold their god; and some esteem
Honor is the chief content
That to man in life is lent;
And some others do contend,
Quiet none, like to a friend;
Others hold there is no wealth
Compared to a perfect health;
Some man’s mind in quiet stands,
When he is lord of many lands.
But I did sigh, and said all this
Was but a shade of perfect bliss;
And in my thoughts I did approve,
Naught so sweet as is true love.

SWEET ARE THE THOUGHTS

From ‹Farewell to Folly›

SWEET are the thoughts that savor of content;
The quiet mind is richer than a crown;
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent;
The poor estate scorns Fortune’s angry frown:
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,
Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

The homely house that harbors quiet rest;
The cottage that affords no pride nor care;
The mean that ’grees with country music best;
The sweet consort of mirth and music’s fare;
Obscurèd life sets down a type of bliss:
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

SEPHESTIA'S SONG TO HER CHILD

From ‹Menaphon›

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.
Mother's wag, pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy;
When thy father first did see
Such a boy by him and me,
He was glad, I was woe;
Fortune changèd made him so,
When he left his pretty boy,
Last his sorrow, first his joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.
Streaming tears that never stint,
Like pearl drops from a flint,
Fell by course from his eyes,
That one another's place supplies;
Thus he grieved in every part,
Tears of blood fell from his heart,
When he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.
The wanton smiled, father wept,
Mother cried, baby leapt;
More he crowed, more we cried,
Nature could not sorrow hide:
He must go, he must kiss
Child and mother, baby bless,
For he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy
Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.

GERALD GRIFFIN

(1803–1840)

Under the words “Never Acted,” and date October 23d, 1842, the play ‘Gisippus,’ “by the late Gerald Griffin, author of ‘The Collegians,’” was announced at Drury Lane Theatre, London. Macready made money and fame out of the work, which had lain for years in his reading-desk uncared-for, while the patient poet scribbled his way along a life of little joy to an unnoted grave in the burying-ground of the voluntary poor. The drama was Griffin's first inspiration; and though he died untimely, the drama gives him back the honor he bestowed. Chagrined and humiliated with failure to get a hearing for his play of ‘Aguire,’ and sick from hope deferred for ‘Gisippus,’ he wrote ‘The Collegians,’ so full of Irish heart and love that its stage child ‘The Colleen Bawn’ has delighted the souls of millions.

Born in Limerick December 12th, 1803, Gerald Griffin, when his parents came to America to settle in northern Pennsylvania, chose to go at seventeen years of age, with only the equipment of a home education, to seek honors and fortune in the paths which led up to the printing-house. John Banim's recent success had blazed out a new trail in the stifling, starving jungle of book-making, and the youth of Ireland was on fire to follow him. One of the sweetest memories of Griffin's career is the delicacy and generosity of Banim's friendship for the pale, shy, delicate boy from the distant Shannon-side, during all the awful and lonely days of his early London residence. After hovering under Banim's wing about the green-rooms of Covent Garden and Drury Lane, until his sensitive nature could bear the torture of well-bred and ill-concealed indifference no longer, Griffin made his way to the office of one of the weekly periodicals with some sketches of Irish peasant life.

The publication of these brought him to notice, but did not keep him free from days and nights of enforced fasting. It was not until 1827 that he was able to publish a book. In that year appeared ‘Holland-Tide’ and the ‘Tales of the Munster Festivals,’ both to be forever-treasured heart songs of Irishmen separated world-wide. ‘The Collegians,’ in 1828, was eagerly and unstintingly accorded the first place in the new order of literature, the sadly joyous romance of contemporary Ireland. Griffin now became well and safely established in London, easily compeer of the best writers of his race, and in all affairs but those of pecuniary fortune a favored and envied man. A nature filled with the instinct of devotion kept him safe from some of the evils which rode the shoulders of too many of his fellow-countrymen. In the midst of a scurrying and scoffing rout he kept the heart of his boyhood innocent and unsullied.

Tired of the shows and shams of the world, in 1838 he asked and obtained admission into the Society of the Christian Brothers in his native city. A few days before he entered upon this resolution, he was interrupted by his brother and biographer Dr. Griffin in the act of destroying all his manuscripts. It had been his intention to make a complete renunciation by leaving nothing to the world but his published works. His brother was able to save but a few fragments from the great quantity of half-destroyed stories, poems, and plays; and these, with the earlier publications, were included in the only collected edition of his works ever made, published in New York in the decade of 1850.

Two years after he had assumed the habit and duty of a religious Gerald Griffin died, after many days of patient illness, in the house of his brothers in religion at Cork, Ireland, June 12th, 1840. His family, living at Susquehanna, Pennsylvania, has given several distinguished names to the literature and politics of our country.

HOW MYLES MURPHY IS HEARD ON BEHALF OF HIS PONIES

From ‹The Collegians›

Pat Falvey, supposing that he had remained a sufficient time without to prevent the suspicion of any private understanding between him and Mr. Daly, now made his appearance with luncheon. A collared head, cream cheese, honey, a decanter of gooseberry wine, and some garden fruit, were speedily arranged on the table, and the visitors, no way loath, were pressed to make a liberal use of the little banquet; for the time had not yet gone by when people imagined that they could not display their regard for a friend more effectually than by cramming him up to the throat with food and strong drink. Kyrle Daly was in the act of taking wine with Mrs. Chute, when he observed Falvey stoop to his young mistress's ear, and whisper something with a face of much seriousness.

« A boy wanting to speak to me ? » said Miss Chute. « Has he got letters ? Let him send up his message.»

"He says he must see yourself, miss. 'Tis in regard of some ponies of his that were impounded be Mr. Dawley for trespassing above here, last night. He hasn't the mains of releasing 'em, poor craythur, an' he's far from home. I'm sure he's an honest boy. He says he'd have a good friend in Mr. Cregan, if he knew he was below."

"Me?" said Mr. Cregan: "why, what's the fellow's name?"

"Myles Murphy, sir, from Killarney, westwards."

"Oh, Myles-na-Coppaleen? Poor fellow, is he in tribulation? We must have his ponies out by all means."

"It requires more courage than I can always command," said Miss Chute, "to revoke any command of Dawley's. He is an old man, and whether that he was crossed in love, or from a natural peevishness of disposition, he is such a morose creature that I am quite afraid of him. But I will hear this Myles, at all events."

She was moving to the door, when her uncle's voice made her turn.

"Stay, Anne," said Mr. Cregan; "let him come up. 'Twill be as good as a play to hear him and the steward *pro* and *con*. Kyrle Daly here, who is intended for the bar, will be our assessor, to decide on the points of law. I can tell you, Kyrle, that Myles will give you a lesson in the art of pleading that may be of use to you on circuit, at one time or another."

Anne laughed and looked to Mrs. Chute, who with a smile of tolerating condescension said, while she cleared with a silken kerchief the glasses of her spectacles, "If your uncle desires it, my love, I can see no objection. Those mountaineers are amusing creatures."

Anne returned to her seat and the conversation proceeded, while Falvey, with an air of great and perplexed importance, went to summon Myles up-stairs.

"Mountaineers!" exclaimed Captain Gibson. "You call every upland a mountain here in Ireland, and every one that lives out of sight of the sea a mountaineer."

"But this fellow is a genuine mountaineer," cried Mr. Cregan, "with a cabin two thousand feet above the level of the sea. If you are in the country next week, and will come down and see us at the Lakes, along with our friends here, I promise to show you as sturdy a race of mountaineers as any in Europe. Doctor Leake can give you a history of 'em up to Noah's flood, some time when you're alone together — when the country was first peopled by one Parable, or Sparable."

"Paralon," said Dr. Leake; "Paralon, or Migdonia, as the Psalter sings: —

'On the fourteenth day, being Tuesday,
They brought their bold ships to anchor,
In the blue fair port, with beauteous shore,
Of well-defended Inver Sceine.'

"In the rest of Munster, where — "

"Yes; well, you'll see 'em all, as the doctor says, if you come to Killarney," resumed Mr. Cregan, interrupting the latter, to whose discourse a country residence, a national turn of character, and a limited course of reading had given a tinge of pedantry; and who was moreover a firm believer in all the ancient Shanachus, from the Yellow Book of Moling to the Black Book of Molega. "And if you like to listen to him, he'll explain to you every action that ever befell, on land or water, from Ross Castle up to Carrigaline."

Kyrle, who felt both surprise and concern at learning that Miss Chute was leaving home so soon, and without having thought it worth her while to make him aware of her intention, was about to address her on the subject, when the clatter of a pair of heavy and well-paved brogues on the small flight of stairs in the lobby produced a sudden hush of expectation amongst the company. They heard Pat Falvey urging some instructions in a low and smothered tone, to which a strong and not unmusical voice replied, in that complaining accent which distinguishes the dialect of the more western descendants of Heber: "Ah, lay me alone, you foolish boy; do you think did I never speak to quollity in my life before?"

The door opened, and the uncommissioned master of horse made his appearance. His appearance was at once strikingly majestic and prepossessing, and the natural ease and dignity with which he entered the room might almost have become a peer of the realm coming to solicit the interest of the family for an electioneering candidate. A broad and sunny forehead, light and wavy hair, a blue cheerful eye, a nose that in Persia might have won him a throne, healthful cheeks, a mouth that was full of character, and a well-knit and almost gigantic person, constituted his external claims to attention, of which his lofty and confident although most unassuming carriage showed him to be in some degree conscious. He wore a complete suit of brown frieze, with a gay-colored cotton handkerchief around his neck, blue worsted stockings, and brogues carefully greased; while he held in his right hand an immaculate felt hat, the purchase of the preceding day's fair. In the left he held a straight-handled whip and a wooden rattle, which he used for the purpose of collecting his ponies when they happened to straggle. An involuntary murmur of admiration ran amongst the guests at his entrance. Dr. Leake was heard to pronounce him a true Gadelian, and Captain Gibson thought he would cut a splendid figure in a helmet and cuirass, under one of the arches in the Horse Guards.

Before he had spoken, and while the door yet remained open, Hyland Creagh roused Pincher with a chirping noise, and gave him the well-known countersign of « Baithershin! »

Pincher waddled towards the door, raised himself on his hind legs, closed it fast, and then trotted back to his master's feet, followed by the staring and bewildered gaze of the mountaineer.

« Well, » he exclaimed, « that flogs cock-fighting! I never thought I'd live to have a dog taich me manners, anyway. '*Baithershin*,' says he, an' he shets the door like a Christian! »

The mountaineer now commenced a series of most profound obeisances to every individual of the company, beginning with the ladies and ending with the officer; after which he remained glancing from one to another with a smile of mingled sadness and courtesy, as if waiting, like an evoked spirit, the spell-word of the enchantress who had called him up. « 'Tisn't manners to speak first before quollity, » was the answer he would have been prepared to render, in case any one had inquired the motive of his conduct.

« Well, Myles, what wind has brought you to this part of the country? » said Mr. Barney Cregan.

« The ould wind always then, Mr. Cregan, » said Myles, with another deep obeisance, « seeing would I get a feow o' the ponies off. Long life to you, sir; I was proud to hear you wor above stairs, for it isn't the first time you stood my friend in trouble. My father (the heavens be his bed this day!) was a fosterer o' your uncle Mick's, an' a first an' second cousin, be the mother's side, to ould Mrs. O'Leary, your Honor's aunt, westward. So 'tis kind for your Honor to have a leanin' towards uz. »

«A clear case, Myles; but what have you to say to Mrs. Chute about the trespass?»

«What have I to say to her? why then, a deal. It's a long while since I see her now, an' she wears finely, the Lord bless her! Ah, Miss Anne!—Oyeh, murther! murther! Sure, I'd know that face all over the world—your own livin' image, ma'am» (turning to Mrs. Chute), «an' a little dawny touch o' the master (heaven rest his soul!) about the chin, you'd think. My grandmother an' himself wor third cousins. Oh, vo! vo!»

«He has made out three relations in the company already,» said Anne to Kyrle: «could any courtier make interest more skillfully?»

«Well, Myles, about the ponies.»

«Poor craturs, true for you, sir. There's Mr. Creagh there, long life to him, knows how well I airn 'em for ponies. You seen what trouble I had with 'em, Mr. Creagh, the day you fought the jewel with young M'Farlane from the north. They went skelping like mad over the hills down to Glena, when they heerd the shot. Ah, indeed, Mr. Creagh, you cowed the north-country man that morning fairly. 'My honor is satisfied,' says he, 'if Mr. Creagh will apologize.' 'I didn't come to the ground to apologize,' says Mr. Creagh; 'it's what I never done to any man,' says he, 'and it'll be long from me to do it to you.' 'Well, my honor is satisfied anyway,' says the other, when he heerd the pistols cocking for a second shot. I thought I'd split laughing.»

«Pooh, pooh! nonsense, man,» said Creagh, endeavoring to hide a smile of gratified vanity. «Your unfortunate ponies will starve while you stay inventing wild stories.»

«He has gained another friend since,» whispered Miss Chute.

«Invent!» echoed the mountaineer. «There's Docthor Leake was on the spot, an' he knows if I invent. An' *you* did a good job too that time, docthor,» he continued, turning to the latter; «old Keys the piper gives it up to you, of all the docthors going, for curing his eyesight. An' he has a great leaning to you, moreover, you're such a fine Irishian.»

«Another,» said Miss Chute, apart.

«Yourself an' ould Mr. Daly,» he continued. «I hope the master is well in his health, sir?» (turning to Kyrle with another profound *congé*.) «May the Lord fasten the life in you an' him! That's a gentleman that wouldn't see a poor boy in want of his supper or a bed to sleep in, an' he far from his own people, nor persecute him in regard of a little trespass that was done unknown."

"This fellow is irresistible," said Kyrle: "a perfect Ulysses."

"And have you nothing to say to the captain, Myles? Is he no relation of yours?"

"The captain, Mr. Cregan? Except in so far as we are all servants of the Almighty and children of Adam, I know of none. But I have a feeling for the red coat, for all. I have three brothers in the army, serving in America; one of 'em was made a corporal, or an admiral, or some *ral* or another, for behavin' well at Quaybec, the time of Woulf's death. The English showed themselves a great people that day, surely."

Having thus secured to himself what lawyers call "the ear of the court," the mountaineer proceeded to plead the cause of his ponies with much force and pathos, dwelling on their distance from home, their wild habits of life, which left them ignorant of the common rules of boundaries, inclosures, and field gates, setting forth with equal emphasis the length of road they had traveled, their hungry condition, and the barrenness of the common on which they had been turned out; and finally urged in mitigation of penalty the circumstances of this being a first offense, and the improbability of its being ever renewed in future.

The surly old steward Dan Dawley was accordingly summoned for the purpose of ordering the discharge of the prisoners, a commission which he received with a face as black as winter. Miss Anne might "folly her liking," he said, "but it was the last time he'd ever trouble himself about damage or trespass any more. What affair was it of his, if all the horses in the barony were turned loose into the kitchen garden itself?"

"Horses, do you call 'em?" exclaimed Myles, bending on the old man a frown of dark remonstrance. "A parcel of little ponies not the height o' that chair."

"What signify is it?" snarled the steward: "they'd eat as much an' more than a racer."

"Is it they, the craturs? They'd hardly injure a plate of stirabout if it was put before 'em."

"Ayeh! hugh!"

"An' 'tisn't what I'd expect from you, Mr. Dawley, to be going again' a relation o' your own in this manner."

«A relation o' mine!» growled Dawley, scarcely deigning to cast a glance back over his shoulder as he hobbled out of the room.

«Yes then, o' yours.»

Dawley paused at the door and looked back.

«Will you deny it o' me if you can,» continued Myles, fixing his eye on him, «that Biddy Nale, your own gossip, an' Larry Foley, wor second cousins? Deny that o' me, if you can.»

«For what would I deny it?»

«Well, why! An' Larry Foley was uncle to my father's first wife. (The angels spread her bed this night!) An' I tell you another thing: the Dawleys would cut a poor figure in many a fair westwards, if they hadn't the Murphys to back 'em, so they would; but what hurt? Sure, you can folly your own pleasure.»

The old steward muttered something which nobody could hear, and left the room. Myles of the Ponies, after many profound bows to all his relations, and a profusion of thanks to the ladies, followed him, and was observed in a few minutes after on the avenue, talking with much earnestness and apparent agitation to Lowry Looby. Kyrle Daly, who remembered the story of the mountaineer's misfortune at Owen's Garden, concluded that Lowry was making him aware of the abduction of the beautiful Eily.

HOW MR. DALY THE MIDDLEMAN ROSE UP FROM BREAKFAST

From ‹The Collegians›

The person who opened the door acted as a kind of herdsman or out-door servant to the family, and was a man of a rather singular appearance. The nether parts of his frame were of a size considerably out of proportion with the trunk and head which they supported. His feet were broad and flat like those of a duck; his legs long and clumsy, with knees and ankles like the knobs on one of those grotesque walking-sticks which were in fashion among the fine gentlemen of our own day, some time since; his joints hung loosely like those of a pasteboard Merry Andrew; his body was very small, his chest narrow, and his head so diminutive as to be even too little for his herring shoulders. It seemed as if Nature, like an extravagant projector, had laid the foundation of a giant, but running short of material as the structure proceeded, had been compelled to terminate her undertaking within the dimensions of a dwarf. So far was this economy pursued that the head, small as it was, was very scantily furnished with hair, and the nose with which the face was garnished might be compared for its flatness to that of a young kid. «It looked,» as the owner of this mournful piece of journey-work himself facetiously observed, «as if his head was not thought worth a roof nor his countenance worth a handle.» His hands and arms were likewise of a smallness which was much to be admired, when contrasted with the hugeness of the lower members, and brought to mind the fore-paws of a kangaroo or the fins of a seal; the latter similitude prevailing when the body was put in motion, on which occasions they dabbled about in a very extraordinary manner. But there was one feature in which a corresponding prodigality had been manifested; namely, the ears, which were as long as those of Riquet with the Tuft, or of any ass in the barony.

The costume which enveloped this singular frame was no less anomalous than was the nature of its own construction. A huge riding-coat of gray frieze hung lazily from his shoulders, and gave to view in front a waistcoat of calfskin with the hairy side outward; a shirt of a texture almost as coarse as sail-cloth, made from the refuse of flax; and a pair of corduroy nether garments, with two bright new patches upon the knees. Gray worsted stockings, with dogskin brogues well paved in the sole and greased until they shone again, completed the personal adornments of this unaspiring personage. On the whole, his appearance might have brought to the recollection of a modern beholder one of those architectural edifices so fashionable in our time, in which the artist, with an admirable ambition, seeks to unite all that is excellent in the Tuscan, Doric, Corinthian, and Ionic orders, in one *coup d'œil*.

The expression of the figure, though it varied with circumstances, was for the most part thoughtful and deliberative; the effect, in a great measure, of habitual penury and dependence. At the time of Lord Halifax's administration, Lowry Looby, then a very young man, held a spot of ground in the neighborhood of Limerick, and was well-to-do in the world; but the scarcity which prevailed in England at the time, and which occasioned a sudden rise in the price of bere, butter, and other produce of grazing land in Ireland, threw all the agriculturists out of their little holdings and occasioned a general destitution, similar to that produced by the anti-cottier system in the present day. Lowry was among the sufferers. He was saved, however, from the necessity of adopting one of the three ultimata of Irish misery — begging, enlisting, or emigrating — by the kindness of Mr. Daly, who took him into his service as a kind of runner between his farms; an office for which Lowry, by his long and muscular legs and the lightness of the body that incumbered them, was qualified in an eminent degree. His excelling honesty, one of the characteristics of his country, which he was known to possess, rendered him a still more valuable acquisition to the family than had been at first anticipated. He had moreover the national talent for adroit flattery, a quality which made him more acceptable to his patron than the latter would willingly admit; and every emulsion of this kind was applied under the disguise of a simpleness which gave it a wonderful efficacy.

« Ha, Lowry! » said Mr. Daly. « Well, have you made your fortune since you have agreed with the postmaster? »

Lowry put his hands behind his back, looked successively at the four corners of the room, then round the cornice; then cast his eyes down at his feet, turned up the soles a little, and finally, straightening his person and gazing on his master, replied, « To lose it I did, sir, for a place. »

« To lose what? »

« The place of postman, sir, through the country westwards. Sure, there I was a gentleman for life, if it wasn't my luck. »

« I do not understand you, Lowry. »

« I'll tell you how it was, masther. After the last postman died, sir, I took your ricommendation to the postmasther an' axed him for the place. ‹ I'm used to thravelin', sir, › says I, ‹ for Misther Daly, over, and — › ‹ Ay, › says he, takin' me up short, ‹ an' you have a good long pair o' legs, I see. › ‹ Middlin', sir, › says I (he's a very pleasant gentleman); ‹ it's equal to me any day, winther or summer, whether I go ten miles or twenty, so as I have the nourishment. › ‹ Twould be hard if you didn't get that, anyway, › says he: ‹ well, I think I may as well give you the place, for I don't know any gentleman that I'd sooner take his ricommendation than Misther Daly's, or one that I'd sooner pay him a compliment, if I could. › »

« Well, and what was your agreement? »

«Ten pounds a year, sir,» answered Lowry, opening his eyes as if he announced something of wonderful importance, and speaking in a loud voice, to suit the magnitude of the sum; «besides my clothing and shoes throughout the year.»

«'Twas very handsome, Lowry.»

«Handsome, masther? 'Twas wages for a prince, sir. Sure, there I was, a made gentleman all my days, if it wasn't my luck, as I said before.»

«Well, and how did you lose it?»

«I'll tell you, sir,» answered Lowry: «I was going over to the postmasther yesterday, to get the Thralee mail from him, and to start off with myself on my first journey. Well an' good, of all the world who should I meet above upon the road, just at the turn down to the post-office, but that red-headed woman that sells the freestone in the sthreets? So I turned back.»

«Turned back! for what?»

«Sure, the world knows, masther, that it isn't lucky to meet a red-haired woman, and you going of a journey.»

«And you never went for the mail-bags?»

«Faiks, I'm sure I didn't that day.»

«Well, and the next morning?»

«The next morning, that's this morning, when I went, I found they had engaged another boy in my place.»

«And you lost the situation?»

«For this turn, sir, anyway. 'Tis luck that does it all. Sure, I thought I was cocksure of it, an' I having the postmasther's word. But indeed, if I meet that freestone crathur again, I'll knock her red head against the wall.»

«Well, Lowry, this ought to show you the folly of your superstition. If you had not minded that woman when you met her, you might have had your situation now.»

«'Twas she was in fault still, begging your pardon, sir,» said Lowry; «for sure, if I didn't meet her at all, this wouldn't have happened me.»

«Oh,» said Mr. Daly laughing, «I see you are well provided against all argument. I have no more to say, Lowry.»

The man now walked slowly towards Kyrle, and bending down with a look of solemn importance as if he had some weighty intelligence to communicate, he said, «The horse, sir, is ready this way, at the door abroad.»

«Very well, Lowry. I shall set out this instant.»

Lowry raised himself erect again, turned slowly round, and walked to the door, with his eyes on the ground and his hand raised to his temple, as if endeavoring to recollect something further which he had intended to say.

«Lowry!» said Mr. Daly, as the handle of the door was turned a second time. Lowry looked round.

«Lowry, tell me, did you see Eily O'Connor, the ropemaker's daughter, at the fair of Garryowen yesterday?»

«Ah, you're welcome to your game, masther.»

«'Pon my word, then, Eily is a very pretty girl, Lowry; and I'm told the old father can give her something besides her pretty face.»

Lowry opened his huge mouth (we forgot to mention that it *was* a huge one), and gave vent to a few explosions of laughter which much more nearly resembled the braying of an ass. «You are welcome to your game, masther,» he repeated; «long life to your Honor.»

«But is it true, Lowry, as I have heard it insinuated, that old Mihil O'Connor used, and still does, twist ropes for the use of the county jail?»

Lowry closed his lips hard, while the blood rushed into his face at this unworthy allegation. Treating it however as a new piece of «the masther's game,» he laughed and tossed his head.

«Folly on, sir, folly on.»

«Because if that were the case, Lowry, I should expect to find you a fellow of too much spirit to become connected, even by affinity, with such a calling. A ropemaker! a manufacturer of rogues' last neckcloths — an understrapper to the gallows — a species of collateral hangman!»

«Ah then, missiz, do you hear this? and all rising out of a little ould fable of a story that happened as good as five years ago, because Moriarty the crooked hangman (the thief!) stepped into Mihil's little place of a night, and nobody knowin' of him, an' bought a couple o' pen'orth o' whipcord for some vagary or other of his own. And there's all the call Mihil O'Connor had ever to gallowses or hangmen in his life. That's the whole toto o' their insiniwaytions.»

«Never mind your master, Lowry,» said Mrs. Daly: «he is only amusing himself with you.»

«Oh, ha! I'm sure I know it, ma'am: long life to him, and 'tis he that's welcome to his joke.»

«But, Lowry—»

«Ah, Heaven bless you now, masther, an' let me alone. I'll say nothing to you.»

«Nay, nay, I only wanted to ask you what sort of a fair it was at Garryowen yesterday.»

«Middling, sir, like the small piatees, they tell me,» said Lowry, suddenly changing his manner to an appearance of serious occupation; «but 'tis hard to make out what sort a fair is, when one has nothing to sell himself. I met a huxter, an' she told me 'twas a bad fair, because she could not sell her piggins; an' I met a pig-jobber, an' he told me 'twas a dear fair, pork ran so high; an' I met another little meagre creatur, a neighbor that has a cabin on the road above, an' he said 'twas the best fair that ever come out o' the sky, because he got a power for his pig. But Mr. Hardress Cregan was there, an' if he didn't make it a dear fair to some of 'em, you may call me an honest man.»

«A very notable undertaking that would be, Lowry. But how was it?»

«Some o' them boys,—them Garryowen lads, sir,—to get about Danny Mann, the Lord, Mr. Hardress's boatman, as he was comin' down from Mihil's with a new rope for some part o' the boat, and to begin reflecting on him in regard o' the hump on his back, poor creatur! Well, if they did, Masther Hardress heerd 'em; and he having a stout blackthorn in his hand, this way, and he made up to the foremost of 'em. 'What's that you're saying, you scoundrel?' says he. 'What would you give to know?' says the other, mighty impudent. Masther Hardress made no more, only up with the stick, and without saying this or that, or by your leave, or how do you do, he stretched him. Well, such a scuffle as began among 'em was never seen. They all fell upon Masther Hardress, but faix, they had only the half of it, for he made his way through the thick of 'em without as much as a mark. Aw, indeed, it isn't a goose or a duck they had to do with when they came across Mr. Cregan, for all.»

«And where were you all this while, Lowry?»

«Above in Mihil's door, standin' and lookin' about the fair for myself.»

«And Eily?»

«Ah, hear to this again, now! I'll run away out o' the place entirely from you, masther, that's what I'll do;» and suiting the action to the phrase, exit Lowry Looby.

OLD TIMES! OLD TIMES!

Old times! old times! the gay old times!
When I was young and free,
And heard the merry Easter chimes
Under the sally-tree;
My Sunday palm beside me placed,
My cross upon my hand,
A heart at rest within my breast,
And sunshine on the land!
Old times! Old times!

It is not that my fortunes flee,
Nor that my cheek is pale—
I mourn whene'er I think of thee,
My darling native vale!
A wiser head I have, I know,
Than when I loitered there;
But in my wisdom there is woe,
And in my knowledge, care.
Old times! Old times!

I've lived to know my share of joy,
To feel my share of pain,
To learn that friendship's self can cloy,
To love, and love in vain,
To feel a pang and wear a smile,
To tire of other climes,
To like my own unhappy isle,
And sing the gay old times!
Old times! Old times!

And sure, the land is nothing changed,
The birds are singing still;
The flowers are springing where we ranged;
There's sunshine on the hill!
The sally, waving o'er my head,
Still sweetly shades my frame
But ah, those happy days are fled,
And I am not the same!
Old times! Old times!

Oh, come again, ye merry times,
Sweet, sunny, fresh, and calm!

And let me hear those Easter chimes,
And wear my Sunday palm.
If I could cry away mine eyes,
My tears would flow in vain;
If I could waste my heart in sighs,
They'll never come again!
Old times! Old times!

A PLACE IN THY MEMORY, DEAREST

A PLACE in thy memory, dearest,
Is all that I claim:
To pause and look back when thou hearest
The sound of my name.
Another may woo thee, nearer,
Another may win and wear;
I care not though he be dearer,
If I am remembered there.

Remember me—not as a lover
Whose hope was crossed,
Whose bosom can never recover
The light it hath lost:
As the young bride remembers the mother
She loves, though she never may see,
As a sister remembers a brother,
O dearest! remember me.

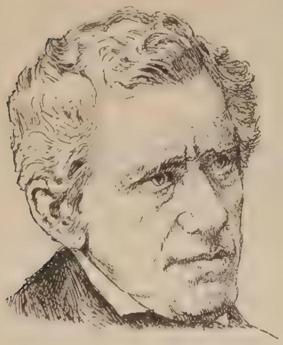
Could I be thy true lover, dearest,
Couldst thou smile on me,
I would be the fondest and nearest
That ever loved thee!
But a cloud on my pathway is glooming
That never must burst upon thine;
And Heaven, that made thee all blooming,
Ne'er made thee to wither on mine.

Remember me, then! oh remember
My calm, light love;
Though bleak as the blasts of November
My life may prove,
That life will, though lonely, be sweet,
If its brightest enjoyment should be
A smile and kind word when we meet,
And a place in thy memory.

FRANZ GRILLPARZER

(1791–1872)

Grillparzer, the most distinguished dramatist that Austria has produced, was born in Vienna on January 15th, 1791. His father, an esteemed advocate of the Austrian capital, seems to have been, like Goethe's father, a man of cold austerity. His mother, on the other hand, had a deeply emotional nature, lived in a world of music, and ended her life a suicide. From her, as in the case of so many poets, Grillparzer derived his poetic gifts and his musical taste. At the age of twenty-two he entered the service of the State, in which he remained until at his own request he was retired on a pension in 1856. In 1847 he was made a member of the Royal Academy of Sciences. In his quiet and well-ordered life there is little that is striking to record; its most picturesque periods were those of his extensive travels in Turkey, Italy, and Greece. Of these travels he has left fragmentary accounts in his volume of autobiographical sketches.


Franz Grillparzer

In literature Grillparzer took his own independent course. He was filled with the spirit of Greek tragedy; but far from attempting a strict modern adaptation of the classic forms, he gave his plays a frankly romantic and sentimental coloring. He made a close study of the Spanish drama, but was not dominated by it. Shakespeare, too, whose colossal genius had first created and then crushed the German drama, never overmastered Grillparzer. Among his autobiographical works occurs this remarkable passage:—

«You ask what books I shall take with me? Many and few: Herodotus, Plutarch, and the two Spanish dramatists. And not Shakespeare? Not Shakespeare; although he is perhaps the greatest thing the modern world has produced—not Shakespeare! He tyrannizes over my mind, and I wish to remain free. I thank God for him, and that it was my good fortune to read and re-read him and make him mine; but now I strive to forget him. The ancients strengthen me; the Spaniards inspire me to produce; . . . but the giant Shakespeare usurps the place of nature, whose most glorious organ of expression he was; and whoever gives himself up to him will, to every question asked of nature, forever receive an answer from Shakespeare only. No more Shakespeare! German literature will be ruined in that very abyss out of which it once arose; but I will be free and independent.»

Grillparzer's public career as a dramatist began in 1817 with the famous tragedy of 'Die Ahnfrau' (The Ancestress), which is typical of the class to which it belongs, the so-called tragedies of fate. Two years later came 'Sappho.' In Byron's Journal, under date of January 12th, 1821, we find this entry:—

> «Read the Italian translation by Guido Sorelli of the German Grillparzer—a devil of a name, to be sure, for posterity, but they must learn to pronounce it: the tragedy of 'Sappho' is superb and sublime. There is no denying it. The man has done a great thing in writing that play. And who is he? I know him not; but ages will. 'Tis a high intellect; Grillparzer is grand, antique,—not so simple as the ancients, but very simple for a modern,—too Madame De Staël-ish now and then, but altogether a great and goodly writer.»

This critical estimate is singularly just. What Grillparzer lacks in simplicity is offset by his lyric tenderness and portrayal of complex emotions. In 1831 was performed 'Des Meeres und der Liebe Wellen' (The Waves of the Sea and of Love). Grillparzer was conscious that the title was affected. The theme is the tale of Hero and Leander. «It was my purpose,» he wrote, «to indicate at the outset that although of an antique coloring, my treatment of the material was intended to be romantic. In short, it was an attempt to combine the two dramatic styles.» This confirms Byron's judgment. There was something of timidity in Grillparzer's nature; the first acts are often grand and imposing, but the catastrophe frequently passes away in an elegiac mood, like fading music. But he has produced plays in his own peculiar manner which are full of genuine humanity and vigorous dramatic action, and their place is still secure in the repertory of the German stage.

Grillparzer's collected works fill sixteen volumes. His most extensive undertaking was the trilogy of 'Das Goldene Vliess' (The Golden Fleece), of which 'Medea' is still a favorite. The most important of his works is 'King Ottokar,' which occupies a place in the national life of Austria comparable to that held by Shakespeare's historical plays in English literature; and the excellent tragedy 'Ein Treuer Diener seines Herrn' (A Faithful Servant of his Master) is likewise the product of Austrian national life. The direct influence of Calderon is manifest in the fairy-tale character of the charming drama 'Der Traum, ein Leben' (Dream is a Life), in which the title of the famous Spanish play is reversed.

Grillparzer's comedy 'Weh' dem der Lügt' (Woe to Him who Lies) was not at first a success, and for a long time thereafter the poet refused in disgust to submit his dramas to the stage. The play subsequently became popular, but this disregard of all pecuniary considerations in relation to his plays was characteristic of Grillparzer. At Beethoven's request he wrote the opera text of 'Melusine,' and the poet has told us in his recollections of Beethoven how insistent the composer was that a contract be drawn dividing the proceeds. But Grillparzer refused to allow this: he was satisfied to know that Beethoven liked his poem and was willing to devote his genius to giving it a musical setting. The great composer died before the music had taken definite form, and it was Grillparzer's office to deliver the funeral oration. «I loved Beethoven,» he says simply in one of his touching paragraphs.

Grillparzer outlived his productivity, but his fame increased. At the celebration of his eightieth birthday, honors were showered thick upon him. He was named by the side of Goethe and Schiller, and the highest aristocracy of that most aristocratic land joined with the common people to do him homage. In the following year — January 21st, 1872 — Grillparzer died. His place in the front rank of German dramatists is as assured to-day as when, at the culmination of a long life, all Germany brought tributes to the genius of the greatest of Austrian poets.

SAPPHO AND PHAON

From 'Sappho'

Phaon *lies slumbering on the grassy bank*

Sappho [*entering from grotto*] —

'Tis all in vain! Rebellious to my will,
Thought wanders and returns, void of all sense;
Whilst ever and anon, whate'er I do,
Before me stands that horrid, hated sight
I fain would flee from, e'en beyond this earth.
How he upheld her! How she clasped his arm!
Till, gently yielding to its soft embrace,
She on his lips — Away! away the thought!
For in that thought are deaths innumerable.

But why torment myself, and thus complain
Of what perhaps is after all a dream?
Who knows what transient feeling, soon forgot,

What momentary impulse, led him on,
Which quickly passed, e'en as it quickly came,—
Unheeded, undeserving of reproach?
Who bade me seek the measure of *his* love
Within my own impassioned, aching breast?

Ye who have studied life with earnest care,
By man's affection judge not woman's heart.

A restless thing is his impetuous soul—
The slave of change, and changing with each change.
Boldly man enters on the path of life,
Illumined by the morning ray of hope;
Begirt with sword and shield, courage and faith,
Impatient to commence a glorious strife.
Too narrow seems to him domestic joy;
His wild ambition overleaps repose,
And hurries madly on through endless space;
And if upon his wayward path he meets
The humble, beauteous flower called love,
And should he stoop to raise it from the earth,
He coldly places it upon his helm.

He knoweth not what holy, ardent flame
It doth awaken in a woman's heart;
How all her being—every thought—each wish—
Revolves forever on this single point.
Like to the young bird, round its mother's nest
While fluttering, doth her anxious boding care
Watch o'er her love; her cradle and her grave,
Her whole of life—a jewel of rich price—
She hangs upon the bosom of her faith.

Man loves, 'tis true; but his capacious heart
Finds room for other feelings than his love,
And much that woman's purity condemns
He deems amusement or an idle jest.
A kiss from other lips he takes at will.
Alas that this is so! yet so it is.
[*Turns and sees Phaon sleeping.*
Ha, see! Beneath the shadow of yon rose
The faithless dear one slumbers. Ay, he sleeps,
And quiet rest hath settled on his brow.
Thus only slumbers gentle innocence;
Alone thus gently breathes th' unburdened breast.

Yes, dearest! I will trust thy peaceful sleep,
Whate'er thy waking painful may disclose.
Forgive me, then, if I have injured thee
By unjust doubt; or if I dared to think
That falsehood could approach a shrine so pure.

A smile plays o'er his mouth! His lips divide!
A name is hovering in his burning breath!
Awake, and call thy Sappho! She is near!
Her arms are clasped about thee!

[*She kisses his brow. Phaon awakes, and with half-opened eyes exclaims:*]
Melitta!

Sappho [*starting back*]— Ha!

Phaon— Who hath disturbed me? What envious hand
Hath driven from my soul the happy dream?
[*Recollecting himself.*
Thou! Sappho! Welcome! Well I knew, indeed,
That something beauteous must be near my side,
To lend such glowing colors to my dream.
But why so sad? I am quite happy now.
The anxious care that lay upon my breast
Hath disappeared, and I am glad again.
Like to some wretch who hath been headlong plunged
Into some deep abyss, where all was dark,
When lifted upward by a friendly arm,
So that once more he breathes the air of heaven,
And in the golden sunlight bathes again,
He heareth happy voices sounding near:
Thus in the wild excitement of my heart
I feel it overflow with happiness,
And wish, half sinking 'neath the weight of joy,
For keener senses, or for less of bliss.

Sappho [*lost in thought*]—
Melitta!

Phaon— Be gay and happy, dear one.
All round us here is beautiful and fair.
On weary wings the summer evening sinks
In placid rest upon the quiet earth;
The sea heaves timidly her billowy breast,
The bride expectant of the Lord of Day,
Whose fiery steeds have almost reached the west;
The gentle breeze sighs through the poplar boughs,
And far and near all nature whispers love.
Is there no echo in our hearts—we love?

Sappho [*aside*] —
Oh, I could trust again this faithless one.
But no! too deeply have I read his heart.
Phaon — The feverish spell that pressed upon my brain
Hath vanished quite; and ah, believe me, dear
Sappho! I ne'er have loved thee till this hour.
Let us be happy — But tell me, loved one,
What faith hast thou in dreams?
Sappho — They always lie,
And I hate liars.
Phaon — For as I slept just now,
I had a heavenly dream. I thought myself
Again — again — upon Olympia's height,
As when I saw thee first, the queen of song.
Amid the voices of the noisy crowd,
The clang of chariot wheels, and warrior shouts,
A strain of music stole upon mine ear.
'Twas thou! again thou sweetly sang'st of love,
And deep within my soul I felt its power.
I rushed impetuous toward thee, when behold!
It seemed at once as though I knew thee not!
And yet the Tyrian mantle clasped thy form;
The lyre still lay upon thy snow-white arm:
Thy face alone was changed. Like as a cloud
Obscures the brightness of a summer sky,
The laurel wreath had vanished from thy brow;
Upon thy lips, from which immortal sounds
Had scarcely died away, sat naught but smiles;
And in the profile of proud Pallas's face
I traced the features of a lovely child.
It was thyself — and yet 'twas not — it was —
Sappho [*almost shrieking*] —
Melitta!
Phaon [*starting*] — Thou hadst well-nigh frightened me.
Who said that it was she? I knew it not!
O Sappho! I have grieved thee!

[*Sappho motions him to leave.*

Ah! what now?
Thou wish'st me to be gone? Let me first say —

[*She again motions him to leave.*

Must I indeed then go? Then fare thee well.
[*Exit Phaon.*

Sappho [*after a pause*]—
The bow hath sprung—

[*Pressing her hands to her breast.*] The arrow rankles here.
'Twere vain to doubt! It is, it must be so:
'Tis she that dwells within his perjured heart;
Her image ever floats before his eyes;
His very dreams enshrine that one loved form.

THE DEATH OF SAPPHO

From ‹Sappho›

Sappho *enters, richly dressed, the Tyrian mantle on her shoulders, the laurel crown upon her head, and the golden lyre in her hand. Surrounded by her people, she slowly and solemnly descends the steps. A long pause.*

MELITTA—O Sappho! O my mistress!
Sappho [*calmly and gravely*]— What wouldst thou?
Melitta—Now is the darkness fallen from mine eyes.
Oh, let me be to thee again a slave,
Again what once I was, and oh, forgive!
Sappho [*in the same tone*]—
Think'st thou that Sappho hath become so poor
As to have need of gifts from one like thee?
That which is mine I shall ere long possess.
Phaon— Hear me but once, O Sappho!
Sappho— Touch me not!
I am henceforth devoted to the gods.
Phaon— If e'er with loving eyes thou didst behold—
Sappho—Thou speak'st of things forever past and gone.
I sought for thee, and I have found—*myself*.
Thou couldst not understand my heart. Farewell·
On firmer ground than thee my hopes must rest.
Phaon— And dost thou hate me now?
Sappho— To love—to hate!
Is there no other feeling? Thou wert dear,
And art so still—and so shalt ever be.
Like to some pleasant fellow traveler,
Whom accident hath brought a little way
In the same bark, until the goal be reached,
When, parting, each pursues a different road;
Yet often in some strange and distant land,
Remembrance will recall that traveler still.

[*Her voice falters.*

Phaon [*moved*]—
Sappho!

Sappho— Be still, and let us part in peace.

[*To her people.*

Ye who have seen your Sappho weak, forgive:
For Sappho's weakness well will I atone.
Alone when bent, the bow's full power is shown.

[*Pointing to the altar in the background.*

Kindle the flames at Aphrodite's shrine,
Till up to heaven they mount like morning beams!

[*They obey her.*

And now retire and leave me here alone:
I would seek counsel only from the gods.

Rhamnes [*to the people*]—It is her wish. Let us obey. Come all.

[*They retire.*

Sappho [*advancing*]—
Gracious, immortal gods! list to my prayer.
Ye have adorned my life with blessings rich:
Within my hand ye placed the bow of song;
The quiver of the poet gave to me;
A heart to feel, a mind to quickly think;
A power to reveal my inmost thoughts.
Yes! ye have crowned my life with blessings rich.
For this, all thanks.
Upon this lowly head
Ye placed a wreath, and sowed in distant lands
The poet's peaceful fame,—immortal seed;
My songs are sung in strange and foreign climes;
My name shall perish only with the earth.
For this, all thanks.
Yet it hath been your will
That I should drink not deep of life's sweet cup,
But only taste the overflowing draught.
Behold! obedient to your high behest,
I set it down untouched. For this, all thanks.

All that ye have decreed I have obeyed,
Therefore deny me not a last reward:
They who belong to Heaven no weakness show;
The coils of sickness cannot round them twine;
In their full strength, in all their being's bloom,

Ye take them to yourselves: such be my lot.
Forbid that e'er your priestess should become
The scorn of those who dare despise your power,
The sport of fools, in their own folly wise.
Ye broke the blossom; now then, break the bough.
Let my life close e'en as it once began.
From this soul struggle quickly set me free.
I am too weak to bear a further strife:
Give me the triumph, but the conflict spare.

[*As if inspired.*

The flames are kindled, and the sun ascends!
I feel that I am heard! I thank ye, gods!
Phaon! Melitta! hither come to me!

[*She kisses the brow of Phaon.*

A friend from other worlds doth greet thee thus.

[*She embraces Melitta.*

'Tis thy dead mother sends this kiss to thee.
Upon yon altar consecrate to love,
Be love's mysterious destiny fulfilled.

[*She hurries to the altar.*

Rhamnes — What is her purpose? Glorified her form!
The radiance of the gods doth round her shine!

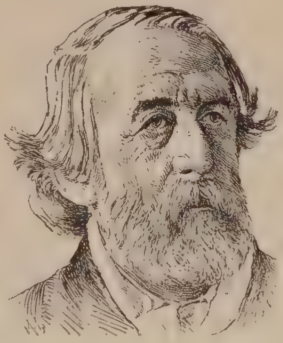
Sappho [*ascending a high rock, and stretching her hands over Phaon and Melitta*] —
Give love to mortals — reverence to the gods;
Enjoy what blooms for ye, and — think of me.
Thus do I pay the last great debt of life.
Bless them, ye gods! and bear me hence to heaven!

[*Throws herself from the rock into the sea.*

HERMAN GRIMM

(1828–)

In the sense in which the English-speaking people use the phrase, Herman Grimm is the leading man of letters in Germany, the chief living representative of German culture. His style is the perfection of simplicity, purity, and beauty; his interests and sympathies are wide as humanity; his treatment of a subject is never pedantic, and his scholarship is always human. He is spiritually the descendant of Goethe, from whom he inherits his serenity of judgment and his sympathetic insight into the new, strange, and steadily changing life of his contemporaries. His essays and briefer articles form a running commentary upon the great currents of thought that influence our time; and without dwelling upon the surface except for purposes of illustration, they present the structure of our intellectual life and exhibit its essential features.



Herman Grimm

Herman Grimm was born at Cassel on January 6th, 1828. His father was Wilhelm Grimm; he was accustomed to call his uncle Jacob «Apapa» (with the Greek alpha privative: «not papa»). It was in the stimulating circle that gathered about the brothers Grimm that he grew up: the Arnims, Brentanos, and the group of eminent scholars that gave lustre to the universities of Göttingen and Berlin. In the social intercourse of the Prussian capital, it was to the house of Bettina von Arnim that Grimm was chiefly drawn. He subsequently married Giesela, Bettina's youngest daughter.

Grimm's earliest literary efforts were in dramatic form. His ‹Novellen,› a series of short stories distinguished by great beauty of form and tenderness of feeling, were published in 1856, and have proved their vitality after forty years by a new edition in 1896. He was about thirty years of age when the first volume of his essays appeared. Up to this point, his life had been the irresponsible one of a highly gifted man of artistic temperament who has not yet found his special aptitude nor set himself a definite goal. The late Professor Brunn has told how, when he and Grimm were young men together in Rome, the latter finally came to see the necessity of winning a firm foothold in some special field and of accomplishing some well-defined task. It was in pursuance of this thought, and under the stimulating influence of his young wife's genius, that Grimm wrote the famous ‹Life of Michael Angelo,› and placed himself at one stroke in the front rank of German letters. This work is now universally recognized as one of the finest specimens of biographical writing that modern literature has produced. It also marked an epoch in the study of the Italian Renaissance.

In 1867 his ambitious novel ‹Unüberwindliche Mächte› (Insuperable Powers) appeared, and was received with an enthusiasm which it has not been able to maintain. In 1873 he was made professor of art history, a chair which was created for him at the University of Berlin. The freshness of his ideas and the free grace of his delivery have attracted thousands to his auditorium, and many Americans are always among his enthusiastic hearers.

Grimm is bound to America by many ties; first among these was his love for Emerson. He found a volume of Emerson's essays upon the table at Bancroft's house. He thought that his command of English was good, but this book presented difficulties; he took it home, and soon discovered that these difficulties grew out of the fact that the writer had original ideas and his own way of expressing them. He translated the essays on Goethe and Shakespeare into German; his own two essays on Emerson are finely appreciative both of the character of American life, and of Emerson as its interpreter and exponent. He was thus, with Julian Schmidt, the first to make the American philosopher known to the German public.

His ‹Life of Raphael,› which first appeared in 1872, has been the cause of much unrefreshing strife, in which however the author has never deigned to take part. Bitter opposition to his views generally took the form of contemptuous silence on the part of specialists and the press. Meanwhile the ‹Raphael› has reached its fifth edition, and has been translated into English.

Most popular among his works, after the ‹Michael Angelo,› is the volume of lectures on Goethe. This fascinating work was the outgrowth of a series of public lectures delivered in 1876 at the University of Berlin. They do not attempt a systematic life of Goethe, but in them is presented the poet as he lived and wrought; and as in ‹Michael Angelo› the splendid life in Rome and Florence is restored, so the golden age of German letters lives again in these lectures. The English translation, by Miss Sarah H. Adams, is dedicated to Emerson.

In 1889 he lost his wife. It was characteristic of the man that in these days of overwhelming bereavement he should seek consolation in the poetry of Homer. The result of these loving studies is now before the world in two stately volumes entitled ‹Homer's Iliad.› The Iliad is treated as if it had never before been read, and regard is paid only to its poetic contents, its marvelous composition, its delineation of character, its essential modernness. This book was a labor of love, and is an inspiring introduction to an unprejudiced and appreciative study of Homer.

Grimm continues to exert a wide and fine influence upon the intellectual life of his countrymen. In the forefront of every important movement, he was among the first to advocate the admission of women into the university; himself a thorough classical scholar, he nevertheless held liberal views on the great question of educational reform; and although rooted in the romanticism of the early part of the century, he displays the keenest understanding of the tumultuous life of the modern empire. In his five volumes of essays may be found a precipitate of all that is best in German culture during the last forty years.

To the ties which already bound him to this country there was added in 1896 another. He was elected to membership in the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, to succeed the late Sir John R. Seeley.

FLORENCE

From the ‹Life of Michael Angelo.› Translation of Fanny Elizabeth Bunnett:
Little, Brown & Co., publishers, Boston

There are names which carry with them something of a charm. We utter them, and like the prince in the ‹Arabian Nights› who mounted the marvelous horse and spoke the magic words, we feel ourselves lifted from the earth into the clouds. We have but to say «Athens!» and all the great deeds of antiquity break upon our hearts like a sudden gleam of sunshine. We perceive nothing definite; we see no separate figures: but a cloudy train of glorious men passes over the heavens, and a breath touches us, which like the first warm wind in the year seems to give promise of the spring in the midst of snow and rain. «Florence!» and the magnificence and passionate agitation of Italy's prime sends forth its fragrance toward us like blossom-laden boughs, from whose dusky shadow we catch whispers of the beautiful tongue.

We will now however step nearer, and examine more clearly the things which, taken collectively at a glance, we call the history of Athens and Florence. The glowing images now grow cold, and become dull and empty. Here as everywhere we see the strife of common passions, the martyrdom and ruin of the best citizens, the demon-like opposition of the multitude to all that is pure and elevated, and the disinterestedness of the noblest patriots suspiciously misunderstood and arrogantly rejected. Vexation, sadness, and sorrow steal over us, instead of the admiration which at first moved us. And yet, what is it all? Turning away, we cast back one glance from afar; and the old glory lies again on the picture, and a light in the distance seems to reveal to us the Paradise which attracts us afresh, as if we set foot on it for the first time.

Athens was the first city of Greece. Rich, powerful, with a policy which extended almost over the entire world of that age, we can conceive that from her emanated all the great things that were done. Florence, however, in her fairest days was never the first city of Italy, and in no respect possessed extraordinary advantages. She lies not on the sea, not even on a river at any time navigable; for the Arno, on both sides of which the city rises, often affords in summer scarcely water sufficient to cover the soil of its broad bed, at that point of its course where it emerges from narrow valleys into the plain situated between the diverging arms of the mountain range. The situation of Naples is more beautiful, that of Genoa more royal, than Florence; Rome is richer in treasures of art; Venice possessed a political power in comparison with which the influence of the Florentines appears small. Lastly, these cities and others, such as Pisa and Milan, have gone through an external history compared with which that of Florence contains nothing extraordinary; and yet, notwithstanding, all else that happened in Italy between 1250 and 1530 is colorless when placed side by side with the history of this one city. Her internal life surpasses in splendor the efforts of the others at home and abroad. The events through the intricacies of which she worked her way with vigorous determination, and the men whom she produced, raised her fame above that of the whole of Italy besides, and place Florence as a younger sister by the side of Athens.

The earlier history of the city before the days of her highest splendor, stands in the same relation to the subsequent events as the contests of the Homeric heroes to that which happened in the historic ages in Greece. The incessant strife between the hostile nobles, which lasted for centuries and ended with the annihilation of all, presents to us, on the whole as well as in detail, the course of an epic poem. These contests, in which the whole body of the citizens became involved, began with the strife of two families, brought about by a woman, with murder and revenge in its train; and it is ever the passion of the leaders which fans the dying flames into new life. From their ashes at length arose the true Florence. She had now no longer a warlike aristocracy like Venice; no popes nor nobles like Rome; no fleet, no soldiers,—scarcely a territory. Within her walls was a fickle, avaricious, ungrateful people of parvenus, artisans, and merchants; who had been subdued, now here and now there, by the energy or the intrigues of foreign and native tyranny, until at length, exhausted, they had actually given up their liberty. And it is the history of these very times which is surrounded with such glory, and the remembrance of which awakens such enthusiasm among her own people at the present day, at the remembrance of their past.

Whatever attracts us in nature and in art,—that higher nature which man has created,—may be felt also of the deeds of individuals and of nations. A melody, incomprehensible and enticing, is breathed forth from the events, filling them with importance and animation. Thus we should like to live and to act,—to have joined in obtaining this, to have assisted in the contest there. It becomes evident to us that this is true existence. Events follow each other like a work of art; a marvelous thread unites them; there are no disjointed convulsive shocks which startle us as at the fall of a rock, making the ground tremble which for centuries had lain tranquil, and again, perhaps for centuries, sinks back into its old repose. For it is not repose, order, and a lawful progress on the smooth path of peace which we desire, nor the fearful breaking-up of long-established habits, and the chaos that succeeds; but we are struck by deeds and characters whose outset promises results, and allows us to augur an end where the powers of men and nations strive after perfection, and our feelings aspire toward a harmonious aim which we hope for or dread, and which we see reached at length.

Our pleasure in these events in no degree resembles the satisfaction with which, perchance, a modern officer of police would express himself respecting the excellent condition of a country. There are so-called quiet times, within which, nevertheless, the best actions appear hollow and inspire a secret mistrust; when peace, order, and impartial administration of justice are words with no real meaning, and piety sounds even like blasphemy; while in other epochs open depravity, errors, injustice, crime, and vice form only the shadows of a great and elevating picture, to which they impart the just truth. The blacker the dark places, the brighter the light ones. An indestructible power seems to necessitate both. We are at once convinced that we are not deceived: it is all so clear, so plain, so intelligible. We are struck with the strife of inevitable dark necessity — with the will, whose freedom nothing can conquer. On both sides we see great powers rising, shaping events, and perishing in their course, or maintaining themselves above them. We see blood flowing; the rage of parties flashes before us like the sheet lightning of storms that have long ceased; we stand here and there, and fight once more in the old battles. But we want truth: no concealing of aims, or the means with which they desired to obtain them. Thus we see the people in a state of agitation, just as the lava in the crater of a volcanic mountain rises in itself; and from the fermenting mass there sounds forth the magic melody which we call to mind when the names «Athens» or «Florence» are pronounced.

Yet how poor seem the treasures of the Italian city, compared with the riches of the Greek! A succession of great Athenians appear where only single Florentines could be pointed out. Athens surpassed Florence as far as the Greeks surpassed the Romans. But Florence touches us the more closely. We tread less certain ground in the history of Athens; and the city herself has been swept away from her old rocky soil, leaving only insignificant ruins behind. Florence still lives. If at the present day we look down from the height of old Fiesole on the mountain-side north of the city, the cathedral of Florence, Santa Maria del Fiore, — or Santa Liparata, as it is called, — with its cupola and slender bell tower, and the churches, palaces, and houses, and the walls that inclose them, still lie in the depth below as they did in years gone by. All is standing, upright and undecayed. The city is like a flower, which when fully blown, instead of withering on its stalk, turned as it were into stone. Thus she stands at the present day; and to him who forgets the former ages, life and fragrance seem not to be lacking. Many a time we could fancy it is still as once it was; just as when traversing the canals of Venice under the soft beams of the moon, we are delusively carried back to the times of her ancient splendor. But freedom has vanished; and that succession of great men has long ceased which year by year, of old, sprung up afresh.

Yet the remembrance of these men and of the old freedom still lives. Their remains are preserved with religious care. To live with consciousness in Florence is, to a cultivated man, nothing else than the study of the beauty of a free people, in its very purest instincts. The city possesses something that penetrates and sways the mind. We lose ourselves in her riches. While we feel that everything drew its life from that *one* freedom, the past obtains an influence, even in its most insignificant relations, which almost blinds us to the rest of Italy. We become fanatical Florentines, in the old sense. The most beautiful pictures of Titian begin to be indifferent to us, as we follow the progress of Florentine art in its almost hourly advance from the most clumsy beginnings up to perfection. The historians carry us into the intricacies of their age, as if we were initiated into the secrets of living persons. We walk along the streets where they walked; we step over the thresholds which they trod; we look down from the windows at which they have stood. Florence has never been taken by assault, nor destroyed, nor changed by some all-devastating fire. The buildings of which they tell us stand there almost as if they had grown up, stone by stone, to charm and gratify our eyes. If I, a stranger, am attracted with such magnetic power, how strong must have been the feeling with which the free old citizens clung to their native city, which was the world to them! It seemed to them impossible to live and die elsewhere. Hence the tragic and often frantic attempts of the exiled to return to their home. Unhappy was he who at eventide might not meet his friends in her squares,—who was not baptized in the church of San Giovanni, and could not have his children baptized there. It is the oldest church in the town, and bears in its interior the proud inscription that it will not be thrown down until the Day of Judgment,—a belief as strong as that of the Romans, to whom eternity was to be the duration of their Capitol. Horace sang that his songs would last as long as the priestess ascended the steps there.

Athens and Florence owed their greatness to their freedom. We are free when our longing to do all that we do for the good of our country is satisfied; but it must be independently and voluntarily. We must perceive ourselves to be a part of a whole, and that while *we* advance, we promote the advance of the whole at the same time. This feeling must be paramount to any other. With the Florentines, it rose above the bloodiest hostility of parties and families. Passions stooped before it. The city and her freedom lay nearest to every heart, and formed the end and aim of every dispute. No power without was to oppress them; none within the city herself was to have greater authority than another; every citizen desired to co-operate for the general good; no third party was to come between to help forward their interests. So long as this jealousy of a personal right in the State ruled in the minds of the citizens, Florence was a free city. With the extinguishing of this passion freedom perished; and in vain was every energy exerted to maintain it.

That which, however, exhibits Athens and Florence as raised above other States which likewise flourished through their freedom, is a second gift of nature, by which freedom was either circumscribed or extended,—for both may be said of it; namely, the capability in their citizens for an equal development of all human power. One-sided energy may do much, whether men or nations possess it. Egyptians, Romans, Englishmen, are grand examples of this; the one-sidedness of their character, however, discovers itself again in their undertakings, and sometimes robs that which they achieve of the praise of beauty. In Athens and Florence, no passion for any time gained such ascendency over the individuality of the people as to preponderate over others. If it happened at times for a short period, a speedy subversion of things brought back the equilibrium. The Florentine Constitution depended on the resolutions of the moment, made by an assembly of citizens entitled to vote. Any power could be legally annulled, and with equal legality another could be raised up in its stead. Nothing was wanting but a decree of the great parliament of citizens. A counter-vote was all that was necessary. So long as the great bell sounded which called all the citizens together to the square in front of the palace of the government, any revenge borne by one towards another might be decided by open force in the public street. Parliament was the lawfully appointed scene of revolution, in case the will of the people no longer accorded with that of the government. The citizens in that case invested a committee with dictatorial authority; the offices were newly filled; all offices were accessible to all citizens;

any man was qualified and called upon for any position. What sort of men must these citizens have been who formed a stable and flourishing State with institutions so variable? Sordid merchants and manufacturers?—yet how they fought for their freedom! Selfish policy and commerce their sole interest?—yet were they the poets and historians of their country! Avaricious shopkeepers and money-changers?—but dwelling in princely palaces, and these palaces built by their own masters and adorned with paintings and sculptures which had been likewise produced within the city! Everything put forth blossom, every blossom bore fruit. The fate of the country is like a ball, which in its eternal motion still rests ever on the right point. Every Florentine work of art carries the whole of Florence within it. Dante's poems are the result of the wars, the negotiations, the religion, the philosophy, the gossip, the faults, the vice, the hatred, the love, and the revenge of the Florentines: all unconsciously assisted; nothing might be lacking. From such a soil alone could such a work spring forth; from the Athenian mind alone could the tragedies of Sophocles and Æschylus proceed. The history of the city has as much share in them as the genius of the men in whose minds imagination and passion sought expression in words.

It makes a difference whether an artist is the self-conscious citizen of a free land, or the richly rewarded subject of a ruler in whose ears liberty sounds like sedition and treason. A people is free, not because it obeys no prince, but because of its own accord it loves and supports the highest authority, whether this be a prince, or an aristocracy who hold the government in their hands. A *prince* there always is; in the freest republics, *one* man gives, after all, the casting vote. But he must be there because he is the first, and because all need him. It is only where each single man feels himself a part of the common basis upon which the commonwealth rests, that we can speak of freedom and art. What have the statues in the villa of Hadrian to do with Rome and the desires of Rome? what the mighty columns of the Baths of Caracalla with the ideal of the people in whose capital they arose? In Athens and Florence, however, we could say that no stone was laid on another,—no picture, no poem, came forth,—but the entire population was its sponsor. Whether Santa Maria del Fiore was rebuilt; whether the church of San Giovanni gained a couple of golden gates; whether Pisa was besieged, peace concluded, or a mad carnival procession celebrated,—every one was concerned in it, the same general interest was evinced in it. The beautiful Simoneta, the most beautiful young maiden in the city, is buried: the whole of Florence follow her with tears in their eyes, and Lorenzo Medici, the first man in the State, writes an elegiac sonnet on her loss, which is on the lips of all. A newly painted chapel is opened; no one may be missing. A foot-race through the streets is arranged; carpets hang out from every window. Contemplated from afar, the two cities stand before us like beautiful human figures,—like women with dark sad glances, and yet laughing lips; we step nearer, it seems one great united family; we pass into the midst of them, it is like a beehive of human beings. Athens and her destiny is a symbol of the whole life of Greece; Florence is a symbol of the prime of Roman Italy. Both, so long as their liberty lasted, are a reflection of the Golden Age of their land and people; after liberty was lost, they are an image of the decline of both until their final ruin.

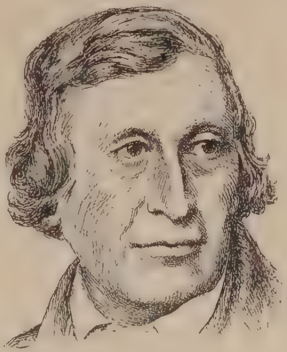
THE GRIMM BROTHERS

(1785–1863) (1786–1859)

BY BENJAMIN W. WELLS

Grimm, Jacob Ludwig Carl (1785–1863), and Wilhelm Carl (1786–1859), whose names are inseparably connected in the history of German antiquities, philology, and literature, were the oldest sons of a petty official then stationed at Hanau in Hesse-Cassel. Their father died in 1796; but though poor, they were able to study for the law at the University of Marburg, where Professor Savigny gave them their first inspiration and directed their minds to early German literature and institutions. After their graduation, Jacob occupied for a time subordinate civil and diplomatic positions, and after 1816 both were connected with the Library at Cassel; which they exchanged in 1828 for the University Library at Göttingen, where Jacob also lectured, though without popular success, until they were ejected from office for a manly protest (1837) against the broken pledges of the King of Hanover. « With no desire of applause, or fear of blame when he had acted as he must,» — words that show his whole character, — Jacob withdrew with his brother to Cassel, and thence in 1840 to Berlin, where they had been appointed professors and members of the Academy. Here they passed a life of tireless investigation, interrupted only by Jacob's brief and not very happy share in the National Assembly at Frankfort in 1848. Here they

Jacob Grimm



Wilhelm Grimm

died, and here they were buried, as they had lived, together. The brothers had passed their whole lives in common labor, of which the elder thus spoke in a memorial oration:—

> «In the slow-gliding school years, one bed and one study held us. There we sat working at the same table, and afterward in our student years two beds and two tables stood in the same room; in later life, still two tables in the same room; and at last, to the very end, two rooms beside one another, always under one roof, in undisturbed and untroubled community of our money, and books except for a few that each must have immediately at hand, and which were therefore bought in duplicate; and so also our last beds will be laid, it seems, close by one another. Let one consider, then, whether in speaking of him I can avoid speaking of myself.» (‹Minor Writings,› i. 166.)

The work may be treated as a unit, though Jacob's was the most dominant spirit. He had an «iron industry,» a clear vision, an unfailing cheerfulness in labor. His style has a peculiar rugged earnestness. It is not unpolished, but picturesque and full of a woodland savor; while Wilhelm had a frailer constitution and a gentler nature, that showed itself in the graceful naïveté of those legends and tales to which he gave literary form.

The genius of their common studies was a noble patriotism. One could say of both what Jacob said of himself, that nearly all their labors were «directed to the investigation of early German language, laws, and poetry»; labors which might seem useless to some, but were to them «inseparably connected with the Fatherland, and calculated to foster the love of it.» Again, he says, «I strove to penetrate into the wild forests of our ancestors, listening to their noble language, watching their pure customs,» recognizing their «ancient freedom and their rational and hearty faith.»

These labors took the form of studies in early law (‹Rechtsalterthümer› or Legal Antiquities: 1828), mythology (‹Deutsche Mythologie›: 1835), legends (‹Sagen› or Legends: 1816; revised 1868), essays on old German poetry (‹Altdeutscher Meistergesang›: 1811), and numerous editions of old German, Danish, Norse, and English texts. Most important to the scientific world, however, were the ‹Deutsche Grammatik› (1819, 1822–1840) and the still unfinished Dictionary, perhaps the most vast undertaking of modern philologists. But monumental as these works are, they belong only indirectly to literature, nor is there much of general interest in the eight volumes of Jacob Grimm's ‹Minor Writings› (1864–1890). On the other hand, all the world knows the brothers for their ‹Household Tales› (1812–1815), and often for these alone. They were meant for a contribution to folk-lore, as may be seen from the volume of notes that accompany them, of which the extracts that follow contain two specimens. But in a single generation they became one of the most popular books of the world; they were translated into every civilized tongue, and may be found to-day tattered and worn in a million nurseries, but never outworn in the hearts of Nature's children. Artists like Walter Crane have illustrated them, critics like Andrew Lang have introduced them to English readers, noteworthy German scholars and critics — Scherer, Curtius, Berndt — have bestowed on them the tribute of learning. But perhaps no one has spoken better of them than Wilhelm Grimm in his preface, a part of which is translated below; and none has paid a nobler tribute to the fraternal love of their authors than Jacob Grimm in the first volume of his 'Minor Writings.'

Benj. W. Wells

A WORD TO THE READER

From the Preface to the 'Household Tales'

We sometimes find, when a whole cornfield has been beaten down by a storm, that a little place has sheltered itself by the low hedges or bushes, and a few ears remain upright. Then, if the sun shines kindly again, they grow alone and unnoticed. No early sickle cuts them for the great granaries; but late in summer, when they are ripe and full, come poor hands that glean them and carry them home, laid ear to ear, bound carefully, and more highly treasured than whole sheaves; and they are food all winter long, — perhaps also the only seed for the future.

So it seemed to us, when we saw how nothing was left of so much that had bloomed in old times; how even the memory of it was almost lost, except among the people in songs, a few books, legends, and these innocent Household Tales. The fireside, the hearth, the attic stairs, ancient holidays, mountain paths and forests in their silence, but above all an untroubled fantasy, have been the hedges that have guarded them and transmitted them from one age to another.

It was high time to seize these tales, for their guardians grow ever rarer. To be sure, those who know them usually know many; for it is men who are dead to them, not they to men. That which has given such manifold and repeated joy and emotion and instruction bears in it its own excuse for being, and has surely come from that eternal spring that bedews all life; and though it were only a single drop that has caught on a little crumpled leaf, yet it sparkles in the first blush of dawn.

Hence it is, that all these fancies are pervaded with that purity by which children seem to us so wonderful and blessed. They have the same blue-white, immaculate, bright eyes. . . . And so by our collection we thought to serve not only the study of poetry and mythology, but also to let the poetry itself that palpitates in it touch and delight whomsoever it can delight, so that it may serve also as a book of education. For this we seek not such purity as is obtained by an anxious exclusion of all that bears on certain conditions and relations, such as occur daily and cannot possibly be hidden, which also produces the deception that what is possible in a book can be practiced in real life. We seek purity in the truth of a straightforward narration. . . . Nothing defends us better than Nature herself, who has let these plants grow in just this color and form. He whose special needs they may not suit has no right to ask that they should be differently cut and colored. Or again: rain and dew fall to benefit all that grows; if any one does not dare to put his plants under the rain and dew because they are too delicate and might be hurt, if he prefers to give them lukewarm water in the house, yet he must not demand that there shall be no rain and dew. All that is natural may be helpful, and it is at this that we ought to aim.

We have been collecting these stories from oral tradition for about thirteen years. If one is accustomed to heed such things, one has more chances than one would suppose. . . . But it was a piece of special good fortune that we made the acquaintance of a peasant woman of Niederzwehrn, a village near Cassel, who told us most of the tales in the second volume, and the most beautiful of these. Frau Viehmännin was still active, and not much over fifty years old. Her features were firm, sensible, and agreeable, and she cast clear keen glances from her great eyes. She remembered the old stories exactly, and said herself that this gift was not granted to all, and that many a one could keep nothing in its proper connection. She told her stories deliberately, confidently, with much life and self-satisfaction: first, quite naturally; then, if you wished, slowly, so that with a little practice you could take them down. A good deal has been preserved verbally in this way, and will be unmistakable in its truth to nature. One who believes in the easy alteration of tradition, in negligence in guarding it, and hence as a rule in the impossibility of its long continuance, should have heard how exact she always was in her story, and how eager for its accuracy. In repeating she never changed anything in the substance, and corrected an oversight as soon as she observed it, while she was speaking.

As for the way in which we have collected, our first care was for faithfulness and truth. So we have added nothing of our own, have embellished no circumstance or trait in the story, but have rendered its contents just as we received it. That the style and development of detail are largely ours is a matter of course; but we have tried to preserve every peculiarity that we noticed, so as to leave in our collection, in this regard also, the endless variety of nature.

In this sense there is, so far as we know, no collection of legends in Germany. Either a few, preserved by chance, have been printed, or they are looked at as raw material from which to form longer stories. Against such treatment we declare ourselves absolutely. The practiced hand in such reconstructions is like that unhappily gifted hand that turned all it touched, even meat and drink, to gold, and cannot for all its wealth still our hunger or quench our thirst. For when mythology with all its pictures is to be conjured out of mere imagination, how bare, how empty, how formless does all seem, in spite of the best and strongest words! However, this is said only of such so-called reconstructions as pretend to beautify and poetize the legends, not toward a free appropriation of them for modern and individual purposes; for who would seek to set limits to poetry?

We commit these tales to gracious hands, and think the while of the kindly power that lies in them, and wish that our book may be forever hidden from those who grudge these crumbs of poetry to the poor and simple.

Cassel, July 3d, 1819.

LITTLE BRIAR-ROSE

From ‹Household Tales›

LONG ago there was a king and a queen. They said every day, «Oh, if we only had a child!» and still they never got one. Then it happened when once the queen was bathing, that a frog crept ashore out of the water, and said to her, «Your wish shall be fulfilled. Before a year passes you shall bring a daughter into the world.»

What the frog said, happened, and the queen had a little girl that was so beautiful that the king could not contain himself for joy, and made a great feast. He invited not only his relatives, friends, and acquaintances, but also the wise women, that they might be gracious and kind to the child. Now, there were thirteen of them in his kingdom; but because he had only twelve gold plates for them to eat from, one of them had to stay at home. The feast was splendidly celebrated, and when it was over the wise women gave the child their wonderful gifts. One gave her virtue, another beauty, another wealth, and so with everything that people want in the world. But when eleven had spoken, suddenly the thirteenth came in. She wished to avenge herself, because she had not been asked; and without greeting or looking at any one, she cried out, «In her fifteenth year the king's daughter shall wound herself on a spindle, and fall down dead.» And without saying another word, she turned around and left the hall. All were frightened. When the twelfth came up, who had her wish still to give, since she could not remove the sentence but only soften it, she said: «Yet it shall not be a real death, but only a hundred years' deep sleep, into which the king's daughter shall fall.»

The king, who wanted to save his dear child from harm, sent out an order that all the spindles in the kingdom should be burned. But in the girl the gifts of the wise women were all fulfilled; for she was so beautiful, good, kind, and sensible, that nobody who saw her could help loving her. It happened that just on the day when she was fifteen years old the king and queen were not at home, and the little girl was left quite alone in the castle. Then she went wherever she pleased, looked in the rooms and chambers, and at last she got to an old tower. She went up the narrow winding stairs, and came to a little door.

In the keyhole was a rusty key, and when she turned it the door sprang open, and there in a little room sat an old woman with a spindle, and spun busily her flax. «Good-day, Aunty,» said the king's daughter: «what are you doing there?» «I am spinning,» said the old woman, and nodded. «What sort of a thing is that that jumps about so gayly?» said the girl. She took the spindle and wanted to spin too. But she had hardly touched the spindle before the spell was fulfilled, and she pricked her finger with it.

At the instant she felt the prick she fell down on the bed that stood there, and lay in a deep sleep. And this sleep spread over all the castle. The king and queen, who had just come home and entered the hall, began to go to sleep, and all the courtiers with them. The horses went to sleep in the stalls, the dogs in the yard, the doves on the roof, the flies on the wall, yes, the fire that was flickering on the hearth grew still and went to sleep. And the roast meat stopped sputtering, and the cook, who was going to take the cook-boy by the hair because he had forgotten something, let him go and slept. And the wind was still, and no leaf stirred in the trees by the castle.

But all around the castle a hedge of briars grew, that got higher every year and at last surrounded the whole castle and grew up over it, so that nothing more could be seen of it, not even the flag on the roof. But the story went about in the country of the beautiful sleeping Briar-Rose (for so the king's daughter was called); so that from time to time kings' sons came and tried to get through the hedge into the castle. But they could not; for the briars, as though they had hands, clung fast together, and the young men, stuck fast in them, could not get out again, and died a wretched death. After long, long years, there came again a king's son to that country, and heard how an old man told about the briar hedge; that there was a castle behind it, in which a wonderfully beautiful king's daughter called Briar-Rose had been sleeping for a hundred years, and that the king and the queen and all the court were sleeping with her. He knew too from his grandfather that many kings' sons had already come and tried to get through the briar hedge, but had all been caught in it and died a sad death. Then the young man said, «I am not afraid. I will go and see the beautiful Briar-Rose.» The good old man might warn him as much as he pleased: he did not listen to his words.

But now the hundred years were just passed, and the day was come when Briar-Rose was to wake again. So when the king's son went up to the briars, they were just great beautiful flowers that opened of their own accord and let him through unhurt; and behind him they closed together as a hedge again. In the yard he saw the horses and the mottled hounds lying and sleeping; on the roof perched the doves, their heads stuck under their wings; and when he came into the house the flies were sleeping on the wall, in the kitchen the cook still held up his hand as though to grab the boy, and the maid was sitting before the black hen that was to be plucked. Then he went further, and in the hall he saw all the courtiers lying and sleeping, and upon their throne lay the king and the queen. Then he went further, and all was so still that you could hear yourself breathe; and at last he came to the tower and opened the door of the little room where Briar-Rose was sleeping. There she lay, and she was so beautiful that he could not take his eyes off her; and he bent down and gave her a kiss. But just as he touched her with the kiss, Briar-Rose opened her eyes, awoke, and looked at him very kindly. Then they went down-stairs together; and the king awoke, and the queen, and all the courtiers, and made great eyes at one another. And the horses in the yard got up and shook themselves, the hounds sprang about and wagged their tails, the doves on the roof pulled out their heads from under their wings, looked around and flew into the field, the flies on the wall went on crawling, the fire in the kitchen started up and blazed and cooked the dinner, the roast began to sputter again, and the cook gave the boy such a box on the ear that he screamed, and the maid finished plucking the hen. Then the wedding of the king's son with Briar-Rose was splendidly celebrated, and they lived happy till their lives' end.

Note by the Grimms.— From Hesse. The maid who sleeps in the castle, surrounded by a hedge until the right prince releases her, before whom the flowers part, is the sleeping Brunhild, according to the old Norse saga, whom a wall of flame surrounds which Sigurd alone can penetrate to wake her. The spindle on which she pricks herself, and from which she falls asleep, is the slumber thorn with which Odin pricks Brunhild. In the Pentameron it is a flax-root. In Perrault, 'La Belle au Bois Dormant.' Similar is the sleep of «Schneewitchen.» The Italian and French stories both have the conclusion that is wanting in the German, but occurs in our fragment 'Of the

Wicked Stepmother.' It is noteworthy that in the important deviations of Perrault from Basile (who alone preserves the pretty trait that the nursling sucks the bit of flax from the finger of the sleeping mother), both agree so far as to the names of the children that the twins in the Pentameron are called Sun and Moon; in Perrault, Day and Dawn. These names recall the compounds of Day, Sun, and Moon, in the genealogy of the 'Edda.'

THE THREE SPINNERS

From the 'Household Tales'

There was a lazy girl who would not spin; and her mother might say what she would, she could not make her do it. At last anger and impatience overcame the mother so that she struck the girl, and at that she began to cry aloud. Now, the queen was just driving by, and when she heard the crying she had the carriage stop, went into the house, and asked the mother why she beat her daughter so that one could hear the crying out on the street? Then the woman was ashamed to confess the laziness of her daughter, and said, "I cannot keep her from spinning. She wants to spin all the time, and I am poor and can't get the flax." Then the queen answered, "There is nothing I like to hear so much as spinning, and I am never happier than when the wheels hum. Let me take your daughter to the castle. I have flax enough. There she shall spin as much as she will."

The mother was well pleased at it, and the queen took the girl with her. When they came to the castle she took her up to three rooms, which lay from top to bottom full of the finest flax. "Now spin me this flax," said she; "and if you finish it you shall have my eldest son for a husband. Though you are poor, I don't mind that: your cheerful diligence is dowry enough." The girl was secretly frightened; for she could not have spun the flax if she had lived three hundred years, and had sat at it every day from morning till evening. When she was alone she began to cry, and sat so three days without lifting a hand. On the third day the queen came, and when she saw that nothing was spun yet she was surprised; but the girl excused herself by saying that she had not been able to begin on account of her great sorrow at leaving her mother's house. The queen was satisfied with that, but she said as she went away, « To-morrow you must begin to work.»

When the girl was alone again she did not know what to think or to do; and in her trouble she went up to the window, and there she saw three women coming along. The first had a broad paddle-foot, the second had such a big under-lip that it hung down over her chin, and the third had a broad thumb. They stopped before the window, looked up, and asked the girl what was the matter. She told them her trouble. Then they offered her their help and said, « If you will invite us to your wedding, not be ashamed of us, and call us your cousins, and seat us at your table too, then we will spin your flax up, and that quickly.» «Gladly,» said she: « come in and set to work immediately.» So she let the three queer women in, and cleared a little space in the first room, where they could sit down and begin their spinning. One of them drew the thread and trod the wheel, the second wet the thread, the third twisted it and struck with her finger on the table; and as often as she struck, a skein of yarn fell to the floor, and it was of the finest. She hid the three spinners from the queen, and showed her as often as she came the pile of spun yarn, so that the queen could not praise her enough. When the first room was empty, they began on the second, and then on the third, and that was soon cleared up too. Now the three women took their leave, and said to the girl, « Do not forget what you promised us. It will be your good fortune.»

When the girl showed the queen the empty rooms and the great heap of yarn, she prepared for the wedding; and the bridegroom was delighted to get such a clever and industrious wife, and praised her very much. « I have three cousins,» said the girl; « and since they have been very kind to me, I should not like to forget them in my happiness. Permit me to invite them to the wedding and to have them sit with me at the table.» The queen and the bridegroom said, « Why should not we permit it?» Now when the feast began, the three women came in queer dress, and the bride said, « Welcome, dear cousins.» « Oh!» said the bridegroom: « how did you get such ill-favored friends?» Then he went to the one with the broad paddle-foot and asked, « Where *did* you get such a broad foot?» « From the treadle,» she answered, « from the treadle.» Then the bridegroom went to the second and said, « Where *did* you get that hanging lip?» « From wetting yarn,» she answered, « from wetting yarn.» Then he asked the third, «Where *did* you get the broad thumb?» «From twisting thread,» she answered, «from twisting thread.» Then the king's son was frightened and said, «Then my fair bride shall never, never touch a spinning-wheel again.» And so she was rid of the horrid spinning.

NOTE BY THE GRIMMS.—From a tale from the duchy of Corvei; but that there are three women, each with a peculiar fault due to spinning, is taken from a Hessian story. In the former they are two very old women, who have grown so broad by sitting that they can hardly get into the room; from wetting the thread they had thick lips; and from pulling and drawing it, ugly fingers and broad thumbs. The Hessian story begins differently, too; namely, that a king liked nothing better than spinning, and so, at his farewell before a journey, left his daughters a great chest of flax that was to be spun on his return. To relieve them, the queen invited the three deformed women and put them before the king's eyes on his return. Prätorius in his 'Glückstopf' (pp. 404-406) tells the story thus: A mother cannot make her daughter spin, and so often beats her. A man who happens to see it, asks what it means. The mother answers, «I cannot keep her from spinning. She spins more flax than I can buy.» The man answers, «Then give her to me for wife. I shall be satisfied with her cheerful diligence, though she brings no dowry.» The mother is delighted, and the bridegroom brings the bride immediately a great provision of flax. She is secretly frightened, but accepts it, puts it in her room, and considers what she shall do. Then three women come to the window, one so broad from sitting that she cannot get in at the door, the second with an immense nose, the third with a broad thumb. They offer their services and promise to spin the task, if the bride on her wedding day will not be ashamed of them, will proclaim them her cousins and set them at her table. She consents; they spin up the flax, and the lover praises his betrothed. When now the wedding day comes, the three horrid women present themselves. The bride does them honor, and calls them cousins. The bridegroom is surprised, and asks how she comes by such ill-favored friends. «Oh!» said the bride, «it's by spinning that they have become so deformed. One has such a broad back from sitting, the second has licked her mouth quite off,—therefore her nose stands out so,—and the third has twisted thread so much with her thumb.» Then the bridegroom was troubled, and said to the bride she should never spin another thread as long as she lived, that she might not become such a monstrosity.

A third tale from the 'Oberlansitz,' by Th. Pescheck, is in Büsching's Weekly News. It agrees in general with Prätorius. One of the three old women has sore eyes because the impurities of the flax have got into them, the second has a mouth from ear to ear on account of wetting thread, the third is fat and clumsy by much sitting at the spinning-wheel. A part of the story is in Norwegian in Asbjörnsen, and in Swedish in Cavallius. Mademoiselle L'Heretier's ‹Ricdin-Ricdon› agrees in the introduction, and the *sette colenelle* of the Pentameron is also connected with this tale.

THE AUTHOR TO THE READER

From the Preface to the ‹Deutsche Grammatik›

It has cost me no long hesitation to prune back to the stock the first shoots of my granaries. A second growth, firmer and finer, has quickly followed; perhaps one may hope for flowers and ripening fruit. With joy I give to the public this work, now become more worthy of its attention, that I have carefully tended and brought to this end amid cares and privations, in which labor was sometimes a drudgery, and sometimes, and by God's goodness oftener, my comfort.

The fruitfulness of the field is of such a nature that it never fails; and no leaf from the sources can be re-examined that does not arouse by a more distant prospect or make one repent of past errors. If now a rich booty should win me less praise than a many-sided, careful, economical administration of a smaller treasure, the blame may fall on me, that I have not known how to draw from all the principles I have discovered the uses of which they were capable, and even that important observations sometimes stand in obscure places. Not all my assertions will stand; but by the discoveries of their weakness other paths will be opened, through which will break at last the truth: the only goal of honest labor, and the only thing that lasts when men have ceased to care for the names of like aspirants. What was hardest for us may be child's-play to posterity, hardly worth speaking of. Then truth will yield herself to new solutions of which we had yet no hint, and will struggle with obstacles where we thought all made plain.

GEORGE GROTE

(1794-1871)

It is a coincidence so striking as almost to put the English university system itself on the defensive, that neither Grote nor Gibbon owed anything to academic training. Gibbon indeed spent fourteen months at Oxford:—"the most idle and unprofitable of my whole life." George Grote, the son of a London banker, ended his school days at sixteen, when he left the Charterhouse. He had been grounded in Latin by a devoted mother at five years, however, and he took with him to the bank little or no mathematics, and an enthusiastic love for metaphysics, classical literature, and history, which proved to be lifelong. From 1810 to 1820, under his father's roof, he devoted his early mornings and evenings to study. His most important older friends were the political economists James Mill, Ricardo, and Bentham; but they did not divert him from his historical interests. Even during his long engagement, he guided by letter the education and reading of his future wife, with a constant view to his own far-reaching plans for study and creative work.

George Grote

With Grote's marriage to the brilliant and devoted Harriet Lewin, in 1820, began a happier epoch. He had now his own home and a moderate income. Mrs. Grote drew him somewhat into society, travel, and a widened circle of friendship on the Continent as well as in London. These digressions only aided what would else have been too bookish and secluded a development. Mrs. Grote, however, was mistaken in her recollection that she herself first, in the autumn of 1823, suggested the subject of his chief life work: at least a year previous, the plan for the great 'History of Greece' had been formed. In 1830 his father's death left Mr. Grote abundant wealth; nevertheless, the decade 1831-1841, which was spent in active political work as the leader in Parliament of the group known as philosophic radicals, did indeed reduce his systematic and untiring studies to mere desultory reading, and seemingly endangered his literary career. Yet even this experience, as he himself declares, was of indispensable use to him in comprehending the fiercer democratic politics of ancient Athens.

Returning early in 1842 from a brief stay in Italy, and severing altogether his relations with the bank the next year, he now first, in his fiftieth year, devoted his whole strength to his appointed task. His powerful review of Mitford's ‹Greece› in 1843 prepared the way for the enthusiastic welcome accorded in 1845 to the first two volumes of his ‹History of Greece.› The twelfth and closing volume did not appear until 1856.

Some adequate outlines of his life and character are essential to any fair appreciation of Mr. Grote's chief work. Indefatigable as a student, a fearless lover of truth, widely familiar with men and affairs, a wise philanthropist and a far-sighted reformer, Mr. Grote's noble personality gives weight to his every sentence, as an athlete's whole frame and training goes into each blow he strikes. It seems a trifling criticism upon such a man, to say he was not a literary artist. This is true, indeed, as to his choice of idiom and phrase. He has not that «curious felicity» which makes us linger lovingly over the very words in which a Plato, a Montaigne, a Burke casts his thought. Even in the delineation of a great scene, like the defeat at Syracuse or the downfall of Athens, he is rarely picturesque. He does not appeal indeed to the youthful imagination, but to the mature judgment. We can well imagine that this calm, even-toned, judicious voice made itself heard effectively in the debates of the English Commons.

Of course no one man can ever write an ideal history of that unique, creative, many-sided Hellenic race; but the work of Mr. Grote is still, a half-century after its creation, indispensable as an account of political institutions among the Greeks. Even here the thousands of newly discovered inscriptions, the fortunate reappearance of Aristotle's treatise on the Athenian Constitution, and the ceaseless march of special investigation, make desirable some fresh annotation upon almost every page. The familiarity with Greek lands and folk which gives a charm to Professor Curtius's work is missing from Mr. Grote's. Still more do we miss any warm enthusiasm for Hellenic art, which was so indispensable an element in their life. Even their literature is to him less a beautiful organism quivering with life than a source for more or less accurate information. In this and in many other respects he is curiously like the Athenian student of history and of truth, Thucydides, who could write, in the day of Phidias and Sophocles, as if he had never heard of a myth or a statue. It is true also that Grote is always an English liberal, finding in every page of history fresh reason for hope and trust in modern democracy. This indeed we do not regard as adverse criticism at all. If a man be not actually blinded to truth by narrow prejudices, the more cordially his own convictions color his writings the greater will be their value and vitality. Posterity will bring more and more human experience to the interpretation of the remote past. They may yet understand Periclean Athens, out of their own similar life, infinitely better than our century could do. Like Chapman's or Pope's Homer, Grote's Greece may yet have a value of its own, quite apart from the question of its truthfulness to Hellenic antiquity, as a monument of Victorian England. To us however it is still the largest, truest, most adequate general picture yet drawn of Hellas from the days of Homer to the time of Alexander.

Hardly less intense was Mr. Grote's interest in the Greek philosophy. The chapters on Socrates and on the Sophists are perhaps the ablest and the most original in the history. Moreover, as soon as that great work was completed, he began the series of treatises on the philosophic schools which was an indispensable portion of his task. The three volumes on ‹Plato and his Companions,› however, did not appear until 1865; and of the great projected work on Aristotle, only a small segment took shape before death overtook the noble, generous old scholar. His wife long survived him, and her ‹Personal Life of George Grote,› despite numerous minor lapses of memory, is one of the most valuable books in its class.

The important article on Mr. Grote in the ‹Dictionary of National Biography,› by Professor Robertson, is based in part on intimate personal acquaintance. Mr. Grote's minor works are all mentioned there. Least known of all to the general public is a small volume of poems. These were printed privately by his widow in 1872, and were chiefly written during his courtship, which was unduly prolonged and embittered by parental opposition. We intentionally reserve for a final detail this especially appealing human experience of the statesman, metaphysician, and historian.

THE DEATH, CHARACTER, AND WORK OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT

From ‹A History of Greece›

The intense sorrow felt by Alexander for the death of Hephæstion — not merely an attached friend, but of the same age and exuberant vigor as himself — laid his mind open to gloomy forebodings from numerous omens, as well as to jealous mistrust even of his oldest officers. Antipater especially, no longer protected against the calumnies of Olympias by the support of Hephæstion, fell more and more into discredit; whilst his son Kassander, who had recently come into Asia with a Macedonian reinforcement, underwent from Alexander during irascible moments much insulting violence. In spite of the dissuasive warning of the Chaldean priests, Alexander had been persuaded to distrust their sincerity and had entered Babylon, though not without hesitation and uneasiness. However, when after having entered the town he went out of it again safely on his expedition for the survey of the lower Euphrates, he conceived himself to have exposed them as deceitful alarmists, and returned to the city with increased confidence for the obsequies of his deceased friend.

The sacrifices connected with these obsequies were on the most prodigious scale. Victims enough were offered to furnish a feast for the army, who also received ample distributions of wine. Alexander presided in person at the feast, and abandoned himself to conviviality like the rest. Already full of wine, he was persuaded by his friend Medius to sup with him, and to pass the whole night in yet further drinking, with the boisterous indulgence called by the Greeks Kômus or Revelry. Having slept off his intoxication during the next day, he in the evening again supped with Medius, and spent the second night in the like unmeasured indulgence. It appears that he already had the seeds of a fever upon him, which was so fatally aggravated by this intemperance that he was too ill to return to his palace. He took the bath, and slept in the house of Medius; on the next morning he was unable to rise. After having been carried out on a couch to celebrate sacrifice (which was his daily habit), he was obliged to lie in bed all day. Nevertheless he summoned the generals to his presence, prescribing all the details of the impending expedition, and ordering that the land force should begin its march on the fourth day following, while the fleet, with himself aboard, would sail on the fifth day. In the evening he was carried on a couch across the Euphrates into a garden on the other side, where he bathed and rested for the night. The fever still continued, so that in the morning, after bathing and being carried out to perform the sacrifices, he remained on his couch all day, talking and playing at dice with Medius; in the evening he bathed, sacrificed again, and ate a light supper, but endured a bad night with increased fever. The next two days passed in the same manner, the fever becoming worse and worse; nevertheless Alexander still summoned Nearchus to his bedside, discussed with him many points about his maritime projects, and repeated his order that the fleet should be ready by the third day. On the ensuing morning the fever was violent; Alexander reposed all day in a bathing-house in the garden, yet still calling in the generals to direct the filling up of vacancies among the officers, and ordering that the armament should be ready to move. Throughout the two next days his malady became hourly more aggravated. On the second of the two, Alexander could with difficulty support the being lifted out of bed to perform the sacrifice; even then, however, he continued to give orders to the generals about the expedition. On the morrow, though desperately ill, he still made the effort requisite for performing the sacrifice; he was then carried across from the garden-house to the palace, giving orders that the generals and officers should remain in permanent attendance in and near the hall. He caused some of them to be called to his bedside; but though he knew them perfectly, he had by this time become incapable of utterance. One of his last words spoken is said to have been, on being asked to whom he bequeathed his kingdom, "To the strongest;" one of his last acts was to take the signet ring from his finger, and hand it to Perdikkas.

For two nights and a day he continued in this state, without either amendment or repose. Meanwhile the news of his malady had spread through the army, filling them with grief and consternation. Many of the soldiers, eager to see him once more, forced their way into the palace and were admitted unarmed. They passed along by the bedside, with all the demonstrations of affliction and sympathy; Alexander knew them, and made show of friendly recognition as well as he could, but was unable to say a word. Several of the generals slept in the temple of Serapis, hoping to be informed by the god in a dream whether they ought to bring Alexander into it as a suppliant to experience the divine healing power. The god informed them in their dream that Alexander ought not to be brought into the temple; that it would be better for him to be left where he was. In the afternoon he expired,—June, 323 B. C.,—after a life of thirty-two years and eight months, and a reign of twelve years and eight months.

The death of Alexander, thus suddenly cut off by a fever in the plenitude of health, vigor, and aspirations, was an event impressive as well as important in the highest possible degree, to his contemporaries far and near. When the first report of it was brought to Athens, the orator Demadês exclaimed, "It cannot be true: if Alexander were dead, the whole habitable world would have smelt of his carcass." This coarse but emphatic comparison illustrates the immediate, powerful, and wide-reaching impression produced by the sudden extinction of the great conqueror. It was felt by each of the many remote envoys who had so recently come to propitiate this far-shooting Apollo, by every man among the nations who had sent these envoys, — throughout Europe, Asia, and Africa, as then known,— to affect either his actual condition or his probable future. The first growth and development of Macedonia, during the twenty-two years preceding the battle of Chæroneia, from an embarrassed secondary State into the first of all known powers, had excited the astonishment of contemporaries and admiration for Philip's organizing genius. But the achievements of Alexander during his twelve years of reign, throwing Philip into the shade, had been on a scale so much grander and vaster, and so completely without serious reverse or even interruption, as to transcend the measure not only of human expectation, but almost of human belief. The Great King (as the King of Persia was called by excellence) was and had long been the type of worldly power and felicity, even down to the time when Alexander crossed the Hellespont. Within four years and three months from this event, by one stupendous defeat after another, Darius had lost all his western empire, and had become a fugitive eastward of the Caspian Gates, escaping captivity at the hands of Alexander only to perish by those of the satrap Bessus. All antecedent historical parallels — the ruin and captivity of the Lydian Crœsus, the expulsion and mean life of the Syracusan Dionysius, both of them impressive examples of the mutability of human condition — sank into trifles compared with the overthrow of this towering Persian Colossus. The orator Æschinês expressed the genuine sentiment of a Grecian spectator when he exclaimed (in a speech delivered at Athens shortly before the death of Darius): — "What is there among the list of strange and unexpected events that has not occurred in our time? Our lives have transcended the limits of humanity; we are born to serve as a theme for incredible tales to posterity. Is not the Persian King, who dug through Athos and bridged the Hellespont, who demanded earth and water from the Greeks, who dared to proclaim himself in public epistles master of all mankind from the rising to the setting sun,—is not *he* now struggling to the last, not for dominion over others but for the safety of his own person?"

Such were the sentiments excited by Alexander's career, even in the middle of 330 B. C., more than seven years before his death. During the following seven years his additional achievements had carried astonishment yet farther. He had mastered, in defiance of fatigue, hardship, and combat, not merely all the eastern half of the Persian empire, but unknown Indian regions beyond its easternmost limits. Besides Macedonia, Greece, and Thrace, he possessed all that immense treasure and military force which had once rendered the Great King so formidable. By no contemporary man had any such power ever been known or conceived. With the turn of imagination then prevalent, many were doubtless disposed to take him for a god on earth, as Grecian spectators had once supposed with regard to Xerxês when they beheld the innumerable Persian host crossing the Hellespont.

Exalted to this prodigious grandeur, Alexander was at the time of his death little more than thirty-two years old—the age at which a citizen of Athens was growing into important commands; ten years less than the age for a consul at Rome; two years younger than the age at which Timour first acquired the crown and began his foreign conquests. His extraordinary bodily powers were unabated; he had acquired a large stock of military experience; and what was still more important, his appetite for further conquest was as voracious, and his readiness to purchase it at the largest cost of toil or danger as complete, as it had been when he first crossed the Hellespont. Great as his past career had been, his future achievements, with such increased means and experience, were likely to be yet greater. His ambition would have been satisfied with nothing less than the conquest of the whole habitable world as then known; and if his life had been prolonged, he would probably have accomplished it. Nowhere (so far as our knowledge reaches) did there reside any military power capable of making head against him; nor were his soldiers, when he commanded them, daunted or baffled by any extremity of cold, heat, or fatigue. The patriotic feelings of Livy disposed him to maintain that Alexander, had he invaded Italy and assailed Romans or Samnites, would have failed and perished like his relative Alexander of Epirus. But this conclusion cannot be accepted. If we grant the courage and discipline of the Roman infantry to have been equal to the best infantry of Alexander's army, the same cannot be said of the Roman cavalry as compared with the Macedonian Companions. Still less is it likely that a Roman consul, annually changed, would have been found a match for Alexander in military genius and combinations; nor, even if personally equal, would he have possessed the same variety of troops and arms, — each effective in its separate way and all conspiring to one common purpose, — nor the same unbounded influence over their minds in stimulating them to full effort. I do not think that even the Romans could have successfully resisted Alexander the Great; though it is certain that he never throughout all his long marches encountered such enemies as they, nor even such as Samnites and Lucanians — combining courage, patriotism, discipline, with effective arms both for defense and for close combat.

Among all the qualities which go to constitute the highest military excellence either as a general or as a soldier, none was wanting in the character of Alexander. Together with his own chivalrous courage, — sometimes indeed both excessive and unseasonable, so as to form the only military defect which can be fairly imputed to him, — we trace in all his operations the most careful dispositions taken beforehand, vigilant precaution in guarding against possible reverse, and abundant resource in adapting himself to new contingencies. Amidst constant success, these precautionary combinations were never discontinued. His achievements are the earliest recorded evidence of scientific military organization on a large scale, and of its overwhelming effects. Alexander overawes the imagination more than any other personage of antiquity, by the matchless development of all that constitutes effective force, — as an individual warrior, and as organizer and leader of armed masses; not merely the blind impetuosity ascribed by Homer to Arês, but also the intelligent, methodized, and all-subduing compression which he personifies in Athênê. But all his great qualities were fit for use only against enemies; in which category indeed were numbered all mankind, known and unknown, except those who chose to submit to him. In his Indian campaigns, amidst tribes of utter strangers, we perceive that not only those who stand on their defense, but also those who abandon their property and flee to the mountains, are alike pursued and slaughtered.

Apart from the transcendent merits of Alexander as a soldier and a general, some authors give him credit for grand and beneficent views on the subject of imperial government, and for intentions highly favorable to the improvement of mankind. I see no ground for adopting this opinion. As far as we can venture to anticipate what would have been Alexander's future, we see nothing in prospect except years of ever-repeated aggression and conquest, not to be concluded until he had traversed and subjugated all the inhabited globe. The acquisition of universal dominion — conceived not metaphorically but literally, and conceived with greater facility in consequence of the imperfect geographical knowledge of the time — was the master passion of his soul. At the moment of his death he was commencing fresh aggression in the south against the Arabians, to an indefinite extent; while his vast projects against the western tribes in Africa and Europe, as far as the Pillars of Hêraklês, were consigned in the orders and memoranda confidentially communicated to Kraterus. Italy, Gaul, and Spain would have been successively attacked and conquered; the enterprises proposed to him when in Baktria by the Chorasmian prince Pharasmanês, but postponed then until a more convenient season, would have been next taken up, and he would have marched from the Danube northward, round the Euxine and Palus Mæotis, against the Scythians and the tribes of Caucasus. There remained moreover the Asiatic regions east of the Hyphasis, which his soldiers had refused to enter upon, but which he certainly would have invaded at a future opportunity, were it only to efface the poignant humiliation of having been compelled to relinquish his proclaimed purpose. Though this sounds like romance and hyperbole, it was nothing more than the real insatiate aspiration of Alexander, who looked upon every new acquisition mainly as a capital for acquiring more: «You are a man like all of us, Alexander» (said the naked Indian to him), «except that you abandon your home like a meddlesome destroyer, to invade the most distant regions; enduring hardship yourself and inflicting hardship upon others.» Now, how an empire thus boundless and heterogeneous, such as no prince has ever yet realized, could have been administered with any superior advantages to subjects, it would be difficult to show. The mere task of acquiring and maintaining, of keeping satraps and tribute gatherers in authority as well as in subordination, of suppressing resistances ever liable to recur in regions distant by months of march, would occupy the whole life of a world-conqueror, without leaving any leisure for the improvements suited to peace and stability, if we give him credit for such purposes in theory.

But even this last is more than can be granted. Alexander's acts indicate that he desired nothing better than to take up the traditions of the Persian empire: a tribute-levying and army-levying system, under Macedonians in large proportion as his instruments, yet partly also under the very same Persians who had administered before, provided they submitted to him. It has indeed been extolled among his merits that he was thus willing to reappoint Persian grandees (putting their armed force, however, under the command of a Macedonian officer), and to continue native princes in their dominions, if they did willing homage to him as tributary subordinates. But all this had been done before him by the Persian kings, whose system it was to leave the conquered princes undisturbed, subject only to the payment of tribute, and to the obligation of furnishing a military contingent when required. In like manner Alexander's Asiatic empire would thus have been composed of an aggregate of satrapies and dependent principalities, furnishing money and soldiers; in other respects left to the discretion of local rule, with occasional extreme inflictions of punishment, but no systematic examination or control. Upon this, the condition of Asiatic empire in all ages, Alexander would have grafted one special improvement: the military organization of the empire, feeble under the Achæmenid princes, would have been greatly strengthened by his genius and by the able officers formed in his school, both for foreign aggression and for home control. . . .

In respect of intelligence and combining genius, Alexander was Hellenic to the full; in respect of disposition and purpose, no one could be less Hellenic. The acts attesting his Oriental violence of impulse, unmeasured self-will, and exaction of reverence above the limits of humanity, have been already recounted. To describe him as a son of Hellas, imbued with the political maxims of Aristotle and bent on the systematic diffusion of Hellenic culture for the improvement of mankind, is in my judgment an estimate of his character contrary to the evidence. Alexander is indeed said to have invited suggestions from Aristotle as to the best mode of colonizing; but his temper altered so much after a few years of Asiatic conquest, that he came not only to lose all deference for Aristotle's advice, but even to hate him bitterly. Moreover, though the philosopher's full suggestions have not been preserved, yet we are told generally that he recommended Alexander to behave to the Greeks as a leader or president, or limited chief, and to the Barbarians (non-Hellenes) as a master; a distinction substantially coinciding with that pointed out by Burke in his speeches at the beginning of the American war, between the principles of government proper to be followed by England in the American colonies and in British India. No Greek thinker believed the Asiatics to be capable of that free civil polity upon which the march of every Grecian community was based. Aristotle did not wish to degrade the Asiatics below the level to which they had been accustomed, but rather to preserve the Greeks from being degraded to the same level. Now, Alexander recognized no such distinction as that drawn by his preceptor. He treated Greeks and Asiatics alike, not by elevating the latter but by degrading the former. Though he employed all indiscriminately as instruments, yet he presently found the free speech of Greeks, and even of Macedonians, so distasteful and offensive that his preferences turned more and more in favor of the servile Asiatic sentiment and customs. Instead of Hellenizing Asia, he was tending to Asiatize Macedonia and Hellas. His temper and character, as modified by a few years of conquest, rendered him quite unfit to follow the course recommended by Aristotle towards the Greeks; quite as unfit as any of the Persian kings, or as the French Emperor Napoleon, to endure that partial frustration, compromise, and smart from free criticism, which is inseparable from the position of a limited chief. Among a multitude of subjects more diverse-colored than even the army of Xerxês, it is quite possible that he might have turned his power towards the improvement of the rudest portions. We are told (though the fact is difficult to credit, from his want of time) that he abolished various barbarisms of the Hyrkanians, Arachosians, and Sogdians. But Macedonians as well as Greeks would have been pure losers by being absorbed into an immense Asiatic aggregate. . . .

This process of Hellenizing Asia,— in so far as Asia was ever Hellenized,— which has often been ascribed to Alexander, was in reality the work of the Diadochi who came after him; though his conquests doubtless opened the door and established the military ascendency which rendered such a work practicable. The position, the aspirations, and the interests of these Diadochi — Antigonus, Ptolemy, Seleukus, Lysimachus, etc.— were materially different from those of Alexander. They had neither appetite nor means for new and remote conquest; their great rivalry was with each other; each sought to strengthen himself near home against the rest. It became a matter of fashion and pride with them, not less than of interest, to found new cities immortalizing their family names. These foundations were chiefly made in the regions of Asia near and known to Greeks, where Alexander had planted none. Thus the great and numerous foundations of Seleukus Nikator and his successors covered Syria, Mesopotamia, and parts of Asia Minor. All these regions were known to Greeks, and more or less tempting to new Grecian immigrants, not out of reach or hearing of the Olympic and other festivals as the Jaxartês and the Indus were. In this way a considerable influx of new Hellenic blood was poured into Asia during the century succeeding Alexander; probably in great measure from Italy and Sicily, where the condition of the Greek cities became more and more calamitous, besides the numerous Greeks who took service as individuals under these Asiatic kings. Greeks, and Macedonians speaking Greek, became predominant, if not in numbers at least in importance, throughout most of the cities in western Asia. In particular, the Macedonian military organization, discipline, and administration were maintained systematically among these Asiatic kings. In the account of the battle of Magnesia, fought by the Seleukid king Antiochus the Great against the Romans in 190 B. C., the Macedonian phalanx, constituting the main force of his Asiatic army, appears in all its completeness, just as it stood under Philip and Perseus in Macedonia itself. . . .

Moreover, besides this, there was the still more important fact of the many new cities founded in Asia by the Seleukidæ and the other contemporary kings. Each of these cities had a considerable infusion of Greek and Macedonian citizens among the native Orientals located here, often brought by compulsion from neighboring villages. In what numerical ratio these two elements of the civic population stood to each other, we cannot say. But the Greeks and Macedonians were the leading and active portion, who exercised the greatest assimilating force, gave imposing effect to the public manifestations of religion, had wider views and sympathies, dealt with the central government, and carried on that contracted measure of municipal autonomy which the city was permitted to retain. In these cities the Greek inhabitants, though debarred from political freedom, enjoyed a range of social activity suited to their tastes. In each, Greek was the language of public business and dealing; each formed a centre of attraction and commerce for an extensive neighborhood; altogether, they were the main Hellenic or quasi-Hellenic element in Asia under the Greco-Asiatic kings, as contrasted with the rustic villages, where native manners and probably native speech still continued with little modification. But the Greeks of Antioch, or Alexandria, or Seleukeia, were not like citizens of Athens or Thebes, nor even like men of Tarentum or Ephesus. While they communicated their language to Orientals, they became themselves substantially Orientalized. Their feelings, judgments, and habits of action ceased to be Hellenic. Polybius, when he visited Alexandria, looked with surprise and aversion on the Greeks there resident, though they were superior to the non-Hellenic population, whom he considered worthless. Greek social habits, festivals, and legends passed with the Hellenic settlers into Asia; all becoming amalgamated and transformed so as to suit a new Asiatic abode. Important social and political consequences turned upon the diffusion of the language, and upon the establishment of such a common medium of communication throughout western Asia. But after all, the Hellenized Asiatic was not so much a Greek as a foreigner with Grecian speech, exterior varnish, and superficial manifestations; distinguished fundamentally from those Greek citizens with whom the present history has been concerned. So he would have been considered by Sophoklês, by Thucydidês, by Sokratês. . . .

We read that Alexander felt so much interest in the extension of science that he gave to Aristotle the immense sum of eight hundred talents in money, placing under his directions several thousand men, for the purpose of prosecuting zoölogical researches. These exaggerations are probably the work of those enemies of the philosopher who decried him as a pensioner of the Macedonian court; but it is probable enough that Philip, and Alexander in the early part of his reign, may have helped Aristotle in the difficult process of getting together facts and specimens for observation, from esteem towards him personally rather than from interest in his discoveries. The intellectual turn of Alexander was towards literature, poetry, and history. He was fond of the Iliad especially, as well as of the Attic tragedians; so that Harpalus, being directed to send some books to him in Upper Asia, selected as the most acceptable packet various tragedies of Æschylus, Sophoklês, and Euripidês, with the dithyrambic poems of Telestês and the histories of Phlistus.

THE RISE OF CLEON

From the ‹History of Greece›

Under the great increase of trade and population in Athens and Peiræus during the last forty years, a new class of politicians seem to have grown up, men engaged in various descriptions of trade and manufacture, who began to rival more or less in importance the ancient families of Attic proprietors. This change was substantially analogous to that which took place in the cities of mediæval Europe, when the merchants and traders of the various guilds gradually came to compete with, and ultimately supplanted, the patrician families in whom the supremacy had originally resided. In Athens, persons of ancient family and station enjoyed at this time no political privilege; and since the reforms of Ephialtês and Periklês, the political constitution had become thoroughly democratical. But they still continued to form the two highest classes in the Solonian census founded on property,—the pentakosiomedimni, and the hippeis or knights. . . . An individual Athenian of this class, though without any legal title to preference, yet when he stood forward as candidate for political influence, continued to be decidedly preferred and welcomed by the social sentiment at Athens, which preserved in its spontaneous sympathies distinctions effaced from the political code. Besides this place ready prepared for him in the public sympathy, especially advantageous at the outset of political life, he found himself further borne up by the family connections, associations, and political clubs, etc., which exercised very great influence both on the politics and the judicature of Athens, and of which he became a member as a matter of course. Such advantages were doubtless only auxiliary, carrying a man up to a certain point of influence, but leaving him to achieve the rest by his own personal qualities and capacity. But their effect was nevertheless very real, and those who, without possessing them, met and buffeted him in the public assembly, contended against great disadvantages. A person of such low or middling station obtained no favorable presumptions or indulgence on the part of the public to meet him half-way; nor had he established connections to encourage first successes, or help him out of early scrapes. He found others already in possession of ascendency, and well disposed to keep down new competitors; so that he had to win his own way unaided, from the first step to the last, by qualities personal to himself: by assiduity of attendance, by acquaintance with business, by powers of striking speech, and withal by unflinching audacity, indispensable to enable him to bear up against that opposition and enmity which he would incur from the high-born politicians and organized party clubs, as soon as he appeared to be rising up into ascendency.

The free march of political and judicial affairs raised up several such men, during the years beginning and immediately preceding the Peloponnesian War. Even during the lifetime of Periklês they appear to have arisen in greater or less numbers: but the personal ascendency of that great man — who combined an aristocratical position with a strong and genuine democratical sentiment, and an enlarged intellect rarely found attached to either — impressed a peculiar character on Athenian politics. The Athenian world was divided into his partisans and his opponents, among each of whom there were individuals high-born and low-born — though the aristocratical party properly so called, the majority of wealthy and high-born Athenians, either opposed or disliked him. It is about two years after his death that we begin to hear of a new class of politicians. . . . Among them all, the most distinguished was Kleon, son of Kleænetus.

Kleon acquired his first importance among the speakers against Periklês, so that he would thus obtain for himself, during his early political career, the countenance of the numerous and aristocratical anti-Perikleans. He is described by Thucydidês in general terms as a person of the most violent temper and character in Athens,— as being dishonest in his calumnies and virulent in his invective and accusation. Aristophanês in his comedy of 'The Knights' reproduces these features, with others new and distinct, as well as with exaggerated details, comic, satirical, and contemptuous. His comedy depicts Kleon in the point of view in which he would appear to the knights of Athens: a leather-dresser, smelling of the tan-yard; a low-born brawler, terrifying opponents by the violence of his criminations, the loudness of his voice, the impudence of his gestures,— moreover, as venal in his politics, threatening men with accusations and then receiving money to withdraw them; a robber of the public treasury, persecuting merit as well as rank, and courting the favor of the assembly by the basest and most guilty cajolery. The general attributes set forth by Thucydidês (apart from Aristophanês, who does not profess to write history), we may well accept: the powerful and violent invective of Kleon, often dishonest, together with his self-confidence and audacity in the public assembly. Men of the middling class, like Kleon and Hyperbolus, who persevered in addressing the public assembly and trying to take a leading part in it against persons of greater family pretension than themselves, were pretty sure to be men of more than usual audacity. Had they not possessed this quality, they would never have surmounted the opposition made to them; we may well believe that they had it to a displeasing excess — and even if they had not, the same measure of self-assumption which in Alkibiadês would be tolerated from his rank and station, would in them pass for insupportable impudence. Unhappily, we have no specimens to enable us to appreciate the invective of Kleon. We cannot determine whether it was more virulent than that of Demosthenês and Æschinês, seventy years afterwards,— each of those eminent orators imputing to the other the grossest impudence, calumny, perjury, corruption, loud voice, and revolting audacity of manner, in language which Kleon can hardly have surpassed in intensity of vituperation, though he doubtless fell immeasurably short of it in classical finish. Nor can we even tell in what degree Kleon's denunciations of the veteran Periklês were fiercer than those memorable invectives against the old age of Sir Robert Walpole, with which Lord Chatham's political career opened. . . .

His personal hold on the public assembly . . . had grown into a sort of ascendency which Thucydidês describes by saying that Kleon was «at that time by far the most persuasive speaker in the eyes of the people.» The fact of Kleon's great power of speech, and his capacity of handling public business in a popular manner, is better attested than anything else respecting him, because it depends upon two witnesses both hostile to him,— Thucydidês and Aristophanês. The assembly and the dikastery were Kleon's theatre and holding-ground: for the Athenian people taken collectively in their place of meeting, and the Athenian people taken individually, were not always the same person and had not the same mode of judgment; Demos sitting in the Pnyx was a different man from Demos at home. The lofty combination of qualities possessed by Periklês exercised ascendency over both one and the other; but the qualities of Kleon swayed considerably the former without standing high in the esteem of the latter.

EUGÉNIE AND MAURICE DE GUÉRIN

(1805–1848) (1810–1839)

OF THIS remarkable brother and sister might have been written the words: «They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.» «We were,» says Eugénie, «two eyes looking out of one head.» Their history as well as their literary work is left in the form of Journals and Letters. Not written for publication, these are most intimate records of their characters and spirits.

Eugénie and Georges Maurice de Guérin were born in the old château of Cayly, Languedoc, of a noble but impoverished family; Eugénie, the eldest of four children, in 1805, and Maurice, the youngest, August 5th, 1810. On the death of their mother, Eugénie assumed care of the delicate brother to whom her life was thenceforth devoted. To a desolate home where sorrow and an austere religion held sway, the morbid note of Maurice's impressionable nature must be attributed. He went to school in Toulouse, spent five years in college, joined in 1832 the famous Lamennais in his monastic retreat at La Chênaie, and finally went to Paris to seek fame by literary work. Here he taught, wrote, and married, dying at the early age of twenty-nine on July 19th, 1839. In 1840 Madame George Sand brought out in the Revue des Deux Mondes his principal composition, ‘Le Centaur.’

Maurice was a dreamer from his infancy, possessed of a melancholy spirit and a wonderful insight into nature's physical and mystical beauties. «He has a truly interpretative faculty,» says Matthew Arnold: «the most profound and delicate sense of the life of nature, and the most exquisite felicity in finding expressions to render that sense.»

We may divide his life into two periods: the first under the influence of Lamennais at La Chênaie, where so much of his ‘Journal’ was written; and the second in Paris, where he soon became, Sainte-Beuve tells us, «a man of the world, elegant, even fashionable; a conversationalist who could hold his own against the most brilliant talkers of Paris.» To the first period belongs the greater part of his ‘Journal,’ upon which, with the ‘Centaur,’ his fame rests; for his verses possess little value. Of the suggestions of landscapes in the ‘Journal’ Sainte-Beuve says:—«They are delicate; they are felt and painted at the same time: they are painted from near by on the spot, according to nature, but without crudeness. There is no trace of the palette. The colors have their original freshness and truth, and also a certain tenderness. They have passed into the mirror of the inner man, and are seen by reflection. One finds in them, above all, expression; and they breathe the very soul of things.»

Maurice de Guérin describes his own life as «made up of serious projects ever changing, and of permanent but idle dreams; of long intoxications of the fancy, and of almost absurd contests between my will and my soul, which is independent and as light in flight as a wild creature; while in the most sensitive and hidden depths of my being there is always acute suffering or dull discomfort, according as the disorder increases or diminishes.» Here then he gives us the keynote to his life and writings,—morbid introspection combined with a rare poetic fancy; and it is largely owing to this combination that the ‹Journal› is an interesting psychological study.

‹The Centaur› was suggested by a visit to the Musée des Antiques with his friend Trébutien, and is masterly in its conception of that strange imaginative borderland between animal and human life. This being, partaking equally of both these lives, is supposed to stand in his melancholy old age on the summit of a mountain, while he relates to an inquisitive mortal the history of his youth.

Sainte-Beuve considers Eugénie de Guérin of equal rank with her brother; but Matthew Arnold in his ‹Essays in Criticism› says that Eugénie's words «are but intellectual *signs*, not *symbols* of nature like Maurice's. They bring the notion of the thing described to the mind; they do not bring the feeling of it to the imagination.»

The literary interest in Eugénie centres also in her ‹Journal.› Her life was passed at La Cayla, in the simple routine of household duties and neighborhood charities. Once only she went to Paris, on the occasion of her brother's marriage. She was intensely religious, and spent much time in prayer, meditation, and preparation for death.

Despite her pleasure in the beauty of nature and in the trivial incidents of her daily life, she was subject to the moods of morbid depression noted in Maurice. She condemns this, calling it languor, ennui, or weariness. Of course the Roman Catholic Eugénie de Guérin is ignorant of Puritan dogma; but allowing for her poetic temperament and tenderness, her rigid asceticism is strangely identical with Puritanism. Everything that gives her pleasure seems to her self-indulgent,—even writing. She says, «I have renounced poetry because I have seen that God did not ask it of me; but the sacrifice has been so much the more painful, as in abandoning poetry, poetry has not abandoned me.» Again she writes:—

«Shall I tell you why I gave up the journal? Because I find the time lost that I spend in writing. We owe an account of our minutes to God; and is it not making a bad use of them to employ them in tracing the days that are departing? Would to God that my thoughts, my spirit, had never taken their flight beyond the narrow round in which it is my lot to live! In spite of all that people say to the contrary, I feel that I cannot go beyond my needlework and my spinning without going too far; I feel it, I believe it: well then, I will keep in my proper sphere; however much I am tempted, my spirit shall not be allowed to occupy itself with great matters until it occupies itself with them in heaven.»

And Maurice writes:—

«So long as the wind wafts me from time to time whiffs of wild fragrance, and my ear catches distant accents of the melodies of nature, what shall I have to regret? Does the spider, which at evening-tide hangs suspended on its thread between two leaves, concern itself with the flight of the eagle and the pinions of the birds? And does the imagination of the bird, as it broods over its nestlings well sheltered beneath some bush, regret the caprices of its liberty and the soft undulations of its flight through the airy heights? Never have I had the freedom of the bird, nor has my thought ever been as happy as its wings; then let us fall asleep in resignation, as does the bird in its nest.»

Maurice was the one thought of Eugénie's life, and all her ‹Journal› is addressed to him. Two days after his death she writes:— «No, my dear, death shall not part us, shall not remove you from my thoughts. Death only separates our bodies; the soul instead of being there is in heaven, and the change of abodes takes nothing away from its affections. Far from it; I trust one loves better in heaven, where all becomes Divine.» Determined that the world should know Maurice, she wrote to his friends and prepared a memoir for his works; yet she died on May 31st, 1848, before their publication. Sainte-Beuve made her the subject of a ‹Causerie de Lundi,› and Trébutien published her ‹Reliquæ› at Caen (1855). In 1862 this tribute appeared for public circulation, was crowned by the French Academy, and passed through sixteen editions in eight months.

FROM THE ‹JOURNAL› OF EUGÉNIE DE GUÉRIN

CHRISTMAS is come; the beautiful festival, the one I love most, that gives me the same joy that it gave the shepherds of Bethlehem. In real truth, one's whole soul sings with joy at this beautiful coming of God upon earth,— a coming which here is announced on all sides of us by music and by our charming *nadalet*.* Nothing at Paris can give you a notion of what

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* Chimes.

Christmas is with us. You have not even the midnight mass. We all of us went to it, papa at our head, on the most perfect night possible. Never was there a finer sky than ours was that midnight; so fine that papa kept perpetually throwing back the hood of his cloak, that he might look up at the sky. The ground was white with hoar-frost, but we were not cold; besides, the air, as we met it, was warmed by the bundles of blazing torchwood which our servants carried in front of us to light us on our way. It was delightful, I do assure you; and I should like you to have seen us there on our road to church, in those lanes with the bushes along their banks as white as if they were in flower. The hoar-frost makes the most lovely flowers. We saw a long spray, so beautiful that we wanted to take it with us as a garland for the communion table, but it melted in our hands: all flowers fade so soon! I was very sorry about my garland; it was mournful to see it drip away, and get smaller and smaller every minute.

Oh, how pleasant it is, when the rain is dropping from the sky with a soft sound, to sit by one's fire, holding the tongs and making sparks! That was my pastime just now; I am fond of it: the sparks are so pretty; they are the flowers of the hearth. Verily, charming things take place in the embers, and when I am not busy I am amused with the phantasmagoria of the fireplace. There are a thousand little forms in the ashes that come and go, grow bigger, change, and vanish,— sometimes angels, horned demons, children, old women, butterflies, dogs, sparrows, everything, may be seen under the logs. I remember a figure with an air of heavenly suffering, that seemed to me what a soul might be in purgatory. I was struck, and wished an artist had been near me: never was vision more perfect. Watch the embers, and you will agree that there are beautiful things there, and that unless one was blind one need never be weary by the fire. Be sure you listen to the little whistling that comes out of the embers like a voice of song. Nothing can be sweeter or purer; it is like the singing of some tiny spirit of the fire. These, my dear, are my evenings and their delights; add sleep, which is not the slightest.

You will like to hear that I have just passed a nice quarter of an hour on the terrace steps, sitting by a poor old woman who was singing me a lamentable ballad on an incident that once happened at Cahuzac. It was apropos of a gold cross that was stolen off the Holy Virgin's neck. The old woman recollects her grandmother's telling her she had heard that there had been a still more sacrilegious robbery in the same church; namely, of the Host itself, one day when it was left alone in the chancel. It was a girl, who while everybody was at harvest went to the altar, and climbing upon it, put the monstrance into her apron and placed it under a wild rose in the wood. The shepherds who found it accused her, and nine priests came in procession to adore the Holy Sacrament of the rose-bush and carry it back to the wood; but the poor shepherdess was taken, tried, and condemned to be burned. Just before her death she asked to confess, and owned her theft to the priest; saying that she was not a thief, but she wanted to have the Holy Sacrament in the forest: «I thought that *le bon Dieu* would be as well pleased under a rose-bush as on an altar!» At these words an angel descended from heaven to announce her pardon and console the guilty saint, who nevertheless was burned on a pile of which the wild rose formed the first fagot! There is the story of the beggar, to whom I listened as to a nightingale. I thanked her heartily and offered her something as a recompense for her ditty, but she would only take flowers: «Give me a bough of that beautiful lilac.» I gave her four, as large as plumes, and the poor creature went off, her stick in one hand and her nosegay in the other, and left me her ballad.

Never have I seen a more beautiful effect of light on the paper. But does not God make beauty for all the world? All our birds were singing this morning whilst I was praying. The accompaniment delights, though it distracts me. I stop to listen. Then I resume with the thought that the birds and I are caroling our hymns to God; and these little creatures sing, perhaps, better than I. But the charm of prayer, the charm of communion with God, they cannot taste: we must have a soul to feel that. I have this happiness above theirs.

To-day, and now for a long time, I am tranquil: peace in head and heart; a state of grace for which I bless God. My window is open. How calm it is! All the little noises outside come to me. I love that of the stream. Now I hear a church clock and the little pendule which answers it. This sound of hours in the distance and in the room has in the night something mysterious. I think of the Trappists who wake to pray, of the sick who count all the hours of their suffering, of the afflicted who weep, of the dead who sleep still and frozen in their beds.

FROM THE ‹JOURNAL› OF MAURICE DE GUÉRIN

It has just been raining. Nature is fresh and radiant; the earth seems to taste with rapture the water which brings it life. One would say that the throats of the birds had also been refreshed by the rain; their song is purer, more vivacious, more brilliant, and vibrates wonderfully in the air, which has become more sonorous and resounding. The nightingales, the bullfinches, the blackbirds, the thrushes, the golden orioles, the finches, the wrens,—all these sing and rejoice. A goose, shrieking like a trumpet, adds by contrast to the charm. The motionless trees seem to listen to all these sounds. Innumerable apple-trees in full bloom look like balls of snow in the distance; the cherry-trees, all white as well, rise like pyramids or spread out like fans of flowers. The birds seem at times to aim at those orchestral effects when all the instruments are blended in a mass of harmony. Would that we could identify ourselves with spring; that we could go so far as to believe that in ourselves breathe all the life and all the love that ferment in nature; that we could feel ourselves to be at the same time verdure, bird, song, freshness, elasticity, rapture, serenity! What then should I become? There are moments when by dint of concentrating ourselves upon this idea and gazing fixedly on nature, we fancy that we experience something like this. . . .

Nothing can more faithfully represent this state of the soul than the shades of evening, falling at this very moment. Gray clouds just edged with silver cover the whole face of the sky. The sun, which set but a few moments ago, has left behind light enough to temper for a while the black shadows, and to soften in a measure the fall of night. The winds are hushed, and the peaceful ocean, as I come to listen on the threshold of the door, sends me only a melodious murmur which softly spreads over the soul like a beautiful wave over the beach. The birds, the first to feel the influence of the night, fly toward the woods, and their wings rustle in the clouds. The coppice, which covers the entire slope of the hill of Le Val, and resounds all day long with the chirps of the wren, the gay whistle of the woodpecker, and the various notes of a multitude of birds, has no more a sound along its path or within its thickets, unless it be the shrill call of the blackbirds as they play together and chase one another, after the other birds have hidden their heads under their wings. The noise of men, always the last to become silent, gradually dies away over the face of the fields. The general uproar ceases, and not a sound is heard except from the towns and hamlets, where, far into the night, the children cry and the dogs bark. Silence enwraps me; all things yearn for rest except my pen, which disturbs perchance the slumber of some living atom asleep in the folds of my note-book, for it makes its little sound as it writes these idle thoughts. Then let it cease; for what I write, have written, and shall write will never be worth the sleep of a single atom.

THE THOUGHTS OF MACAREUS

From ‹The Centaur,› by Maurice de Guérin

I HAD my birth in the caves of these mountains. Like the stream of this valley, whose first drops trickle from some weeping rock in a deep cavern, the first moment of my life fell in the darkness of a remote abode, and without breaking the silence. When our mothers draw near to the time of their delivery, they withdraw to the caverns, and in the depth of the loneliest of them, in the thickest of its gloom, bring forth, without uttering a plaint, offspring silent as themselves. Their puissant milk makes us surmount without weakness or dubious struggle the first difficulties of life; and yet we leave our caverns later than you your cradles. The reason is, that we have a doctrine that the early days of existence should be kept apart and enshrouded, as days filled with the presence of the gods.

Nearly the whole term of my growth was passed in the darkness where I was born. The recesses of my dwelling ran so far under the mountain that I should not have known on which side was the exit, had not the winds, when they sometimes made their way through the opening, sent fresh airs in, and a sudden trouble. Sometimes too my mother came back to me, having about her the odors of the valleys, or streaming from the waters which were her haunt. Her returning thus, without a word said of the valleys or the rivers, but with the emanations from them hanging about her, troubled my spirit, and I moved up and down restlessly in my darkness. «What is it,» I cried, «this outside world whither my mother is borne; and what reigns there in it so potent as to attract her so often?» At these moments my own force began to make me unquiet. I felt in it a power which could not remain idle; and betaking myself either to toss my arms, or to gallop backward and forward in the spacious darkness of the cavern, I tried to make out, from the blows which I dealt in the empty space or from the transport of my course through it, in what direction my arms were meant to reach or my feet to bear me. Since that day I have wound my arms round the busts of centaurs, and round the bodies of heroes, and round the trunks of oaks; my hands have essayed the rocks, the waters, plants without number, and the subtlest impressions of the air,—for I uplift them in the dark and still nights to catch the breaths of wind, and to draw signs whereby I may augur my road; my feet—look, O Melampus, how worn they are! And yet, all benumbed as I am in this extremity of age, there are days when in broad sunlight on the mountain-tops I renew these gallopings of my youth in the cavern, and with the same object, brandishing my arms and employing all the fleetness which yet is left to me. . . .

O Melampus, thou who wouldst know the life of the centaurs, wherefore have the gods willed that thy steps should lead thee to me, the oldest and most forlorn of them all? It is long since I have ceased to practice any part of their life. I quit no more this mountain summit, to which age has confined me. The point of my arrows now serves me only to uproot some tough-fibred plant; the tranquil lakes know me still, but the rivers have forgotten me. I will tell thee a little of my youth; but these recollections, issuing from a worn memory, come like the drops of a niggardly libation poured from a damaged urn.

The course of my youth was rapid and full of agitation. Movement was my life, and my steps knew no bound. One day when I was following the course of a valley seldom entered by the centaurs, I discovered a man making his way up the stream-side on the opposite bank. He was the first whom my eyes had lighted on: I despised him. «Behold,» I cried, «at the utmost but the half of what I am! How short are his steps! and his movement how full of labor! Doubtless he is a centaur overthrown by the gods, and reduced by them to drag himself along thus.» . . .

Wandering along at my own will like the rivers, feeling wherever I went the presence of Cybele, whether in the bed of the valleys or on the height of the mountains, I bounded whither I would, like a blind and chainless life. But when Night, filled with the charm of the gods, overtook me on the slopes of the mountain, she guided me to the mouth of the caverns, and there tranquillized me as she tranquillizes the billows of the sea. Stretched across the threshold of my retreat, my flanks hidden within the cave and my head under the open sky, I watched the spectacle of the dark. The sea gods, it is said, quit during the hours of darkness their palaces under the deep; they seat themselves on the promontories, and their eyes wander over the expanse of the waves. Even so I kept watch, having at my feet an expanse of life like the hushed sea. My regards had free range, and traveled to the most distant points. Like sea-beaches which never lose their wetness, the line of mountains to the west retained the imprint of gleams not perfectly wiped out by the shadows. In that quarter still survived, in pale clearness, mountain summits bare and pure. There I beheld at one time the god Pan descend, ever solitary; at another, the choir of the mystic divinities; or I saw pass some mountain nymph charm-struck by the Night. Sometimes the eagles of Mount Olympus traversed the upper sky, and were lost to view among the far-off constellations, or in the shade of the dreaming forests.

Thou pursuest after wisdom, O Melampus, which is the science of the will of the gods; and thou roamest from people to people like a mortal driven by the Destinies. In the times when I kept my night watches before the caverns, I have sometimes believed that I was about to surprise the thought of the sleeping Cybele, and that the mother of the gods, betrayed by her dreams, would let fall some of her secrets; but I have never made out more than sounds which faded away in the murmur of night, or words inarticulate as the bubbling of the rivers.

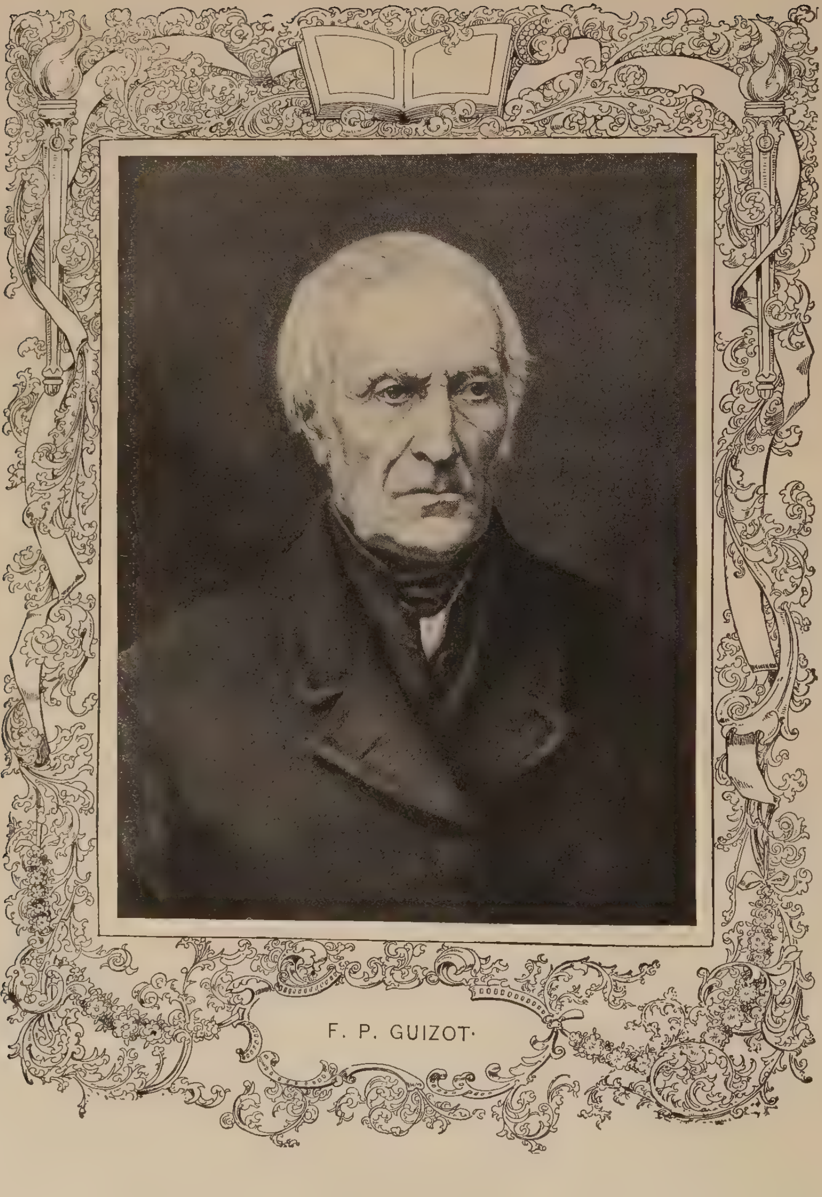
«O Macareus,» one day said to me the great Chiron, whose old age I tended, «we are both of us centaurs of the mountain; but how different are our lives! Of my days all the study is (thou seest it) the search for plants; thou, thou art like those mortals who have picked up on the waters or in the woods, and carried to their lips, some pieces of the reed pipe thrown away by the god Pan. From that hour these mortals, having caught from their relics of the god a passion for wild life, or perhaps smitten with some secret madness, enter into the wildness, plunge among the forests, follow the course of the streams, bury themselves in the heart of the mountains, restless and haunted by an unknown purpose. The mares beloved of the winds in the farthest Scythia are not wilder than thou, nor more cast down at nightfall, when the North Wind has departed. Seekest thou to know the gods, O Macareus, and from what source men, animals, and the elements of the universal fire have their origin? But the aged Ocean, the father of all things, keeps locked within his own breast these secrets; and the nymphs who stand around sing as they weave their eternal dance before him, to cover any sound which might escape from his lips half opened by slumber. The mortals dear to the gods for their virtue have received from their hands lyres to give delight to man, or the seeds of new plants to make him rich; but from their inexorable lips, nothing!"

. . . .

Such were the lessons which old Chiron gave me. Waned to the very extremity of life, the centaur yet nourished in his spirit the most lofty discourse. . . .

For me, O Melampus, I decline into my last days, calm as the setting of the constellations. I still retain enterprise enough to climb to the top of the rocks, and there I linger late, either gazing on the wild and restless clouds, or to see come up from the horizon the rainy Hyades, the Pleiades, or the great Orion; but I feel myself perishing and passing quickly away, like a snow-wreath floating on the stream; and soon shall I be mingled with the waters which flow in the vast bosom of Earth.

Translation of Matthew Arnold.



F. P. GUIZOT·

FRANCOIS GUIZOT

(1787–1874)

BY CHARLES GROSS

François Pierre Guillaume Guizot was born at Nîmes, October 4th, 1787. His career was eventful: he was a prolific writer, a successful professor, a great historian, and an influential statesman. Though we are mainly concerned with his literary activity, Guizot the author cannot be isolated from Guizot the patriot, the Calvinist statesman, the political champion of the bourgeoisie and of constitutional monarchy. He is one of the few great historians who have helped to make history. The polities and state-craft of the past should be less mysterious to the experienced and judicious statesman than to the secluded scholar. On the other hand, Guizot's training in historical research may have reacted on his political life, widening his mental horizon and helping to develop in him the liberal spirit of catholicity and impartiality which he evinced in his public life.

His father, a lawyer, was a victim of the Revolution in 1794. In 1812 Guizot was appointed professor of history at the Sorbonne. In 1814 he began his political career as Secretary-General of the Interior, and in 1817 he became a Councilor of State. In 1822 his lectures at the Sorbonne were suppressed on account of his liberal ideas; in 1828 he recovered his chair at the Sorbonne, and during the next two years lectured on the history of civilization in Europe and France. Under Louis Philippe he was Minister of Instruction, and did much to improve the French system of education. From 1840 to 1848 he was at the head of the French Cabinet as Minister of Foreign Affairs. With the dethronement of Louis Philippe in 1848 his political activity came to an end. Throughout his life he was a liberal. Though he advocated the political preponderance of the middle classes and the maintenance of a constitutional government he firmly combated revolutionary and ultra-democratic theories; he tried to reconcile the enjoyment of liberty with the preservation of social order. He died September 12th, 1874.

Of his numerous writings the most important are the ‹History of Civilization in Europe,› the ‹History of Civilization in France,› the ‹History of the English Revolution,› ‹Shakespeare and his Times,› his

‹Memoirs,› and the ‹History of France, Related for my Grandchildren.› As a historian he is noted for his philosophic grasp of important historical questions, his clear discernment of the broad lines of historical development, and his insight into the relations of cause and effect. Paying little heed to amusing and dramatic details or personal exploits, he tries to determine the dominant ideas or principles of each period of history. All his works are marked by a seriousness of purpose which often assumes the form of ardent patriotism or earnest religious conviction. He believed that the study of the past has an ethical value, that an accurate knowledge of the past helps us to comprehend the present and to provide for the future. He also believed in the progressive development of mankind through the various ages. The fundamental idea contained in the word «civilization,» he says, is progress or development, the carrying to higher perfection the relations between man and man.

Such a philosophic treatment of history, though stimulating to thoughtful students, may easily degenerate into vague and misleading generalizations. The philosophic historian is tempted to weave his subjective ideas into the tissue which he fabricates, allowing the imagination to dominate over reason. The successful application of the philosophic method presupposes not merely a high order of mental capacity, but also an accurate knowledge of facts, which was less attainable in Guizot's time than it is at present. When he wrote his ‹Civilization in Europe› and ‹Civilization in France› (1828–30), the modern method of historical research was still in its infancy; Ranke had just begun his epoch-making career. It must be admitted however that Guizot's books are still suggestive and instructive, despite the fact that critical investigation during the past fifty years has revolutionized our knowledge of events and institutions; many of the broad lines of development that he laid down still remain unchanged. It should also be said that Guizot did much for the advancement of historical research by aiding to establish the Society for the History of France and by creating the Historical Commission, both of which have actively promoted this branch of study in France since 1835.

Each of the fourteen brief lectures in his ‹History of Civilization in Europe› is the delineation of a cardinal event or principle, and these principles are linked into one chain of development. At first he considers the influence of the three main sources of modern civilization — the Christian Church, the Romans, and the Germans; in the light of recent research we may safely say that he underrates the influence of the Germanic element and overestimates that of Rome. Next he examines four later cardinal factors in historical development,— namely, feudalism, the Church, the communes, and royalty,—

and traces their interaction down through the period of monarchical centralization and of the Reformation to the French Revolution. He regards France as the centre or focus of European civilization. He admits that at various epochs Italy has outstripped France in the arts, and that England has had the lead in developing political institutions; but even those leading ideas or institutions whose birth must be referred to other countries, had to be clarified in France before they were diffused throughout Europe. Therefore France is «eminently qualified to march at the head of European civilization.» Though France does not hold this leadership at present, what Guizot says is certainly applicable in large measure to the past: for centuries the influence of French civilization radiated in all directions, and no other country forms a better nucleus for the study of general European history.

The prominence or dominance of French ideas in European history is also emphasized in Guizot's ‹History of Civilization in France.› Though this series of lectures extends only to the fourteenth century, it is a more elaborate work than the ‹History of Civilization in Europe.› The author gives a detailed account of the leading factors which entered into the development of France, and shows how from the relations between feudalism, the communes, and royalty, national and political unity was gradually evolved. His portrayal of feudalism is particularly detailed and attractive, though his account of the origin of that institution is now antiquated. He believes that two great lessons may be learned from the study of French history: (1) that the rivalry of the nobility and the commons prevented their union against despotism; and (2) that Frenchmen have a tendency to follow an idea or principle to its logical conclusion, regardless of consequences. These lessons help us to understand certain great divergences in the constitutional development of France and England.

Guizot's account of what he calls «the English Revolution» comprises three separate works: ‹The History of Charles I.› (1826–27), ‹The History of Oliver Cromwell› (1854), and ‹The History of Richard Cromwell› (1856). Like the German historian Gneist, he studied English history in order to determine what France could learn from the annals of her neighbor. Passionately preoccupied with the future of his country, he wished to ascertain just how a great people succeeded in securing and conserving a free government. In dealing with the history of England during the seventeenth century, Guizot exhibits an admirable spirit of impartiality and a firm grasp of the dominant political ideas of the whole period. He also presents much new documentary evidence derived from the French archives. These volumes are still instructive, though Gardiner and other recent writers have overthrown some of Guizot's conclusions.

In the ‘Memoirs of my Own Time’ (1858–67) Guizot comments upon contemporary political events, many of which he had helped to shape. This work is particularly important for the study of Louis Philippe's reign, and especially for the period of Guizot's ministry, from 1840 to 1848.

In his extreme old age he wrote ‘The History of France, Related for my Grandchildren’ (1870–75). In this work the octogenarian tries to impress upon the rising generation of Frenchmen the need of a lofty spirit of patriotism and a strong faith in their vanquished country, a faith which the past history of France should nourish and strengthen. He tries to awaken the interest of his readers by dwelling upon great persons and great events, and he succeeds in giving an admirable account of the general history of France.

Many of Guizot's books have been translated into English, but most of the translations are marred by serious defects. His style, which has been assailed by some critics and admired by others, shows an improvement in his later works. Though he was not a great historical artist, his style is usually clear. All his writings are marked by a Calvinistic soberness of tone, which, though it may repel those in quest of picturesque historical details, attracts and stimulates thoughtful students.

Chas Gross.

CIVILIZATION

From the ‘General History of Civilization in Europe’

The situation in which we are placed, as Frenchmen, affords us a great advantage for entering upon the study of European civilization; for without intending to flatter the country to which I am bound by so many ties, I cannot but regard France as the centre, as the focus, of the civilization of Europe. It would be going too far to say that she has always been, upon every occasion, in advance of other nations. Italy at various epochs has outstripped her in the arts; England, as regards political institutions, is by far before her; and perhaps at certain moments we may find other nations of Europe superior to her in various particulars; but it must still be allowed that whenever France has set forward in the career of civilization, she has sprung forth with new vigor, and has soon come up with or passed by all her rivals.

Not only is this the case, but those ideas, those institutions which promote civilization but whose birth must be referred to other countries, have, before they could become general or produce fruit, before they could be transplanted to other lands or benefit the common stock of European civilization, been obliged to undergo in France a new preparation; it is from France, as from a second country more rich and fertile, that they have started forth to make the conquest of Europe. There is not a single great idea, not a single great principle of civilization, which in order to become universally spread has not first passed through France.

There is indeed in the genius of the French something of a sociableness, of a sympathy,—something which spreads itself with more facility and energy than in the genius of any other people: it may be in the language or the particular turn of mind of the French nation; it may be in their manners, or that their ideas, being more popular, present themselves more clearly to the masses, penetrate among them with greater ease: but in a word, clearness, sociability, sympathy, are the particular characteristics of France, of its civilization; and these qualities render it eminently qualified to march at the head of European civilization.

In studying then the history of this great fact, it is neither an arbitrary choice nor a convention that leads us to make France the central point from which we shall study it; but it is because we feel that in so doing we in a manner place ourselves in the very heart of civilization itself—in the heart of the very fact which we desire to investigate. . . .

Civilization is just one of this kind of facts: it is so general in its nature that it can scarcely be seized, so complicated that it can scarcely be unraveled, so hidden as to be scarcely discernible. The difficulty of describing it, of recounting its history, is apparent and acknowledged; but its existence, its worthiness to be described and to be recounted, are not less certain and manifest. Then, respecting civilization, what a number of problems remain to be solved! It may be asked, it is even now disputed, whether civilization be a good or an evil. One party decries it as teeming with mischief to man, while another lauds it as the means by which he will attain his highest dignity and excellence. Again, it is asked whether this *fact* is universal; whether there is a general civilization of the whole human race, a course for humanity to run, a destiny for it to accomplish; whether nations have not transmitted from age to age something to their successors which is never lost, but which grows and continues as a common stock, and will thus be carried on to the end of all things. For my part, I feel assured that human nature has such a destiny; that a general civilization pervades the human race; that at every epoch it augments, and that consequently there is a universal history of civilization yet to be written. Nor have I any hesitation in asserting that this history is the most noble, the most interesting of any, and that it comprehends every other.

Is it not indeed clear that civilization is the great fact in which all others merge; in which they all end, in which they are all condensed, in which all others find their importance? Take all the facts of which the history of a nation is composed, all the facts which we are accustomed to consider as the elements of its existence — take its institutions, its commerce, its industry, its wars, the various details of its government; and if you would form some idea of them as a whole, if you would see their various bearings on each other, if you would appreciate their value, if you would pass a judgment upon them, what is it you desire to know? Why, what they have done to forward the progress of civilization; what part they have acted in this great drama; what influence they have exercised in aiding its advance. It is not only by this that we form a general opinion of these facts, but it is by this standard that we try them, that we estimate their true value. These are as it were the rivers, of which we ask how much water they have carried to the ocean. Civilization is as it were the grand emporium of a people, in which all its wealth, all the elements of its life, all the powers of its existence, are stored up. It is so true that we judge of minor facts accordingly as they affect this greater one, that even some which are naturally detested and hated, which prove a heavy calamity to the nation upon which they fall, — say for instance despotism, anarchy, and so forth, — even these are partly forgiven, their evil nature is partly overlooked, if they have aided in any considerable degree the march of civilization. Wherever the progress of this principle is visible, together with the facts which have urged it forward, we are tempted to forget the price it has cost; we overlook the dearness of the purchase.

Again, there are certain facts which properly speaking cannot be called social — individual facts which rather concern the human intellect than public life; such are religious doctrines, philosophical opinions, literature, the sciences and arts. All these seem to offer themselves to individual man for his improvement, instruction, or amusement, and to be directed rather to his intellectual melioration and pleasure than to his social condition. Yet still, how often do these facts come before us — how often are we compelled to consider them as influencing civilization! In all times, in all countries, it has been the boast of religion that it has civilized the people among whom it has dwelt. Literature, the arts and sciences, have put in their claim for a share of this glory; and mankind has been ready to laud and honor them whenever it has felt that this praise was fairly their due. In the same manner, facts the most important — facts of themselves, and independently of their exterior consequences, the most sublime in their nature — have increased in importance, have reached a higher degree of sublimity, by their connection with civilization. Such is the worth of this great principle that it gives a value to all it touches. Not only so, but there are even cases in which the facts of which we have spoken — in which philosophy, literature, the sciences, and the arts — are especially judged and condemned or applauded according to their influence upon civilization.

THE EXAMPLE OF SHAKESPEARE

From ‹Shakespeare and his Times›

VOLTAIRE was the first person in France who spoke of Shakespeare's genius; and although he spoke of him merely as a barbarian genius, the French public were of opinion that Voltaire had said too much in his favor. Indeed, they thought it nothing less than profanation to apply the words « genius » and « glory » to dramas which they considered as crude as they were coarse.

At the present day, all controversy regarding Shakespeare's genius and glory has come to an end. No one ventures any longer to dispute them; but a greater question has arisen,— namely, whether Shakespeare's dramatic system is not far superior to that of Voltaire. This question I do not presume to decide. I merely say that it is now open for discussion. We have been led to it by the onward progress of ideas. I shall endeavor to point out the causes which have brought it about; but at present I insist merely upon the fact itself, and deduce from it one simple consequence, that literary criticism has changed its ground, and can no longer remain restricted to the limits within which it was formerly confined.

Literature does not escape from the revolutions of the human mind; it is compelled to follow it in its course, to transport itself beneath the horizon under which it is conveyed, to gain elevation and extension with the ideas which occupy its notice, and to consider the questions which it discusses, under the new aspects and novel circumstances in which they are placed by the new state of thought and of society. . . .

When we embrace human destiny in all its aspects, and human nature in all the conditions of man upon earth, we enter into possession of an exhaustless treasure. It is the peculiar advantage of such a system that it escapes, by its extent, from the dominion of any particular genius. We may discover its principles in Shakespeare's works; but he was not fully acquainted with them, nor did he always respect them. He should serve as an example, not as a model. Some men, even of superior talent, have attempted to write plays according to Shakespeare's taste, without perceiving that they were deficient in one important qualification for the task; and that was to write as he did, to write them for our age just as Shakespeare's plays were written for the age in which he lived. This is an enterprise the difficulties of which have hitherto, perhaps, been maturely considered by no one. We have seen how much art and effort were employed by Shakespeare to surmount those which are inherent in his system. They are still greater in our times, and would unveil themselves much more completely to the spirit of criticism which now accompanies the boldest essays of genius. It is not only with spectators of more fastidious taste and of more idle and inattentive imagination, that the poet would have to do who should venture to follow in Shakespeare's footsteps. He would be called upon to give movement to personages embarrassed in much more complicated interests, preoccupied with much more various feelings, and subject to less simple habits of mind and to less decided tendencies. Neither science, nor reflection, nor the scruples of conscience, nor the uncertainties of thought frequently incumber Shakespeare's heroes; doubt is of little use among them, and the violence of their passions speedily transfers their belief to the side of their desires, or sets their actions above their belief. Hamlet alone presents the confused spectacle of a mind formed by the enlightenment of society, in conflict with a position contrary to its laws; and *he* needs a supernatural apparition to determine him to act, and a fortuitous event to accomplish his project. If incessantly placed in an analogous position, the personages of a tragedy conceived at the present day according to the Romantic system would offer us the same picture of indecision. Ideas now crowd and intersect each other in the mind of man, duties multiply in his conscience and obstacles and bonds around his life. Instead of those electric brains, prompt to communicate the spark which they have received; instead of those ardent and simple-minded men, whose projects like Macbeth's « will to hand," — the world now presents to the poet minds like Hamlet's, deep in the observation of those inward conflicts which our classical system has derived from a state of society more advanced than that of the time in which Shakespeare lived. So many feelings, interests, and ideas, the necessary consequences of modern civilization, might become even in their simplest form of expression a troublesome burden, which it would be difficult to carry through the rapid evolutions and bold advances of the Romantic system.

We must however satisfy every demand; success itself requires it. The reason must be contented at the same time that the imagination is occupied. The progress of taste, of enlightenment, of society, and of mankind, must serve not to diminish or disturb our enjoyment, but to render them worthy of ourselves and capable of supplying the new wants which we have contracted. Advance without rule and art in the Romantic system, and you will produce melodramas calculated to excite a passing emotion in the multitude, but in the multitude alone, and for a few days; just as by dragging along without originality in the Classical system, you will satisfy only that cold literary class who are acquainted with nothing in nature which is more important than the interests of versification, or more imposing than the three unities. This is not the work of the poet who is called to power and destined for glory: he acts upon a grander scale, and can address the superior intellects as well as the general and simple faculties of all men. It is doubtless necessary that the crowd should throng to behold those dramatic works of which you desire to make a national spectacle; but do not hope to become national, if you do not unite in your festivities all those classes of persons and minds whose well-arranged hierarchy raises a nation to its loftiest dignity. Genius is bound to follow human nature in all its developments; its strength consists in finding within itself the means for constantly satisfying the whole of the public. The same task is now imposed upon government and upon poetry: both should exist for all, and suffice at once for the wants of the masses and for the requirements of the most exalted minds.

Doubtless stopped in its course by these conditions, the full severity of which will only be revealed to the talent that can comply with them, dramatic art, even in England, where under the protection of Shakespeare it would have liberty to attempt anything, scarcely ventures at the present day even to try timidly to follow him. Meanwhile England, France, and the whole of Europe demand of the drama pleasures and emotions that can no longer be supplied by the inanimate representation of a world that has ceased to exist. The Classical system had its origin in the life of its time: that time has passed; its image subsists in brilliant colors in its works, but can no more be reproduced. Near the monuments of past ages, the monuments of another age are now beginning to arise. What will be their form? I cannot tell; but the ground upon which their foundations may rest is already perceptible. This ground is not the ground of Corneille and Racine, nor is it that of Shakespeare; it is our own; but Shakespeare's system, as it appears to me, may furnish the plans according to which genius ought now to work. This system alone includes all those social conditions and all those general or diverse feelings, the simultaneous conjunction and activity of which constitute for us at the present day the spectacle of human things. Witnesses during thirty years of the greatest revolutions of society, we shall no longer willingly confine the movement of our mind within the narrow space of some family event, or the agitations of a purely individual passion. The nature and destiny of man have appeared to us under their most striking and their simplest aspect, in all their extent and in all their variableness. We require pictures in which this spectacle is reproduced, in which man is displayed in his completeness and excites our entire sympathy.

ERNST HAECKEL

(1834-)

Ernst Haeckel, the German naturalist, is a scholar who unites to eminence in scientific research and discovery the gift of attractive literary presentation. In his own country his position is that of one who has made valuable original contributions to the study of morphology and been the ablest exponent of the Darwinian theory. His more untechnical writings have a charm, a literary value, rarely to be found in the work of a specialist in science.

Ernst Haeckel

Born in Potsdam, Germany, February 16th, 1834, Haeckel studied the natural sciences at Berlin, Würzburg, and Vienna, taking his medical degree in 1858 and practicing that profession a short time in the former city. During 1859 and 1860 he made a journey through Italy and Sicily in the interest of science, his work on ‹The Radiata› (1862) being a result. Later portions were added in 1887 and 1888. In 1861 he settled in Jena for the study of comparative anatomy, but soon turned to the specific investigation of zoölogy. After holding subordinate positions, he was appointed in 1865 full professor at Jena; and his lectures embraced, besides zoölogy, the subjects of comparative anatomy, evolution, histology, and palæontology. His researches had to do especially with the lower ranks of marine animals, and above all, with deep-sea life in its simplest forms. The material for such study was gathered from many and extended experiences in the North Sea, the Mediterranean, the Canary Isles, and the Indian Ocean. These travels and researches were the basis of works like that ‹On the History of the Development of the Siphonophora› (1869), and his ‹Biological Studies› (1870). Books of this nature too were introductory to greater representative works on natural philosophy and the development theory, such as ‹Calcareous Sponges› (1872), ‹Natural History of Creation› (1868),—which has received the honor of translation into twelve languages,—and the master work ‹General Morphology of Organisms› (1866).

More popular writings, making him known to a public much wider than the biologist ever addresses, are those ‹On the Division of Labor in Nature and Human Life› (1869), ‹On the Origin and Genealogy of the Human Race (1870), ‹Life in the Great Marine Animals› (1870), ‹The Arabian Corals› (1873), based on studies in the Red Sea, ‹The System of the Medusa› (1880), and ‹A Visit to Ceylon,› the latter a work which in English translation has won many admiring readers.

For the last dozen years or more, Professor Haeckel has given much of his time to the deep-sea explorations of the H. M. S. Challenger expedition, and his voluminous reports written in the English tongue, with accompanying illustrations, contain descriptions of no less than four thousand new kinds of marine animals. His ‹Plankton Studies› (1890) state his general biologic conclusions upon the life and growth of sea organisms; and his very interesting ‹Monism as the Link between Religion and Science› constitutes a great naturalist's confession of faith.

A man of many travels and much culture, of immense energy, learning, and power of original research, Professor Haeckel holds a dominant position in his own land among the savants of science. His great work in morphology brought into a systematic philosophy the brilliant hypothesis of Darwin, whom he was the first German to defend and expound at a time when the development theory was looked at askance. And in writings like that from which the selections are made, he adds æsthetic and human interest to subjects more often treated after the manner of the arid and technical specialist. The Ceylon sketches have picturesqueness, color, enthusiasm: they impart a sense not only of the order, but of the wonder and beauty of science.

AT PERADENIA

From ‹A Visit to Ceylon›

In the central province of Ceylon, and at a height of fifteen hundred feet above the sea, stands the capital, formerly the residence of the kings of the island, the famous town of Kandy; and only a few miles away from it is a small town, which was also for a short time a royal residence five centuries ago. At this place the English government made a botanical garden in 1819, and Dr. Gardner was the first director. His successor, the late Dr. Thwaites, the very meritorious compiler of the first ‹Flora Zeylanica,› for thirty years did all he could to improve and carry out the purpose of this garden in a manner worthy of its advantages of climate and position. When he retired, a year or two before his death, Dr. Henry Trimen was appointed director; and from him, immediately on my arrival, I received a most friendly invitation. I accepted it all the more gladly, because in Europe I had already read and heard much of the marvels of plant life at Peradenia. Nor were my high anticipations disappointed. If Ceylon is a Paradise for every botanist and lover of flowers, then Peradenia deserves to be called the very heart of Paradise.

Peradenia and Kandy are connected with Colombo by a railway, the first made in Ceylon; the journey occupying from first to last between four and five hours. I started from Colombo at seven in the morning of the 4th of December, and reached Peradenia at about eleven. Like all Europeans in Ceylon, I found I must travel in the first-class — not *noblesse*, but whiteness, *oblige*. The second-class is used only by the yellow and tawny burghers and half-breeds, the descendants of the Portuguese and Dutch; the third-class of course carries the natives, the dark Cinghalese and the nearly black Tamils. The only wonder to me is that there is not a fourth for these last, and a fifth for the despised low-caste Hindoos. The natives are always great patrons of railway traveling; it is the only pleasure on which they are prepared to spend money, all the more so as it is a cheap one. Directly after the railway was opened, the natives began traveling by the wonderful road every day and all day long, for the mere pleasure of it. The carriages are airy and light; the first-class well provided with protection against the heat, with wide eaves and Venetian blinds. The engine-drivers and the guards, in their white clothes with sola helmets, are Englishmen. The line is worked with order and punctuality, like all the English railways.

The first two-hours' ride from Colombo to Peradenia lies across a level country, most of it covered with marshy jungle, varied by rice fields and water meadows. In these, herds of black buffaloes lie half in the water, while graceful white herons pick the insects off their backs; farther on, the line gradually approaches the hills, and after Rambukana station begins to work upwards. For an hour, between this and the next station, Kaduganawa, the line is in point of scenery one of the most beautiful I have ever seen. The road winds with many zigzags up the steep northern face of a vast basin or *cirque*. At first the eye is fascinated by the changing aspect of the immediate foreground: immense blocks of gneiss stand up amid the luxuriant masses of dense forest which fill the ravines on each side; creepers of the loveliest species fling themselves from one tree-top to the next, as they tower above the undergrowth; enchanting little cascades tumble down the cliffs, and close by the railroad we often come upon the old high-road from Colombo to Kandy, formerly so busy a scene, which was constructed by the English government to enable them to keep possession of the ancient capital.

Further on we command wider views, now of the vast park-like valley which grows below us as we mount higher, and now of the lofty blue mountain range which stands up calm and proud beyond its southern wall. Although the forms of the higher hills are monotonous and not particularly picturesque, — for the most part low, undulating shoulders of granite and gneiss,— still a few more prominent peaks rise conspicuous; as for instance, the curious table rock known as the « Bible Rock.» « Sensation Rock,» as it is called, is one of the most striking and impressive features of the scenery. The railway, after passing through several tunnels, here runs under overhanging rocks along the very edge of a cliff, with a fall of from twelve to fourteen hundred feet, almost perpendicular, into the verdurous abyss below. Dashing waterfalls come foaming down from the mountain wall on the left, rush under the bridges over which the line is carried, and throwing themselves with a mighty leap into mid-air, are lost in mist before they reach the bottom of the gorge, making floating rainbows where the sun falls upon them.

The green depths below and the valley at our feet are covered partly with jungle and partly with cultivation; scattered huts, gardens, and terraced rice fields can be discerned. The lofty head of the talipot palm, the proud queen of the tribe in Ceylon, towers above the scrub on every side. Its trunk is perfectly straight and white, like a slender marble column, and often more than a hundred feet high. Each of the fans that compose its crown of leaves covers a semicircle of from twelve to sixteen feet radius, a surface of one hundred and fifty to two hundred square feet; and they like every part of the plant have their uses, particularly for thatching roofs: but they are more famous because they were formerly used exclusively instead of paper by the Cinghalese, and even now often serve this purpose. The ancient Puskola manuscripts in the Buddhist monasteries are all written with an iron stylus on this *ola* paper, made of narrow strips of talipot leaves boiled and then dried. The proud talipot palm flowers but once in its life, usually between its fiftieth and eightieth year. The tall pyramidal spike of bloom rises immediately above the sheaf of leaves to a height of thirty or forty feet, and is composed of myriads of small yellowish-white blossoms; as soon as the nuts are ripe the tree dies. By a happy accident, an unusual number of talipot palms were in flower at the time of my visit; I counted sixty between Rambukana and Kaduganawa, and above a hundred in my whole journey. Excursions are frequently made to this point from Colombo, to see the strange and magnificent scene.

The railroad, like the old high-road, is at its highest level above the sea at the Kaduganawa pass, and a lighthouse-shaped column stands here in memory of the engineer of the carriage road, Captain Dawson. We here are on the dividing ridge of two water-sheds. All the hundred little streams which we have hitherto passed, threading their silver way through the velvet verdure of the valley, flow either to the Kelany Ganga or to the Maha-Oya, both reaching the sea on the western coast. The brooks which tumble from the eastern shoulder of Kaduganawa all join the Mahavelli Ganga, which flows southward not far below. This is the largest river in the island, being about one hundred and thirty-four miles long, and it enters the sea on the east coast near Trincomalee. The railway runs along its banks, which are crowded with plantations of sugar-cane, and in a quarter of an hour from the pass we reach Peradenia, the last station before Kandy. . . .

The entrance to the garden is through a fine avenue of old india-rubber trees. This is the same as the Indian species, of which the milky juice when inspissated becomes caoutchouc, and of which young plants are frequently grown in sitting-rooms in our cold Northern climate, for the sake of the bright polished green of its oval leathery leaves. But while with us these india-rubber plants are greatly admired when their inch-thick stems reach the ceiling, and their rare branches bear fifty leaves, more or less, in the hot moisture of their native land they attain the size of a noble forest tree, worthy to compare with our oaks. An enormous crown of thousands of leaves growing on horizontal boughs, spreading forty to fifty feet on every side, covers a surface as wide as a good-sized mansion, and the base of the trunk throws out a circle of roots often from one hundred to two hundred feet in diameter, more than the whole height of the tree. These very remarkable roots generally consist of twenty or thirty main roots, thrown out from strongly marked ribs in the lower part of the trunk, and spreading like huge creeping snakes over the surface of the soil. The india-rubber tree is indeed called the «snake-tree» by the natives, and has been compared by poets to Laocoön entwined by serpents. Very often however the roots grow up from the ground like strong upright poles, and so form stout props, enabling the parent tree to defy all storms unmoved. The spaces between these props form perfect little rooms or sentry boxes, in which a man can stand upright and be hidden. These pillar-roots are developed here in many other gigantic trees of very different families.

I had scarcely exhausted my surprise at this avenue of snake-trees, when exactly in the middle, beyond the entrance of the gate, my eye was caught by another wonderful sight. An immense bouquet there greets the visitor — a clump of all the palms indigenous to the island, together with many foreign members of this noblest growth of the tropics; all wreathed with flowering creepers, and their trunks covered with graceful parasitical ferns. Another but even larger and finer group of palms stood further on at the end of the entrance avenue, and was moreover surrounded by a splendid parterre of flowering plants. The path here divided, that to the left leading to the director's bungalow, situated on a slight rise. This inviting home is like most of the villa residences in Ceylon, a low one-storied building surrounded by an airy veranda, with a projecting roof supported on light white columns. Both pillars and roof are covered with garlands of the loveliest climbers; large-flowered orchids, fragrant vanilla, splendid fuchsias, and other brilliant blossoms, and a choice collection of flowering plants and ferns, decorate the beds which lie near the house. Above it wave the shadowy boughs of the finest Indian trees, and numbers of butterflies and chafers, lizards and birds, animate the beautiful spot. I was especially delighted with the small barred squirrels, which looked particularly pretty here, though they are common and very tame in all the gardens of Ceylon.

As the bungalow stands on the highest point of the gardens, and a broad velvet lawn slopes down from it, the open hall of the veranda commands a view of a large portion of the garden, with a few of the finest groups, as well as the belt of tall trees which inclose the planted land. Beyond this park-like ground rise the wooded heads of the mountains which guard the basin of Peradenia. The beautiful Mahavelli River flows round the garden in a wide reach, and divides it from the hill country. Thus it lies in a horseshoe-shaped peninsula; on the landward side, where it opens into the valley of Kandy, it is effectually protected by a high and impenetrable thicket of bamboo, mixed with a chevaux-de-frise of thorny rattan palms and other creepers. The climate too is extraordinarily favorable to vegetation; at a height of fifteen hundred feet above the sea, the tropical heat of the mountain basin, combined with the heavy rainfall on the neighboring mountains, make of Peradenia an admirable natural forcing-house, and it can easily be conceived how lavishly the tropical flora here displays its wonderful productive powers.

My first walk through the garden in the company of the accomplished director convinced me that this was in fact the case; and although I had heard and read much of the charms of the prodigal vegetation of the tropics, and longed and dreamed of seeing them, still the actual enjoyment of the fabulous reality far exceeded my highest expectations, even after I had already made acquaintance with the more conspicuous forms of this Southern flora at and near Colombo and Bombay. During the four days I was so happy as to spend at Peradenia, I made greater strides in my purview of life and nature in the vegetable world than I could have made at home by the most diligent study in so many months. Indeed, when two months later I visited Peradenia for the second, and alas! for the last time, and spent three more happy days in that Paradise, it enchanted me to the full as much when I quitted it as it had at the first glance; only I saw it with wider understanding and increased knowledge. I cannot sufficiently thank my excellent friend Dr. Trimen for his kind hospitality and valuable instruction; the seven days I spent in his delightful bungalow were indeed to me seven days of creation.

Translation of Clara Bell.

COLOR AND FORM IN THE CEYLON CORAL BANKS

From ‹A Visit to Ceylon›

Nine years since, in 1873, when I made an excursion among the coral reefs of the Sinai coast, and for the first time had a glimpse of the wonderful forms of life in their submarine gardens of marvels, they had excited my utmost interest; and in a popular series of lectures on Arabian corals (published with five colored plates) I had endeavored to sketch these wonderful creatures and their communities, with various other animals. The corals of Ceylon, which I first became acquainted with here at Galle, and subsequently studied more closely at Belligam, reminded me vividly of that delightful experience, and at the same time afforded me a multitude of new ones. For though the marine fauna of the Indian seas is on the whole nearly allied to the Arabian fauna of the Red Sea,—many genera and species being common to both,—yet the number and variety of forms of life is considerably greater in the vast basin of the Indian Ocean with its diversified coast, than in the pent-up waters of the Arabian Gulf with its uniform conditions of existence. Thus I found the general physiognomy of the coral reefs in the two situations different, in spite of many features in common. While the reefs at Tur are for the most part conspicuous for warm coloring,—yellow, orange, red, and brown,—in the coral gardens of Ceylon green predominates in a great variety of shades and tones: yellow-green Alcyonia growing with sea-green Heteropora, and malachite-like Anthophylla side by side with olive-green Millepora; Madrepora, and Astræa of emerald hue, with brown-green Montipora and Mæandrina.

Ransonnet had already pointed out how singularly and universally green prevails in the coloring of Ceylon. Not only is the greater portion of this evergreen isle clothed with an unfading tapestry of rich verdure, but the animals of the most widely dissimilar classes which live in its woods are conspicuous for their green coloring. This is seen in all the commonest birds and lizards, butterflies, and beetles, which are of every shade of brilliant green. In the same way the innumerable inhabitants of the sea, of all classes, are colored green, such as many fishes and crustacea, worms, and sea-anemones: indeed, creatures which elsewhere seldom or never appear in green livery wear it here; for instance, several star-fish, sea-urchins, sea-cucumbers; also some enormous bivalves, and Brachiopoda, and others. An explanation of this phenomenon is to be found in Darwin's principles, particularly in the law of adaptation by selection of similar coloring or sympathetic affinity of color, as I have elucidated it in my 'History of Creation.' The less the predominant coloring of any creature varies from that of its surroundings, the less will it be seen by its foes, the more easily can it steal upon its prey, and the more it is protected and fitted for the struggle for existence. Natural selection will at the same time constantly confirm the similarity between the prevailing color of the animal and of its surroundings, because it is beneficial to the animal. The green coral banks of Ceylon, with their preponderance of green inhabitants, are as instructive in their bearing on this theory as are the green land animals which people the evergreen forests and thickets of the island; but in purity and splendor of coloring the sea creatures are even more remarkable than the fauna of the forests.

It would, however, be a mistake to suppose that this prevailing green hue produces a monotonous uniformity of coloring. On the contrary, it is impossible to weary of admiring it; for on the one hand, the most wonderful gradations and modifications may be traced through it, and on the other, numbers of vividly and gaudily colored forms are scattered among them. And just as the gorgeous red, yellow, violet, or blue colors of many birds and insects look doubly splendid in the dark-green forest of Ceylon, so do the no less brilliant hues of some marine creatures on the coral banks. Many small fishes and crustaceans are particularly distinguished by such gaudy coloring, with very elegant and extremely singular markings, as they seek their food among the ramifications of the coral-trees. Some few large corals are also conspicuously and strikingly colored; thus, for instance, many Pocilloporæ are rose-colored, many of the Astræidæ are red and yellow, and many of the Heteroporæ and Madreporæ are violet and brown, etc. But unfortunately, these gorgeous colors are for the most part very evanescent, and disappear as soon as the coral is taken out of the water; often at a mere touch. The sensitive creatures which have displayed their open cups of tentacles in the greatest beauty then suddenly close, and become inconspicuous, dull, and colorless.

But if the eye is enchanted merely by the lovely hues of the coral reef and its crowded population, it is still more delighted by the beauty and variety of form displayed by these creatures. Just as the radiated structure of one individual coral polyp resembles a true flower, so the whole structure of the branched coral stock resembles the growth of plants, trees, and shrubs. It was for this reason that corals were universally supposed to be really plants, and it was long before their true nature as animals was generally believed in.

These coral gardens display indeed a lovely and truly fairy-like scene, as we row over them in a boat at low tide and on a calm sea. Close under the Fort of Galle the sea is so shallow that the keel of the boat grates on the points of the stony structure; and from the wall of the fort above, the separate coral growths can be distinguished through the crystal water. A great variety of most beautiful and singular species here grow close together, on so narrow a space that in a very few days I had made a splendid collection.

Mr. Scott's garden, in which my kind host allowed me to place them to dry, looked strange indeed during these days. The splendid tropical plants seemed to vie with the strange marine creatures who had intruded on their domain for the prize for beauty and splendor; and the enchanted naturalist, whose gladdened eye wandered from one to the other, could not decide whether the fauna or the flora best deserved to take it. The coral animals imitated the forms of the loveliest flowers in astonishing variety, and the orchids on the other hand mimicked the forms of insects. The two great kingdoms of the organized world seemed here to have exchanged aspects.

Most of the corals which I collected in Galle and Belligam, I procured by the help of divers. These I found here to be quite as clever and capable of endurance as the Arabs of Tur nine years before. Armed with a strong crowbar, they uprooted the limestone structure of even very large coral stocks from their attachment to the rocky base, and raised them most skillfully up to the boat. These masses often weighed from fifty to eighty pounds, and it cost no small toil and care to lift them uninjured into the boat. Some kinds of coral are so fragile that in taking them out of the water they break by their own weight; and so, unfortunately, it is impossible to convey many of the most delicate kinds uninjured to land. This is the case, for instance, with certain frail Turbinariæ, whose foliaceous stock grows in the shape of an inverted spiral cone; and of the many-branched

Heteropora, which resembles an enormous stag's antler with hundreds of twigs.

It is not from above, however, that a coral reef displays its full beauty, even when we row close over it, and when the ebb-tide has left the water so shallow that its projections grind against the boat. On the contrary, it is essential to take a plunge into the sea. In the absence of a diving-bell I tried to dive to the bottom and keep my eyes open under water, and after a little practice I found this easy. Nothing could be more wonderful than the mysterious green sheen which pervades this submarine world. The enchanted eye is startled by the wonderful effects of light, which are so different from those of the upper world with its warm and rosy coloring; and they lend a double interest and strangeness to the forms and movements of the myriads of creatures that swarm among the corals. The diver is in all reality in a new world. There is in fact a whole multitude of singular fishes, crustacea, mollusca, radiata, worms, etc., whose food consists solely of the coral polyps among which they live; and these coral-eaters, which may be regarded as parasites in the true sense of the word, have acquired by adaptation to their peculiar mode of life the most extraordinary forms; more especially are they provided with weapons of offense and defense of the most remarkable character.

But just as it is well known that "no man may walk unpunished under the palms," so the naturalist cannot swim with impunity among the coral banks. The Oceanides, under whose protection these coral fairy bowers of the sea flourish, threaten the intruding mortal with a thousand perils. The Millepora, as well as the Medusæ which float among them, burn him wherever they touch like the most venomous nettles; the sting of the fish known as Synanceia is as painful and dangerous as that of the scorpion; numbers of crabs nip his tender flesh with their powerful claws; black sea-urchins thrust their foot-long spines, covered with fine prickles set the wrong way, into the sole of his foot, where they break off and remain, causing very serious wounds. But worst of all is the injury to the skin in trying to secure the coral itself. The numberless points and angles with which their limestone skeleton is armed, inflict a thousand little wounds at every attempt to detach and remove a portion. Never in my life have I been so gashed and mangled as after a few days of diving and coral-fishing at Galle, and I suffered from the consequences for several weeks after. But what are these transient sufferings to a naturalist, when set in the scale against the fairy-like scenes of delight with which a plunge among these marvelous coral groves enriches his memory for life!

Translation of Clara Bell.

HĀFIZ

(Fourteenth Century A. D.)

BY A. V. WILLIAMS JACKSON

HĀFIZ, the famous lyric poet of Persia in the fourteenth century, is sometimes called the Persian Anacreon. Hāfiz sang the praises of the rose and of the springtide, and chanted the glories of spiritual beauty and love, or fluted in plaintive strains the sad note of the bulbul or nightingale in Persia, at a time not far distant from that in which England listened to the rhythmical conflict in minstrelsy between ‹The Owl and the Nightingale,› or was entranced by the dulcet measures of the Chaucerian ‹Romaunt of the Rose.›

Hāfiz, the tender and sensitive poet, was born about the opening of the fourteenth century. His full name was Khwāja Shams-ad-dīn Muhammad Hāfiz. We are told that he was of good family, and we know that he must have had an excellent education. His *nom de plume* «Hāfiz» («retainer»: *i. e.*, «one who remembers,» or «who knows the Qurān by heart») is significant; and his native city of Shīrāz, whose praises he sounds, has become synonymous with poetic inspiration. Hāfiz stands almost as the last and greatest in the line of Persian poesy which can boast of Firdausī, Nizāmī, Omar Khayyām, Jalāl-ad-dīn Rūmī, Sa'dī, and Jāmī. The charm of his style, the beauty of his language, the pure flow of his verse, and the passionate depth of his thought and feeling, whether it be in a lyrical outpouring of his own soul or in the veiled, mystic ecstasy of spiritual devotion concealed under the guise of material images, rightly render Hāfiz a poet's poet.

His life seems not to have been very eventful, and it is only surmise that presumes that his youth may have been Anacreontic. A tradition, however, is preserved which shows that his verse early won him world-wide fame. His name reached India and came to the ears of the Deccan prince, Sultān Mahmūd Shāh Bahmanī. His Majesty invited the gifted bard to visit his court, and sent him a handsome present to defray the expenses of his journey. Hāfiz, like Horace, if the story be true, seems to have been a poor sailor. In terror of shipwreck he turned back before he had fairly started on his voyage, and sent to the generous literary patron a poem or panegyric instead of presenting himself. He apologized for his absence on the ground of dread of the dangers of the deep; and his expressed preference for the quiet life and charming beauties of Shīrāz does not seem to have displeased the liberal-minded potentate.

A pretty story is also told, regarding one of Hāfiz's odes that became known to the Scythian conqueror Tīmūr Lang (Tamerlane). This was the *ghazal* beginning—

«Agar ān Turk i Shīrāzī ba-dast ārad dil i mā-rā,»

which is below translated in the lines opening with—

«If that beauty of Shīrāz would take my heart in hand.»

In this sonnet the passionate poet offers to give the cities of Samarkand and Bokhara for «the dark mole» on his favorite's cheek. When the great Tamerlane subdued Farsistan, he is said to have summoned Hāfiz to his presence and to have sternly rebuked him for this lavish recklessness in giving away cities that were not a poet's to bestow. The brilliancy of the minstrel's wit was equal to the occasion: kissing the ground at the conqueror's feet, he replied, «Sultān of the world, it is through such generosity that I am come to this disastrous [or joyous] day.» It is needless to add the happy result, and one wishes that the truth of the story were less uncertain. Like Pindar and other famous poets, stories are also not wanting as to how Hāfiz received the gift of song; fanciful as they may be, they all show the esteem in which he was held, not in Persia alone, but abroad.

Hāfiz was married, if we rightly interpret the pathetic lines that lament a home left desolate by the departure of a being for whom his soul breathed the Divine awe. (See below.) His own death occurred about 1389. It is said that the Moslem priests at first declined to perform the last solemn rites over his body, as exceptions were taken to the orthodoxy of some of his poetical compositions. It was determined to decide the matter by lot. A number of verses chosen at random from Hāfiz's own poems were tossed into an urn, and a child was appointed to draw one out. The verse read:—

«From the bier of Hāfiz keep not back thy foot,
For though he be immersed in sin, he goeth to Paradise.»

The body was at once accorded proper burial, and his grave in a fair shaded garden near Shīrāz, with its beautifully inscribed alabaster slab, still forms a living monument, if one were needed besides the lovely odes that we have of this passionate poet.

Hāfiz was a prolific writer; the manuscript and printed editions of his works comprise more than five hundred ghazals or odes. A ghazal—ode, or perhaps rather sonnet—is a poem not exceeding sixteen or seventeen couplets. The last two words of the first couplet rhyme together, and with these also rhymes the second line of every couplet in the poem; all the odd lines are entirely independent of rhyme. The signature of the poet, as a rule, is woven into the last verse of the ghazal. Parallels for signatures thus inserted are not far to seek in the Greek anthology or in English, or even in Anglo-Saxon poetry. A series of ghazals, moreover, when gathered into a collection, is called a *dīvān.* The poems or odes in a dīvān are regularly arranged, alphabetically, according to the initial letter of the Persian word with which the poem begins. A parallel might be imagined if our hymn-books were arranged according to the table of first lines. Hāfiz also wrote quatrains and a number of other short poetical compositions. So popular was his dīvān that it came to be consulted as an oracle, by opening the book and putting the finger on any chance verse.

As to the poetic merit of Hāfiz's work, there is no question: his title to fame is acknowledged. As to the interpretation of his poems, however, there is much question and debate whether they are to be taken in a literal or in a spiritual sense. Some readers see in his praises of love and of wine, of musky tresses and slender cypress forms, merely the passion of an Ovid or an Anacreon. Other admirers of Hāfiz, however, and especially his Oriental worshipers, read spiritual thoughts of Divine love, of the soul and God, behind the physical imagery. Wine is the spirit, it is not the juice of the grape; and the draught from the tavern is but quaffing the cup of self-oblivion. There is undoubted truth in this interpretation, which is in accordance with the mystic doctrines of Sūfī-ism. The idea is Oriental, and the analogous interpretation of the Song of Solomon is familiar. In the Occident, moreover, mediæval poets employed similar physical images for religious awe and adoration; parallels even of English poets in the seventeenth century, like the Fletchers, Donne, and Crashaw, might be cited. But, as in the latter instances also, there can be little doubt that numerous odes of Hāfiz, perhaps those of his earlier youth, hardly allow of anything but a material and passionate interpretation. In any case, the grace, charm, beauty, and delicate feeling is never absent in Hāfiz's poetry.

The most complete edition of Hāfiz in translation is the English prose rendering by H. Wilberforce Clarke: ‹The Dīvān ī Hāfiz, Translated› (3 vols., London, 1891). It also contains extensive biographical, bibliographical, and critical matter, and should certainly be consulted. Selections from Hāfiz have been translated into many languages. Sir William Jones, who was himself a poet, made Hāfiz familiar in English as early as 1795. Among other names might be mentioned H. Bicknell, ‹Selections from Hāfiz› (London, 1875); and S. Robinson, ‹Persian Poetry for English Readers› (privately printed, Glasgow, 1883). Robinson's work has evidently been drawn upon by J. H. McCarthy: ‹Ghazels from the Divan of Hāfiz› (London and New York, 1893). The best German translation (complete) is by V. von Rosenzweig (3 vols., 1856–64).

A. V. Williams Jackson

SELECTED GHAZALS OR ODES

If that beauty of Shīrāz would take my heart in hand, I would give for her dark mole Samarkand and Bokhara.
Boy, bring me the wine that remaineth; for in Paradise thou wilt not see the banks of the water of Roknabad, nor the rose bower of our Mosella.
Alas! those saucy lovely ones, those charming disturbers of our city, bear away patience from my heart as Turkomans their repast of plunder!
Yet the beauty of our maidens is independent of our imperfect love! To a lovely face what need is there of paint or dyes, of mole or down?
Speak to me of the musician and of wine, and search less into the secrets of futurity; for no one in his wisdom ever hath discovered, or ever will discover, that mystery.
I can understand how the beauty of Joseph, which added new lustre to the day, withdrew Zulaikha from the veil of her modesty.
Thou hast spoken evil of me, and I am contented—God forgive thee! Thou hast spoken well; for even a bitter word is beseeming, when it cometh from a ruby sugar-dropping lip.
Give ear, O my soul, to good counsel; for better than their own souls love youths of a happy disposition the admonition of the aged wise.
Thou hast composed thy ghazal; thou hast strung thy pearls: come and sing it sweetly, O Hāfiz! for Heaven hath shed upon thy poetry the harmony of the Pleiades.

The heart is the veil behind which is hidden His love; His eye is the mirror-holder which reflecteth His countenance.
I, who would not bow my head to both worlds, submit my neck to the burthen of His mercies.

Thou enjoyest the tūba-tree, I the image of my beloved one! Every one's thoughts are fashioned to the measure of his aims.

What should I be within that Holy Place, in which the morning breeze is the veil-holder who guardeth the sanctuary of His honor!

If I have soiled the skirts of my raiment, what is the damage which I can do? The universe is the pledge for His purity!

Mejnūn is long departed; now it is our turn: to each one is allowed a five-days' sojourning!

The kingdom of love and the wealth of enjoyment—all that I possess is bestowed by the hand of His destination.

If we have offered for a ransom ourselves and our hearts, why need we fear? The goal towards which we strive is the purpose of His salvation.

Never cease to make His image the object of thine eye, for its cell is the peculiar chamber of His privacy.

Every new rose which adorneth the meadow is a mark of the color and perfume of His benevolence.

Look not on his external poverty, for the bosom of Hāfiz is a rich treasury in the exuberance of His benevolence!

Is THERE aught sweeter than the delights of the garden and companionship of the spring? But where is the Cup-bearer? Say, what is the cause of his lingering?

Every pleasant moment that cometh to your hand, score up as an invaluable prize! Let no one hesitate, for who knoweth the conclusion of the matter?

The tie of life is but a hair! Use thine intelligence; be thyself thine own comrade in sorrow, and what then is the sorrow which Fate can deal thee?

The meaning of the Fountain of Life and the Gardens of Irem—what is it but the enjoyment of a running stream and a delicious wine?

The temperate man and the intemperate are both of one tribe: what choice is there between them, that we should surrender our souls to dubious reasonings?

What reveal the silent heavens of that which is behind the veil? O litigant, why dispute with the keeper of the Veil?

If to him who is bound up in error or sin there is no room for warning or amendment, what meaning is there in the words «Canceling, and the mercy of the Forgiving One»?

The devotee longs for draughts from the river Kuther, and Hāfiz from a goblet of wine. Between these, the will of the Creator—what would *that* be?

In the hour of dawn the bird of the garden thus spoke to a freshly blown rose: «Be less disdainful, for in this garden hath bloomed many a one like thee.»

The rose smiled, and said, «We have never grieved at hearing the truth; but no lover would speak so harshly to his beloved!»

To all eternity, the odor of love will never reach the brain of that man who hath never swept with his brow the dust from the sill of the wine-house.

Dost thou desire to drink the ruby-tinted wine from that gold-begemmed goblet, how many a pearl must thou first pierce with the point of thine eyelashes!

Yesterday, when in the Rose Garden of Irem the morning breeze with its gentle breath began to disturb the hair of the spikenard,

I exclaimed, «O throne of Jemshīd, where is thy magic world-reflecting mirror?» and it replied, «Alas! that that watchful Fortune should be slumbering!»

The words of love are not those that come to the tongue: O Cup-bearer, cut short this asking and answering.

The tears of Hāfiz have cast patience and wisdom into the sea: how could it be otherwise? The burning pangs of love how could he conceal?

The Fast is over, the Festival is come, and hearts are lifted up, and the wine is sparkling in the wine-house, and wine we must drink!

The turn of the heavy dealer in abstinence is past, the season of joy is arrived, and of joyous revelers!

Why should reproach be heaped upon him, who like me quaffeth wine? This is neither sin nor fault in the jovial lover!

The drinker of wine, in whom is no false show and no dissimulation, is better than he who is a trader in semblances.

We are neither dissembling revelers, nor the comrades of hypocrites: He who is the knower of all secrets knoweth this.

We discharge all our Divine obligations and do evil to no man; and whatever we are told is not right, we say not that it is right.

What mattereth it, that thou and I should quaff a few goblets of wine? Wine is the blood of the vine; it is not thy blood!

This is not a fault which throweth all into confusion; and were it a fault, where is the man to be found who is free from faults?

Hāfiz, leave thou the «How» and the «Wherefore,» and drink for a moment thy wine: His wisdom hath withholden from us what is the force of the words «How» and «WHEREFORE.»

HAIL, Shīrāz! incomparable site! O Lord, preserve it from every disaster!
God forbid a hundred times that our Roknabād be dimmed, to which the life of Khizar hath given its brightness!
For between Jafferabād and Mosella cometh his north wind perfumed with amber.
Oh come to Shīrāz, and the overflow of the Holy Spirit implore for it from the man who is the possessor of all perfection!
Let no one boast here the sugar-candy of Egypt, for our sweet ones have no reason for the blush of shame.
O morning breeze, what news bringest thou of that tipsy lovely one? What information canst thou give me of her condition?
Awaken me not from my dream, O God, that I may sweeten my solitude with that fair vision!
Yea, if that sweet one should desire me to pour out my blood, yield it up, my heart, as freely as mother's milk!
Wherefore, O Hāfiz, if thou wouldst be terrified by the thought of separation, wast thou not grateful for the days of her presence?

O LORD, that smiling rose which thou gavest me in charge, I return to thy charge, to preserve her from the envious eye of her meadow.
Although she be removed a hundred stages from the village of faithfulness, far be the mischiefs of the revolutions of the moon from her soul and body!
Whithersoever she goeth, the heart of her friend shall be the companion of her journey; the kindness of the benevolent the shield of her soul and body!
If, morning wind, thou passest by the bounds of Sulima's station, I shall look that thou carry a salutation from me to Sulima.
Scatter thy musky fragrance gently upon those black tresses: they are the abode of dear hearts,—do not disturb them!
Say to her, «My heart preserveth its vow of fidelity to the mole and down of thy cheek;» therefore hold sacred those amber-plaited ringlets.

In the place where they drink to the memory of her lip, base would be the intoxicated one who should remain conscious of himself!

Merchandise and money expect not to gain at the door of the wine-house. Whoever partaketh of this beverage will cast his pack into the sea.

Whoever is in dread of the restlessness of anxiety, not genuine is his love: either be her foot upon my head, or be my lip upon her mouth!

The poetry of Hāfiz is the primary couplet of wisdom: praise be on her soul-attracting and grace-inspiring breath!

I HAVE made a compact with the mistress of my soul, that so long as I have a soul within my body I will hold as mine own soul the well-wishers of her village.

In the privacy of my breast I see light from that taper of Chighil; splendor to mine eye and brightness to my heart from that moon of Khoten.

Since in accordance with my wishes and yearnings I have gained the privacy of my breast, why need I care for the slander of evil-speakers in the midst of the crowd?

If a hundred armies of lovely ones should be lying in ambush to assault my heart, I have, by the mercy and to the praise of Heaven, an idol which will shatter armies to pieces.

Would to Heaven, my rival, that this night thou wouldest close thine eye for a while, that I might whisper a hundred words to her silent ruby lips!

No inclination have I for tulip, or white rose, or the leaf of the narcissus, so long as by Heaven's grace I walk proudly in the rose garden of her favor.

O mine ancient wise one, lay not thy prohibition on the wine-house; for abandoning the wine-cup, I should break a pledge to mine own heart.

My beverage is easy of digestion, and my love is beautiful as a picture; no one hath a love — such a love as I have!

I have a Cypress in my dwelling, under the shade of whose tall stature I can dispense with the cypress of the grove, and the box-tree of the meadow.

I can boast that the seal of her ruby lip is potent as was that of Solomon: in possession of the Great Name, why should I dread the Evil One!

After long abstinence, Hāfiz is become a notorious reveler; but why grieve, so long as there is in the world an Emin-ad-Dīn Hassan!

Spring is come again, and the joy-exciting and vow-breaking rose; in the delight of gazing on the cheek of the rose, tear up the root of sorrow from thy heart!
The soft east wind is arrived; the rosebud in its passion hath burst forth and torn its own garment.
Learn, O my heart, the way of sincerity from the clear water; in uprightness seek freedom from the cypress of the meadow.
The bride of the rosebud, with her jewels and sweet smile, hath stolen away with her black eye my heart and my religion.
The warbling of the enamored nightingale, and the piping of the bird of the thousand notes, come to enjoy the meeting with the rose from her house of mourning [*i. e.*, her pod].
See how the gentle breeze hath entwined with his hand the ringlets of the rose! Look how the plaited locks of the hyacinth bend over the face of the jessamine!
The story of the revolving sphere seek to learn from the cup, O Hāfiz! as the voice of the minstrel and the judgment of the wise advise thee!

The bird of my heart is a sacred bird, whose nest is the throne of God: sick of its cage of the body, it is satiated with the things of the world.
If once the bird of the spirit wingeth its flight from this pit of mire, it findeth its resting-place once more only at the door of that palace;
And when the bird of my heart flieth upward, its place is the sidrah-tree; for know that our falcon reposeth only on the pinnacle of the Throne.
The shadow of good fortune falleth upon the world, whenever our bird spreadeth its pinions and feathers over the earth.
In both worlds its station is only in the loftiest sphere; its body is from the quarry, but its soul is confined to no dwelling.
Only the highest heaven is the secret bower of our bird; its drinking-place is in the rose arbors of the Garden of Paradise.
O Hāfiz, thou perplexed one, when thou breathest a word about Unity, inscribe Unity with thy reed on the page of man and spirit!

If at the voice of the turtle-dove and the nightingale thou wilt not quaff wine, how can I cure thee, save by the last remedy — burning?
When the Rose hath cast her veil, and the bird is reciting his «Hu, Hu!» put not the cup from thy hand! What meaneth thine «Oh! Oh!»

Whilst the Water of Life is in thy hand, die not of thirst! «*Water giveth life to all things.*»
Lay up treasures for thyself from the hues and odors of springtide, for follow quickly on its heels the autumn and the winter.
Fate bestoweth no gift which it taketh not back: ask not aught of sordid humanity; the trifle it bestoweth is a nothing.
The grandeur of sovereignty and power, how should it be stable? Of the throne of Jem, and the diadem of Kai, what is left save a fable?
Whoso heapeth up riches to be the heritage of the mean is an infidel: so say the minstrel and the cupbearer; such is the decree of the cymbal and the fife!
It is written on the portico of the mansion of Paradise: «*Woe to him who hath purchased the smiles of the world!*»
Generosity is departed! I fold up my words «Where is the wine?» that I may give «May the soul of Hatim Tai dwell in bliss for ever!»
The miser will never breathe the fragrance of heaven! Come, Hāfiz! take the cup and practice liberality, and I will be thy surety!

Translation of S. Robinson.

THREE GHAZALS OR ODES

From the garden of union with thee, [even] the gardens of Rizvān [Paradise] gain lustre of joy;
From the torment of separation from thee, [even] hell's flame hath torment.

In the beauty of thy cheek and stature, shelter have taken
Paradise, and the tūba [tree]. For them, it [the shelter] is good; and a good place of returning [from this world].

All night, [even] as my eye [seeth, so] the stream of Paradise
Seeth in sleep the image of thy intoxicated eye [of mercy].

In every season, Spring giveth description of thy beauty;
In every book, Paradise maketh mention of thy grace.

This heart consumed, and my soul attained not to the heart's desire;
If it had attained to its desire, it would not have poured forth blood [of grief].

Oh, many the salt-rights of thy lip and mouth,
Which they have against rent livers and roast hearts.

Think not that in thy circle [only] lovers are intoxicated [with love for thee]:
Of the state of zāhids distraught [with love] no news hast thou.

By the circle of thy [ruddy] lip [in thy face, resplendent as the sun], I knew that the jewel [lustre] of the ruby
Was produced by the sun, world-illuminating.

Open the veil. This modesty how long wilt thou practice?
With this veil, what hast thou bound save modesty?

The rose beheld thy face, and fell into the fire [of love],
Perceived thy fragrance, and through shame, became [soft and fragrant like] rose-water.

In love for thy face, Hāfiz is immersed in the sea of calamity.
Behold he dieth! Come once! Help!

Hāfiz! that life should pass in folly, permit not:
Strive; and understand the value of dear life.

[When] the rose is in the bosom, wine in the hand, and the beloved to my desire,—
On such a day, the world's Sūltān is my slave.

Say, Into this assembly bring ye no candle for to-night.
In our assembly the moon of the Friend's face is full.

In our order [of profligates] the wine-cup is lawful; but
O Cypress, rose of body! without thy face [presence], unlawful.

In our assembly [of lovers], mix not *'itr* [perfume]; for our soul
Every moment receiveth perfume from the fragrance of the tip of thy tress.

My ear is all [intent] on the voice of the reed and the melody of the harp [the instruction of the Mūrshid];
My eye is all [intent] on thy ruby lip, and on the circulation of the cup [the manifestations of glories of God in the night season].

Say ye naught of the sweetness of candy and sugar [the delights of the world];
For my desire is for thy sweet lip [the sweet stream of Divine grace, the source of endless delight].

From the time when the treasure of grief for thee was dweller in my ruined heart,
The corner of the tavern is ever my abode.

Of shame why speakest thou? For from shame is my name [renown];
Of name [renown] why askest thou? For from name [renown] is my shame.

Wine-drinker, distraught of head, profligate, and glance-player, I am:
In this city, who is that one who is not like this?

To the Muhtasib, utter not my crime; for he also
Is ever like me in desire of the drinkers of wine.

Hāfiz! sit not a moment without wine and the beloved.
'Tis the season of the rose, and of the jessamine, and of the 'Id of Siyām![*]

Without the beloved's face, the rose — is not pleasant.
Without wine, spring — is not pleasant.

The border of the sward and the air of the garden
Without the [beloved of] tulip cheek — is not pleasant.

With the beloved, sugar of lip, rose of body,
[To be] without kiss and embrace — is not pleasant.

The dancing of the cypress, and the rapture of the rose,
Without the song of the hazār — is not pleasant.

Every picture that reason's hand depicteth,
Save the picture of the [living beauteous] idol — is not pleasant.

The garden and the rose and wine, [all] is pleasant; but
Without the beloved's society,— is not pleasant.

Hāfiz! the soul is [but] a despicable coin;
For scattering [on the true beloved] it — is not pleasant.

That friend by whom our house the [happy] dwelling of the Parī — was,
Head to foot, free from defect, a Parī — was.

Acceptable to the [All] Wise of mine [is] that moon. For his,
With beauty of manner, the way of one endowed with vision — was.

[My] heart said, «In hope of her, in this city I will sojourn:»
Helpless, it knew not that its friend a traveler — was.

Out from my grasp the malignant star plucked her:
Yes: what can I do? The calamity of the revolution of the moon it — was.

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[*] A day of rejoicing following the fast of Ramazān.

Not only from my heart's mystery fell the screen;
Since the sky [time] was, screen-rending its habit — was.

Sweet was the marge of the water, and the rose and the verdure. But
Alas, that moving treasure a wayfarer — was.

Happy were those times which passed with the friend;
All without result and without knowledge the rest — was.

The bulbul [the true lover] slew himself through jealousy of this, that to the rose [the true beloved]
At morning-time [the last breath of life], with the morning breeze [the angel of death], splendor [of heavenly messages] — was.

O heart! establish an excuse. For thou art a beggar; and here,
In the kingdom of beauty, the head of a crowned one — was.

Every treasure of happiness that God gave to Hāfiz,
From the auspiciousness of the evening prayer and of the morning supplication — was.

Translations of Lieut.-Col. H. Wilberforce Clarke.

THREE GHAZALS OR ODES

O cupbearer! bring the joy of youth; bring cup after cup of red wine.
Bring medicine for the disease of love; bring wine, which is the balm of old and young.
Do not grieve for the revolution of time, that it wheeled thus and not thus. Touch the lute in peace.
Wisdom is very wearisome; bring for its neck the noose of wine.
When the rose goes, say "Go gladly," and drink wine, red like the rose.
If the moan of the turtle does not remain, what matter? Bring music in the jug of wine.
The sun is wine and the moon the cup. Pour the sun into the moon.
To drink wine is either good or bad: drink, if it be bad or if it be good.
Her face cannot be seen except in a dream; bring then the medicine of sleep.
Give cup after cup to Hāfiz; pour, whether it be sin or sanctity.

The east wind at the dawn of day brought a perfume from the tresses of my beloved, which immediately cast my foolish heart into fresh agitation.

I imagined that I had uprooted that flower from the garden of my heart, for every blossom which sprang up from its suffering bore only the fruits of pain.

From fear of the attacks of her love, I set my heart free with bloody strife; my heart dropped gouts of blood which marked my footsteps.

I beheld from her terrace how the glory of the moon veiled itself in confusion, before the face of that dazzling sun.

At the voice of the singer and the cupbearer, I go to the door in and out of season; for the messenger cometh with trouble from a weary road.

Any gift of my beloved I take as a courteous and kind, whether it be Mohammedan, Christian, or Jewish.

Heaven protect her eyebrows from harm! for though they brought me to despair, yet with a gracious greeting they have given consolation to the sick heart.

Joy to the time and the hour when I freed myself from the snare of her braided tresses, and gained a victory which even my foe admitted!

From envy of the tresses of my beloved, the breeze lavished all the musk which she had carried from Tartary.

I was amazed when I discovered last night cup and jug beside Hāfiz; but I said no word, for he used them in Sūfī manner.

Yesterday morning I chanced to drink a cup or two, and from the lip of the cupbearer wine had fallen into my heart.

From the joy of intoxication I was longing to call back the beloved of my youth; but divorce had befallen.

I dreamed that I might kiss those divine eyes. I had lost strength and patience on account of her arched eyebrow.

O Saki! give the cup frequently, because, in the journey on the path, where is the lover who has not fallen into hypocrisy?

O interpreter of dreams! give good tidings, because last night the sun seemed to be my ally in the joy of the morning sleep.

At the hour when Hāfiz was writing this troubled verse, the bird of his heart had fallen into the snare of love.

Translations of Justin Huntly McCarthy.

RICHARD HAKLUYT

(1552?–1616)

Richard Hakluyt has himself told how, when he was one of Queen Elizabeth's scholars at Westminster, he was inspired to the study of cosmography by a visit to the chamber of a kinsman, a gentleman of the Inner Temple in London. He saw there all manner of books on geography, and resolved thereupon to make their acquaintance. And while studying for holy orders at Oxford, and afterward in France, as chaplain to Sir Edward Stafford, both reading and observation gave him knowledge of English slothfulness in maritime discovery and enterprise.

Before Hakluyt was sent as ambassador's chaplain to Paris, however, he had published his first work, 'Divers Voyages touching the Discoverie of America, and the Islands adjacent unto the same, made first of all by our Englishmen, and afterwards by the Frenchmen and Britons: And certaine notes of advertisements for observations, necessarie for such as shall hereafter make the like attempt, With two mappes annexed hereunto, for the plainer understanding of the whole matter.—Imprinted at London for Thomas Woodcocke, dwelling in Paules Church-yard, at the Signe of the Blacke Beare,' 1582. The book, which appeared when he was thirty (he was born about 1552), was dedicated «To the right worshipfull and most vertuous Gentleman, master Phillip Sidney Esquire»; and in the address to his patron, Hakluyt complains of England's failure to possess herself of lands rightly hers.

This was to preface a plea for the establishment of a lectureship to advance the art of navigation;—«for which cause I have dealt with the right worshipfull Sir Frances Drake, that, seeing God hath blessed him so wonderfully, he would do this honour to himselfe and benefite to his countrey, to be at the coste to erecte such a lecture.» But his efforts proved futile.

The most memorable fruit of Hakluyt's life in Paris was 'A particuler discourse concerning the greate necessitie and manifolde commodyties that are like to growe to this Realme of Englande by the Westerne discoueries lately attempted, written in the yere 1584, by Richarde Hackluyt of Oxforde, at the requeste and direction of the righte wershipfull Mr. Walter Rayhly, nowe Knight, before the comynge home of his twoo barkes,' a part of which notable paper is given at the end of this article. The energy, zeal, vigor, and conviction the piece displays bear out the claims of Robertson, who in his ‹History of America› asserts that it is the Elizabethan preacher «to whom England is more indebted for its American possessions than to any man of that age.» Hakluyt's faith and earnestness were so eager that he even had a thought of personal hazard, as a second letter to Walsingham bears evidence.

During a visit to England in 1584 he had presented his ‹Particuler discourse concerning Westerne discoueries,› «along with one in Latin upon Aristotle's ‹Politicks,›» to his royal mistress, who in recognition of his pains and loyalty had given him a prebend at Bristol. In May 1585 he brought in person, before the chapter of the cathedral at Bristol, the Queen's order for the preferment. Upon this and like ecclesiastical stipends he lived and did his work,—«the most versed man in that skill» (cosmography), says Hacket, «that England bred.» While in Paris Hakluyt translated and published in 1587 Laudonnière's ‹Histoire Notable de la Florida,› under the title ‹A notable historie containing foure voyages made by certayne French Captaynes into Florida.› At the same time and in the same year he was preparing and publishing ‹De Orbe Novo Petri Martyris Anglerii Decades octo illustratæ, labore et industria Richardi Hackluyti.› In this work is the copper-plate map upon which the name of Virginia is for the first time set down. In 1588 Hakluyt returned to England, and in the following year published a solitary volume, the precursor of his *magnum opus*, ‹The Principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffiques, and Discoveries of the English Nation,› which appeared in London in three folio volumes between 1598 and 1600.

> «In a word,» says Thomas Fuller in his ‹Worthies,› «many of such useful tracts of sea adventure, which before were scattered as several ships, Mr. Hackluyt hath embodied into a fleet, divided into three squadrons, so many several volumes: a work of great honor to England; it being possible that many ports and islands in America which, being bare and barren, bear only a bare name for the present, may prove rich places for the future. And then these voyages will be produced and pleaded, as good evidence of their belonging to England, as first discovered and denominated by Englishmen.»

The work is invaluable: a storehouse of the facts of life, the habits of thinking and doing, of the discoveries abroad of the Englishmen of the high seas in Elizabeth's day. The salt air of the northern seas blows over Hakluyt's pages, as well as the hot simoom and baffling winds. We run aground with the castaways, adventure in bargaining with natives, and in company with the mariners lament the casting overboard, to save our good bark, of three tons of spice. The men of that day were seekers after a golden fleece, the Argonauts of the modern world, and their rough-hewn stories are untellable save in their hardy vernacular. Some of them were traders, with now and then the excitement of a skirmish or a freebooting expedition — a salt to harden the too tender flesh of easy commerce. All were self-gainers and all soldiers of fortune, and by the simplest facts the forerunners of the seventeenth-century buccaneers, and every sort of excess and turpitude that name connotes.

After Hakluyt had completed his great work he edited a translation from the Portuguese, 'The Discoveries of the World' (1601), and in 1609 published his own translation of De Soto's discoveries in Florida. In this work, called 'Virginia Richly Valued,' he endeavored to promote the interests of the infant settlement. Certain of his manuscripts fell after his death into the hands of Samuel Purchas, and were by him edited and included in his 'Pilgrimes' (1625–26).

"He paid his last debt to nature," says Antony à Wood, "23 Nov. in sixteen hundred and sixteen, and was buried in the abbey church of Westminster, dedicated to S. Peter, on the 26th of the same month."

The 'Particuler Discourse' was first printed from a contemporary manuscript by Dr. Woods of Bowdoin College and Mr. Charles Dean of Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1877. Dr. Woods had trace of the paper while searching in England for historical documents in behalf of the Historical Society of Maine. The copy from which he made his transcript was doubtless one of the four which Hakluyt prepared at the time he presented this 'Discourse' to Queen Elizabeth. Its object was evidently to gain Elizabeth's support for Raleigh's adventure, which he had undertaken under a patent granted him in March 1584. The paper is most curious and valuable, and from the point of view of to-day seems to a degree prophetic. Besides proving that Hakluyt had sagacity, penetrative insight, and an imagination that could seize upon and construct in practical affairs, it is typical of the English attitude through all centuries. A moral impulse is in Anglo-Saxon blood. In whatever it undertakes, morality, or an admixture of morality and religion, is its potential incentive. The English, in all such works as Hakluyt deals with, have started out with religion or a moral question and ended with commerce.

Hakluyt's 'Principal Navigations and Voyages' were republished in 1809–1812. 'The Voyages of the English Nation to America' were edited by Mr. Edmund Goldsmid in 1889. The 'Particuler Discourse' appears in these latter volumes as well as in the publications of the Maine Historical Society.

EXPECTATIONS OF AMERICA

A PARTICULER DISCOURSE CONCERNING THE GREATE NECESSITIE AND MANIFOLDE COMMODYTIES THAT ARE LIKE TO GROWE TO THIS REALME OF ENGLANDE BY THE WESTERNE DISCOUERIES LATELY ATTEMPTED, WRITTEN IN THE YERE 1584, BY RICHARDE HACKLUYT OF OXFORDE, AT THE REQUESTE AND DIRECTION OF THE RIGHTE WERSHIPFULL MR. WALTER RAYHLY, NOWE KNIGHT, BEFORE THE COMYNGE HOME OF HIS TWOO BARKES. . . .

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SEINGE that the people of that parte of America from 30. degrees in Florida northewarde unto 63. degrees (which ys yet in no Christian princes actuall possession) are idolaters; and that those which Stephen Gomes broughte from the coaste of NORUMBEGA in the yere 1524. worshipped the sonne, the moone, and the starres, and used other idolatrie, . . . it remayneth to be thoroughly weyed and considered by what meanes and by whome this moste godly and Christian work may be perfourmed of inlarginge the glorious gospell of Christe. . . . Nowe the Kinges and Queenes of England have the name of Defendours of the Faithe. By which title I thinke they are not onely chardged to mayneteyne and patronize the faithe of Christe, but also to inlarge and advaunce the same. Neither oughte this to be their laste worke, but rather the principall and chefe of all others, accordinge to the commaundemente of our Saviour, Christe, Mathewe 6, Ffirste seeke the kingdome of God and the righteousnes thereof, and all other thinges shalbe mynistred unto you.

Nowe the meanes to sende suche as shall labour effectually in this busines ys, by plantinge one or twoo colonies of our nation upon that fyrme, where they shall remaine in safetie, and firste learne the language of the people nere adjoyninge (the gifte of tongues being nowe taken awaye) and by little and little acquainte themselves with their manner, and so with discretion and myldenes distill into their purged myndes the swete and lively liquor of the gospel. . . . Now therefore I truste the time ys at hande when by her Majesties forwardnes in this enterprise, not only this objection and such like shalbe aunswered by our frutefull labor in Godds harvest among the infidells, but also many inconveniences and strifes amongest ourselves at home, in matters of ceremonies, shalbe ended. For those of the clergye which by reason of idlenes here at home are nowe alwayes coyninge of newe opynions, havinge by this voyadge to set themselves on worke in reducinge the savages to the chefe principles of our faith, will become lesse contentious, and be contented with the truthe in relligion alreadie established by authoritie. So they that shall beare the name of Christians shall shewe themselves worthye of their vocation. . . .

The nexte thinge ys that nowe I declare unto you the comodities of this newe westerne discoverie, and what marchandize are there to be had, and from thence to be expected; wherein firste you are to have regarde unto the scituation of the places which are left for us to be possessed. The contries therefore of AMERICA whereunto we have just title, as beinge firste discovered by Sebastian Gabote, at the coste of that prudente prince Kinge Henry the Seaventh, from Florida northewarde to 67. degrees (and not yet in any Chrestian princes actuall possession), beinge aunswerable in clymate to Barbary, Egipt, Siria, Persia, Turky, Greece, all the islandes of the Levant sea, Italie, Spaine, Portingale, Fraunce, Flaunders, Highe Almayne, Denmarke, Estland, Poland, and Muscovye, may presently or within a shorte space afforde unto us, for little or nothinge, and with moche more safetie, eyther all or a greate parte of the comodities which the aforesaid contries do yelde us at a very dere hande and with manifolde daungers.

Firste, therefore, to begyn at the southe from 30. degrees, and to quote unto you the leafe and page of the printed voyadges of those which personally have with diligence searched and viewed these contries. John Ribault writeth thus, in the first leafe of his discourse, extant in printe bothe in Frenche and Englishe: Wee entred (saithe he) and viewed the contrie, which is the fairest, frutefullest, and pleasauntest of all the worlde, aboundinge in honye, waxe, venison, wild fowle, fforestes, woodds of all sorts, palme trees, cipresses, cedars, bayes, the highest and greatest, with also the fairest vines in all the worlde, with grapes accordinge, which naturally withoute arte or mans helpe or trymmynge will growe to toppes of oakes and other trees that be of wonderfull greatness and heighte. And the sighte of the faire meadowes is a pleasure not able to be expressed with tongue, full of herons, curlues, bitters, mallardes, egriphts, woodcocks, and all other kinde of small birdes, with hartes, hinds, bucks, wild swyne, and all other kynd of wilde beastes, as wee perceaved well bothe by their footinge there, and also afterwardes in other places by their crye and roaringe in the nighte. Also there be conies and hares, silkewormes in marvelous nomber, a great deale fairer and better than be our silkewormes. Againe, in the sixte leafe and seconde page: They shewed unto us by signes that they had in the lande golde and silver and copper, whereof wee have broughte some home. Also leade like unto ours, which wee shewed them. Also turqueses and greate aboundance of perles, which as they declared unto us they tooke oute of oysters, whereof there is taken ever alonge the rivers side and amongest the reedes and in the marishes, in so marvelous aboundaunce as it is scante credible. And wee have perceaved that there be as many and as greate perles founde there as in any contrie in the worlde. In the seaventh leafe it followeth thus: The scituation is under 30. degrees, a good clymate, healthfull, and of goodd temperature, marvelous pleasaunt, the people goodd and of a gentle and amyable nature, which willingly will obey, yea be contented to serve those that shall with gentlenes and humanitie goe aboute to allure them, as yt is necessarie for those that be sente thither hereafter so to doe. In the eighth leafe: It is a place wonderfull fertile and of strong scituation, the grounde fatt, so that it is like that it would bringe forthe wheate and all other corne twise a yere.

Verarsana, fallinge in the latitude of 34. degrees, describeth the scituation and commodities in this manner: Beyonde this we sawe the open contrie risinge in heighte above the sandie shoare, with many faire feeldes and plaines full of mightie greate wooddes, some very thicke and some very thynne, replenished with divers sortes of trees, and pleasaunt and delectable to beholde as ys possible to ymagine. And youre Majestie may not thinke that these are like the wooddes of Hyrcinia, or the wilde desertes of Tartaria, and the northerne coastes, full of fruteles trees; but full of palme, date-trees, bayes, and highe cypresses, and many other sortes of trees to us unknowen in Europe, which yelde moste swete savours farr from the shoare; neyther doe wee thincke that they, partakinge of the easte worlde rounde aboute them, are altogether voyde of drugs and spicerye, and other riches of golde, seinge the colour of the lande dothe altogether argue yt. And the lande is full of many beastes, as redd dere, fallowe dere, and hares, and likewise of lakes and pooles of freshe water, with greate plentie of fowles convenient for all pleasaunt game. This lande is in latitude 34. degrees with goodd and holesome ayre, temperate betwene hote and colde; no vehement windes doe blowe in these regions, &c. Againe, in the fourthe leafe as it is in Englishe, speakinge of the nexte contrie, he saithe: Wee sawe in this contrie many vines growinge naturally, which springinge upp tooke holde of the trees as they doe in Lombardye, which, if by husbandmen they were dressed in goodd order, withoute all doubte they woulde yelde excellent wynes; for havinge oftentymes seene the frute thereof dryed, which was swete and pleasaunte and not differinge from oures, wee thinke they doe esteme of the same, because that in every place where they growe they take away the under braunches growinge rounde aboute, that the frute thereof may ripen the better. Wee founde also roses, violetts, lyllies, and many sortes of herbes and swete and odoriferous flowers. And after, in the sixte leafe, he saithe: Wee were oftentimes within the lande V. or VI. leagues, which wee founde as pleasaunte as is possible to declare, apte for any kinde of husbandrye of corne, wine, and oile. For therein there are plaines 25. or 30. leagues broade, open and withoute any impedymente of trees, of suche frutefulnes that any seede beinge sowen therein will bringe furthe moste excellente frute. Wee entred afterwardes into the woodds, which wee founde so greate and thicke that an armye (were it never so greate) mighte have hydd it selfe therein, the trees whereof were oakes, cypresses, and other sortes unknowen in Europe. Wee founde pomi appij, plomes, and nuttes, and many other sortes of frutes to us unknowen. There are beastes in greate aboundaunce, as redd dere and fallowe dere, leopardes and other kindes, which they take with their bowes and arrowes, which are their chefeste weapons. This land is scituate in the parallele of Rome in 41. degrees and 2. terces. And towardes the ende he saithe: Wee sawe many of the people weare earinges of copper hanginge at their eares. Thus farr oute of the relation of Verarsana. . . .

This coaste, from Cape Briton C. C. [200] leagues to the south west, was again discovered at the chardges of the cardinall of Burbon by my frende Stephen Bellinger of Roan, the laste yere, 1583. who founde a towne of fourscore houses, covered with the barkes of trees, upon a rivers side, about C. leagues from the aforesaid Cape Briton. He reporteth that the contrie is of the temperature of the coaste of Cascoigne and Guyañ. He broughte home a kinde of mynerall matter supposed to holde silver, whereof he gave me some: a kynde of muske called castor; divers beastes skynnes, as bevers, otters, marternes, lucernes, seales, buffs, dere skynnes, all dressed, and painted on the innerside with divers excellent colours, as redd, tawnye, yellowe, and vermillyon,—all which thinges I sawe; and divers other marchandize he hath which I saw not. But he tolde me that he had CCCC. and xl. crownes for that in Roan, which, in trifles bestowed upon the savages, stoode him not in fortie crownes. . . .

The nature and qualitie of thother parte of America from Cape Briton, beinge in 46 degrees unto the latitude of 52. for iij C. leagues within the lande even to Hochelaga, is notably described in the twoo voyadges of Iacques Cartier. In the fifte chapiter of his second relation thus he writeth: From the 19. till the 28. of September wee sailed upp the ryver, never loosinge one houre of tyme, all which space wee sawe as goodly a contrie as possibly coulde be wisshed for, full of all sortes of goodly trees; that is to say, oakes, elmes, walnut-trees, cedars, fyrres, asshes, boxe, willoughes, and greate store of vynes, all as full of grapes as coulde be, that if any of our fellowes wente on shoare, they came home laden with them. There were likewise many cranes, swannes, geese, mallardes, fesauntes, partridges, thrusshes, black birdes, turtles, finches, reddbreastes, nightingales, sparrowes, with other sortes of birdes even as in Fraunce, and greate plentie and store. Againe in the xlth chapiter of the said relation there ys mention of silver and golde to be upon a ryver that is three monethes' saylinge, navigable southwarde from Hoghelaga; and that redd copper is yn Saguynay. All that contrie is full of sondrie sortes of woodde and many vines. There is great store of stagges, redd dere, fallowe dere, beares, and other suche like sorts of beastes, as conies, hares, marterns, foxes, otters, bevers, squirrells, badgers, and rattes exceedinge greate, and divers other sortes of beastes for huntinge. There are also many sortes of fowles as cranes, swannes, outardes, wilde geese white and graye, duckes, thrusshes, black birdes, turtles, wild pigeons, lynnetts, finches, redd breastes, stares, nightingales, sparrowes, and other birdes even as in Fraunce. Also, as wee have said before, the said ryver is the plentifullest of fyshe that ever hath bene seene or hearde of, because that from the heade to the mouthe of yt you shall finde all kinde of freshe and salte water fyshe accordinge to their season. There are also many whales, porposes, sea horses, and adhothuis, which is a kinde of fishe which wee have never seene nor hearde of before. And in the xllth chapiter thus: Wee understoode of Donaconna and others that . . . there are people cladd with clothe as wee are, very honest, and many inhabited townes, and that they had greate store of golde and redd copper; and that within the land beyonde the said firste ryver unto Hochelaga and Saguynay, ys an iland envyroned rounde aboute with that and other ryvers, and that there is a sea of freshe water founde, and as they have hearde say of those of Saguynay, there was never man hearde of that founde out the begynnynge and ende thereof. Finally, in the postcripte of the seconde relation, wee reade these wordes: They of Canada saye, that it is a moones sailinge to goe to a lande where cynamonde and cloves are gathered. . . .

Thus having alleaged many printed testymonies of these credible persons, which were personally betwene 30. and 63. degrees in America, as well on the coaste as within the lande, which affirmed unto the princes and kinges which sett them oute that they found there, . . . I may well and truly conclude with reason and authoritie, that all the comodities of all our olde decayed and daungerous trades in all Europe, Africa, and Asia haunted by us, may in shorte space for little or nothinge, and many for the very workmanshippe, in a manner be had in that part of America which lieth between 30. and 60. degrees of northerly latitude, if by our slacknes we suffer not the Frenche or others to prevente us.

CAP. IV. *That this enterprize will be for the manifolde ymplóyment of nombers of idle men, and for bredinge of many sufficient, and for utteraunce of the great quantitie of the comodities of our realme.*

IT IS well worthe the observation to see and consider what the like voyadges of discoverye and plantinge in the Easte and Weste Indies hath wroughte in the kingdomes of Portingale and Spayne; bothe which realmes, beinge of themselves poore and barren and hardly able to susteine their inhabitaunts, by their discoveries have founde suche occasion of employmente, that these many yeres we have not herde scarcely of any pirate of those twoo nations; whereas wee and the Frenche are moste infamous for our outeragious, common, and daily piracies. Againe, when hearde wee almoste of one theefe amongest them? The reason is, that by these their newe discoveries, they have so many honest wayes to set them on worke, as they rather wante men than meanes to ymploye them. But wee, for all the statutes that hitherto can be devised, and the sharpe execution of the same in poonishinge idle lazye persons, for wante of sufficient occasion of honest employmente cannot deliver our commonwealthe from multitudes of loyterers and idle vagabondes. Truthe it is that throughe our longe peace and seldome sicknes (twoo singuler blessinges of Almightie God) wee are growen more populous than ever heretofore; so that nowe there are of every arte and science so many that they can hardly lyve one by another, nay rather they are readie to eate uppe one another; yea many thousandes of idle persons are within this realme, which, havinge no way to be sett on worke, be either mutinous or seeke alteration in the State, or at leaste very burdensome to the commonwealth, and often fall to pilferinge and thevinge and other lewdnes, whereby all the prisons of the lande are daily pestred and stuffed full of them, where either they pitifully pyne awaye or els at length are miserably hanged, even xx^{ti} at a clappe oute of some one jayle. Whereas yf this voyadge were put in execution, these pety theves mighte be condempned for certein yeres in the westerne partes, especially in Newefounde lande, in sawinge and fellinge of tymber for mastes of shippes, and deale boordes; in burninge of the firres and pine-trees to make pitche, tarr, rosen, and sope ashes; in beatinge and workinge of hempe for cordage; and in the more southerne partes, in settinge them to worke in mynes of golde, silver, copper, leade, and yron; in dragginge for perles and currall; in plantinge of suger canes, as the Portingales have done in Madera; in mayneteynaunce and increasinge of silke wormes for silke, and in dressinge the same; in gatheringe up cotten whereof there is plentie; in tillinge of the soile there for graine; in dressinge of vines whereof there is greate aboundaunce for wyne; olyves, whereof the soile ys capable, for oyle; trees for oranges, lymons, almondes, figges and other frutes, all which are founde to growe there already; in sowinge of woade and madder for diers, as the Portingales have don in the Azores; in dressinge of raw hides of divers kindes of beastes; in makinge and gatheringe of salte, as in Rochel and Bayon, which may serve for the newe lande fisshinge; in killinge the whale, seale, porpose, and whirlepoole for trayne oile; in fisshinge, saltinge, and dryenge of linge, codde, salmon, herringe; in makinge and gatheringe of hony, waxe, turpentine; in hewinge and shapinge of stone, as marble, jeate, christall, freestone, which will be goodd ballaste for our shippes homewardes, and after serve for noble buildinges; in makinge of caskes, oares, and all other manner of staves; in buildinge of fortes, townes, churches; in powdringe and barrellinge of fishe, fowles, and fleshe, which will be notable provision for sea and land; in dryenge, sortinge, and packinge of fethers, whereof may be had there marvelous greate quantitie.

Besides this, such as by any kinde of infirmitie can not passe the seas thither, and nowe are chardgeable to the realme at home, by this voyadge shalbe made profitable members, by employinge them in England in makinge of a thousande triflinge thinges, which will be very goodd marchandize for those contries where wee shall have moste ample vente thereof.

And seinge the savages of the Graunde Baye, and all alonge the mightie ryver ronneth upp to Canada and Hochelaga, are greately delighted with any cappe or garment made of course wollen clothe, their contrie beinge colde and sharpe in the winter, yt is manifeste wee shall finde greate utteraunce of our clothes, especially of our coursest and basest northerne doosens, and our Irishe and Welshe frizes and rugges; whereby all occupations belonginge to clothinge and knittinge shalbe freshly sett on worke, as cappers, knitters, clothiers, wollmen, carders, spynners, weavers, fullers, sheremen, dyers, drapers, hatters, and such like, whereby many decayed townes may be repaired.

In somme, this enterprice will mynister matter for all sortes and states of men to worke upon; namely, all severall kindes of artificers, husbandmen, seamen, merchaunts, souldiers, capitaines, phisitions, lawyers, devines, cosmographers, hidrographers, astronomers, historiographers; yea, olde folkes, lame persons, women, and younge children, by many meanes which hereby shall still be mynistred unto them, shalbe kepte from idlenes, and be made able by their owne honest and easie labour to finde themselves, withoute surchardginge others. . . .

Whatsoever clothe wee shall vente on the tracte of that firme, or in the ilands of the same, or in other landes, ilandes, and territories beyonde, be they within the circle articke or withoute, all these clothes, I say, are to passe oute of this realme full wroughte by our naturall subjectes in all degrees of labour. And if it come aboute in tyme that wee shall vente that masse there that wee vented in the Base Contries, which is hoped by greate reason, then shall all that clothe passe oute of this realme in all degrees of labour full wroughte by the poore naturall subjectes of this realme, like as the quantitie of our clothe dothe passe that goeth hence to Russia, Barbarie, Turkye, Persia, &c. And then consequently it followeth, that the like nomber of people alleaged to the Emperour shal be sett on worke in England of our poore subjectes more then hath bene; and so her Majestie shall not be troubled with the pitefull outecryes of cappers, knytters, spynners, &c.

And on the other side wee are to note, that all the comodities wee shall bringe thence, we shall not bringe them wroughte, as wee bringe now the comodities of Fraunce and Flaunders, &c., but shall receave them all substaunces unwroughte, to the ymploymente of a wonderfull multitude of the poore subjectes of this realme in returne. And so to conclude, what in the nomber of thinges to goe oute wroughte, and to come in unwroughte, there nede not one poore creature to steale, to starve, or to begge, as they doe.

And to answer objections: where fooles for the swarminge of beggars alleage that the realme is too populous, Salomon saieth that the honour and strengthe of a prince consisteth in the multitude of the people. And if this come aboute, that worke may be had for the multitude, where the realme hath nowe one thousande for the defence thereof, the same may have fyve thousande. For when people knowe howe to live, and howe to mayneteyne and feede their wyves and children, they will not abstaine from mariage as nowe they doe. And the soile thus aboundinge with corne, fleshe, mylke, butter, cheese, herbes, rootes, and frutes, &c., and the seas that envyron the same so infynitely aboundinge in fishe, I dare truly affirme, that if the nomber in this realme were as greate as all Spaine and Ffraunce have, the people beinge industrous, I say, there shoulde be founde victualls ynoughe at the full in all bounty to suffice them all. And takinge order to cary hence thither our clothes made in hose, coates, clokes, whoodes, &c., and to returne thither hides of their owne beastes, tanned and turned into shoes and bootes, and other skynnes of goates, whereof they have store, into gloves, &c., no doubte but wee shall sett on worke in this realme, besides sailers and suche as shalbe seated there in those westerne discovered contries, at the leaste C. M. subjectes, to the greate abatinge of the goodd estate of subjectes of forreine princes, enemies, or doubtfull frends, and this *absque injuria*, as the lawyers say, albeit not *sine damno*. . . .

Chap. xv. *That spedie plantinge in divers fitt places is moste necessarie upon these laste luckye westerne discoveries, for feare of the danger of beinge prevented by other nations which have the like intention, with the order thereof, and other reasons therewithall alleaged.*

Havinge by God's goodd guidinge and mercifull direction atchieved happily this presente westerne discoverye, after the seekinge the advauncement of the kingedome of Christe, the seconde chefe and principall ende of the same is traficque, which consisteth in the vente of the masse of our clothes and other comodities of England, and in receaving backe of the nedefull comodities that wee nowe receave from all other places of the worlde. But forasmoche as this is a matter of greate ymportaunce and a thinge of so greate gaine as forren princes will stomacke at, this one thinge is to be don withoute which it were in vaine to goe aboute this; and that is, the matter of plantinge and fortificacion, withoute due consideracion whereof in vaine were it to think of the former. And therefore upon the firste said viewe taken by the shippes that are to be sente thither, wee are to plante upon the mouthes of the greate navigable rivers which are there, by stronge order of fortification, and there to plante our colonies. And so beinge firste setled in strengthe with men, armour, munition, and havinge our navy within our bayes, havens, and roades, wee shall be able to lett the entraunce of all subjectes of forren princes, and so with our freshe powers to encounter their shippes at the sea, and to renewe the same with freshe men, as the sooden feightes shall require; and by our fortes shalbe able to hold faste our firste footinge, and readily to annoye such weary power of any other that shall seke to arryve; and shalbe able with out navye to sende advertisemente into England upon every sooden whatsoever shall happen. And these fortifications shall kepe the naturall people of the contrye in obedience and goodd order. And these fortes at the mouthes of those greate portable and navigable ryvers may at all tymes sende upp their shippes, barkes, barges, and boates into the inland with all the comodities of England, and returne unto the said fortes all the comodities of the inlandes that wee shall receave in exchange, and thence at pleasure convey the same into England. And thus settled in those fortes, yf the nexte neighboures shall attempte any annoye to our people wee are kepte safe by our fortes; and wee may, upon violence and wronge offred by them, ronne upon the rivers with our shippes, pynnesses, barkes, and boates, and enter into league with the petite princes their neighboures, that have alwayes lightly warres one with an other, and so entringe league nowe with the one and then with the other, wee shall purchase our owne safetie, and make our selves lordes of the whole.

Contrarywise, withoute this plantinge in due time, wee shall never be able to have full knowledge of the language, manners, and customes of the people of those regions, neither shall wee be able thoroughly to knowe the riches and comodities of the inlandes, with many other secretes whereof as yet wee have but a small taste. And althoughe by other meanes we might attaine to the knowedge thereof, yet beinge not there fortified and strongly seated, the French that swarme with multitude of people, or other nations, mighte secretly fortifie and settle themselves before us, hearinge of the benefite that is to be reaped of that voyadge: and so wee shoulde beate the bushe and other men take the birdes; wee shoulde be at the chardge and travell and other men reape the gaine. . . . Yf wee doe procrastinate the plantinge (and where our men have nowe presently discovered, and founde it to be the beste parte of America that is lefte, and in truthe more agreeable to our natures, and more nere unto us, than Nova Hispania), the Frenche, the Normans, the Brytons, or the Duche, or some other nation, will not onely prevente us of the mightie Baye of St. Lawrence, where they have gotten the starte of us already, thoughe wee had the same revealed to us by bookes published and printed in Englishe before them, but also will depriue us of that goodd lande which nowe wee have discovered. . . .

God, which doth all thinges in his due time, and hath in his hande the hertes of all Princes, stirr upp the mynde of her Majestie at lengthe to assiste her moste willinge and forwarde subjectes to the perfourmaunce of this moste godly and profitable action; which was begonne at the chardges of Kinge Henry the viith her grandfather, followed by Kinge Henry the Eighte, her father, and lefte as it semeth to be accomplished by her (as the three yeres golden voyadge to Ophir was by Salomon), to the makinge of her realme and subjectes moste happy, and her selfe moste famous to all posteritie. Amen.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

(1822–)

The city of Boston has been long remarkable for its distinguished figures in science, politics, and affairs, in art and literature — and particularly in the walk of letters. Edward Everett Hale is one of these figures.

Dr. Hale's long and still productive life has been one of great and varied usefulness. The religious, philanthropic, civic, and literary circles of his community have felt for many years the impact of his vigorous personality, and his reputation as preacher and writer has become national. His family is a noted one: his father was Nathan Hale, first editor of the Boston Daily Advertiser,— Nathan Hale the martyr being of the same line,— while several of the immediate kin of Edward Hale find places in American biography. Born in Boston, April 3d, 1822, Edward Everett Hale was educated at the famous Latin School, then at Harvard, of which he is one of the most noteworthy sons. Hale read theology and was licensed to preach by the Boston Association of Congregational Ministers, his first regular settlement being in Worcester, where he was pastor of the Church of the Unity from 1846 to 1856. Thence he went to the Boston Unitarian society known as the South Congregational Church, and for more than forty years has been its active head.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

As a clergyman Dr. Hale has shown rare qualities as preacher and organizer. His theology has been of the advanced liberal type, his teaching emphasizing good works. His earnest, helpful efforts in the broadest humanitarian undertakings have gone far outside the conventional limits of his calling, making him more widely known as a public man. Both by direct personal endeavor and through the influence of his writings he has been instrumental in founding many societies for beneficent work of all kinds, of which the Harry Wadsworth Clubs and the Look-Up Legion, with members by the tens of thousands in different lands, are examples. He has kept closely in touch with his Alma Mater at Cambridge, serving it as member of the board of overseers and as president of the Phi Beta Kappa Society. The degree of S. T. D. was conferred upon him by Harvard in 1879.

His journalistic enterprises have been too many for enumeration here. He began early, setting type in his father's office as a lad and showing himself a diligent scribbler. Perhaps his best known editorial connections have been with the magazine Old and New, started under Unitarian auspices with the idea of giving literary expression to liberal Christianity, and afterwards merged in Scribner's Monthly; and Lend A Hand, a sort of record of organized charity, founded in 1886.

Few writing clergymen have been so voluminous as Dr. Hale; few so successful. In addition to the long list of his magazine papers and articles of every sort, his books number upwards of fifty titles. As is inevitable in one who is so prolific, throwing off literary work with a running pen,—often with a practical rather than an artistic aim,—much of his writing is occasional in motive and ephemeral in character. It includes histories, essays, novels, poems, and short stories; and the average quality, considering the variety and extent of the performance and the fact that with Dr. Hale literature is an avocation, an aside from his main business in life, is decidedly high. The short story is the literary form in which he has best expressed his gift and character. One of his stories, ‹The Man Without a Country,› is a little American classic. Others, such as ‹My Double and How he Undid Me› and ‹The Skeleton in the Closet,› have also won permanent popularity. They were written a generation ago, when the short story was not the familiar form it has since become; so that in addition to their merit, they are of interest as early ventures in the tale distinguished from the full-length novel.

‹The Man Without a Country,› selections from which follow, well represents Dr. Hale's characteristics. Its manner has ease, felicity, and good breeding. The narrative runs along in such an honest, straightforward way, there is such an air of verisimilitude, that the reader is half inclined to accept it all as history; although the idea of a United States naval officer kept a prisoner at sea for a long lifetime and never permitted to hear or know of his native land, is hardly more credible than the idea of the ‹Flying Dutchman› or the ‹Wandering Jew.› Yet when the tale appeared the writer received letters of inquiry, indicating that the fiction was taken in sober earnest; and in a later edition he stated in an appendix that it lacked all foundation in fact. But over and above its literary fascination, ‹The Man Without a Country› is surcharged with ethical significance. It is a beautiful allegory, showing the dire results of a momentary and heedless lapse from patriotism, and so preaching love of country. It develops a lively sense of what it is to have a flag to fight for, a land to love. This lesson is conveyed with power and pathos; and the story's instant and continued acceptance is testimony, were any needed, that Americans felt the appeal while enjoying the lovely fiction for its own sake. Such work, on the moral side, is typical of Dr. Hale. He cannot write without a spiritual or moral purpose. If his literature is didactic, it is not dull; and hence, doing good, it also justifies itself as art.

PHILIP NOLAN

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Philip Nolan was as fine a young officer as there was in the «Legion of the West,» as the Western division of our army was then called. When Aaron Burr made his first dashing expedition down to New Orleans in 1805 at Fort Massac, or somewhere above on the river, he met, as the Devil would have it, this gay, dashing, bright young fellow,—at some dinner-party, I think. Burr marked him, talked to him, walked with him, took him a day or two's voyage in his flatboat, and in short fascinated him. For the next year, barrack life was very tame to poor Nolan. He occasionally availed himself of the permission the great man had given him to write to him. Long, high-worded, stilted letters the poor boy wrote and rewrote and copied. But never a line did he have in reply from the gay deceiver. The other boys in the garrison sneered at him, because he sacrificed in this unrequited affection for a politician the time which they devoted to Monongahela, hazard, and high-low-Jack. Bourbon, euchre, and poker were still unknown.

But one day Nolan had his revenge. This time Burr came down the river, not as an attorney seeking a place for his office, but as a distinguished conqueror. He had defeated I know not how many district attorneys; he had dined at I know not how many public dinners; he had been heralded in I know not how many Weekly Arguses, and it was rumored that he had an army behind him and an empire before him. It was a great day—his arrival—to poor Nolan. Burr had not been at the fort an hour before he sent for him. That evening he asked Nolan to take him out in his skiff, to show him a cane-brake or a cotton-wood tree, as he said,—really to seduce him; and by the time the sail was over, Nolan was enlisted body and soul. From that time, though he did not yet know it, he lived as *A Man Without a Country.*

What Burr meant to do I know no more than you, dear reader. It is none of our business just now. Only, when the grand catastrophe came, and Jefferson and the house of Virginia of that day undertook to break on the wheel all the possible Clarences of the then house of York by the great treason trial at Richmond, some of the lesser fry in that distant Mississippi Valley, which was farther from us than Puget's Sound is to-day, introduced the like novelty on their provincial stage; and to while away the monotony of the summer at Fort Adams, got up, for *spectacles*, a string of court-martials on the officers there. One and another of the colonels and majors were tried, and to fill out the list, little Nolan; against whom, Heaven knows there was evidence enough,—that he was sick of the service, had been willing to be false to it, and would have obeyed any order to march anywhither with any one who would follow him, had the order been signed «By command of His Exc. A. Burr.» The courts dragged on. The big flies escaped,—rightly, for all I know. Nolan was proved guilty enough, as I say; yet you and I would never have heard of him, reader, but that when the president of the court asked him at the close whether he wished to say anything to show that he had always been faithful to the United States, he cried out in a fit of frenzy:—

«Damn the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again!»

I suppose he did not know how the words shocked old Colonel Morgan, who was holding the court. Half the officers who sat in it had served through the Revolution; and their lives, not to say their necks, had been risked for the very idea which he so cavalierly cursed in his madness. He on his part had grown up in the West of those days, in the midst of «Spanish plot,» «Orleans plot,» and all the rest. He had been educated on a plantation where the finest company was a Spanish officer or a French merchant from Orleans. His education, such as it was, had been perfected in commercial expeditions to Vera Cruz; and I think he told me his father once hired an Englishman to be a private tutor for a winter on the plantation. He had spent half his youth with an older brother, hunting horses in Texas; and in a word, to him «United States» was scarcely a reality. Yet he had been fed by «United States» for all the years since he had been in the army. He had sworn on his faith as a Christian to be true to «United States.» It was «United States» which gave him the uniform he wore and the sword by his side. Nay, my poor Nolan, it was only because «United States» had picked you out first as one of her own confidential men of honor, that «A. Burr» cared for you a straw more than for the flatboatmen who sailed his ark for him. I do not excuse Nolan; I only explain to the reader why he damned his country, and wished he might never hear her name again.

He never did hear her name but once again. From that moment, September 23d, 1807, till the day he died, May 11th, 1863, he never heard her name again. For that half-century and more he was a man without a country.

Old Morgan, as I said, was terribly shocked. If Nolan had compared George Washington to Benedict Arnold, or had cried «God save King George!» Morgan would not have felt worse. He called the court into his private room, and returned in fifteen minutes with a face like a sheet, to say:—

«Prisoner, hear the sentence of the court! The court decides, subject to the approval of the President, that you never hear the name of the United States again.»

Nolan laughed. But nobody else laughed. Old Morgan was too solemn, and the whole room was hushed dead as night for a minute. Even Nolan lost his swagger in a moment. Then Morgan added:—

«Mr. Marshal, take the prisoner to Orleans in an armed boat, and deliver him to the naval commander there.»

The marshal gave his orders, and the prisoner was taken out of court.

«Mr. Marshal,» continued old Morgan, «see that no one mentions the United States to the prisoner. Mr. Marshal, make my respects to Lieutenant Mitchell at Orleans, and request him to order that no one shall mention the United States to the prisoner while he is on board ship. You will receive your written orders from the officer on duty here this evening. The court is adjourned without day.» . . .

Since writing this, and while considering whether or no I would print it as a warning to the young Nolans and Vallandighams and Tatnalls of to-day of what it is to throw away a country, I have received from Danforth, who is on board the Levant, a letter which gives an account of Nolan's last hours. It removes all my doubts about telling this story.

To understand the first words of the letter, the non-professional reader should remember that after 1817 the position of every officer who had Nolan in charge was one of the greatest delicacy. The government had failed to renew the order of 1807 regarding him. What was a man to do? Should he let him go? what then if he were called to account by the Department for violating the order of 1807? Should he keep him? what then if Nolan should be liberated some day, and should bring an action for false imprisonment or kidnapping against every man who had had him in charge? I urged and pressed this upon Southard, and I have reason to think that other officers did the same thing. But the Secretary always said, as they so often do at Washington, that there were no special orders to give, and that we must act on our own judgment. That means, « If you succeed, you will be sustained; if you fail, you will be disavowed.» Well, as Danforth says, all that is over now; though I do not know but I expose myself to a criminal prosecution on the evidence of the very revelation I am making.

Here is the letter:—

LEVANT, 2°2′ S. @ 131° W.

Dear Fred:

I TRY to find heart and life to tell you that it is all over with dear old Nolan. I have been with him on this voyage more than I ever was; and I can understand wholly now the way in which you used to speak of the dear old fellow. I could see that he was not strong, but I had no idea the end was so near. The doctor has been watching him very carefully, and yesterday morning came to me and told me that Nolan was not so well, and had not left his state-room,—a thing I never remember before. He had let the doctor come and see him as he lay there,—the first time the doctor had been in the state-room,—and he said he should like to see me. Oh dear! do you remember the mysteries we boys used to invent about his room in the old «Intrepid» days? Well, I went in; and there to be sure the poor fellow lay in his berth, smiling pleasantly as he gave me his hand, but looking very frail. I could not help a glance round, which showed me what a little shrine he had made of the box he was lying in.

The Stars and Stripes were triced up above and around a picture of Washington, and he had painted a majestic eagle, with lightnings blazing from his beak, and his foot just clasping the whole globe, which his wings overshadowed. The dear old boy saw my glance, and said with a sad smile, « Here, you see, I have a country! » And then he pointed to the foot of his bed, where I had not seen before a great map of the United States, as he had drawn it from memory, and which he had there to look upon as he lay. Quaint, queer old names were on it in large letters: « Indiana Territory, » « Mississippi Territory, » and « Louisiana Territory, » as I suppose our fathers learned such things: but the old fellow had patched in Texas too; he had carried his western boundary all the way to the Pacific, but on that shore he had defined nothing.

« O Danforth, » he said, « I know I am dying. I cannot get home. Surely you will tell me something now? Stop! stop! do not speak till I say what I am sure you know, that there is not in this ship, that there is not in America — God bless her! — a more loyal man than I. There cannot be a man who loves the old flag as I do, or prays for it as I do, or hopes for it as I do. There are thirty-four stars in it now, Danforth. I thank God for that, though I do not know what their names are. There has never been one taken away; I thank God for that. I know by that that there has never been any successful Burr. O Danforth, Danforth, » he sighed out, « how like a wretched night's dream a boy's idea of personal fame or of separate sovereignty seems, when one looks back on it after such a life as mine! But tell me, tell me something — tell me everything, Danforth, before I die! »

Ingham, I swear to you that I felt like a monster that I had not told him everything before. Danger or no danger, delicacy or no delicacy, who was I that I should have been acting the tyrant all this time over this dear sainted old man, who had years ago expiated, in his whole manhood's life, the madness of a boy's treason? « Mr. Nolan, » said I, « I will tell you everything you ask about. Only, where shall I begin? »

Oh, the blessed smile that crept over his white face! and he pressed my hand, and said, « God bless you! Tell me their names, » he said, and he pointed to the stars on the flag. « The last I know is Ohio. My father lived in Kentucky. But I have guessed Michigan and Indiana and Mississippi, — that was where Fort Adams is: they make twenty. But where are your other fourteen? You have not cut up any of the old ones, I hope."

Well, that was not a bad text; and I told him the names in as good order as I could, and he bade me take down his beautiful map, and draw them in as I best could with my pencil. He was wild with delight about Texas,—told me how his cousin died there; he had marked a gold cross near where he supposed his grave was, and he had guessed at Texas. Then he was delighted as he saw California and Oregon; that, he said, he had suspected, partly because he had never been permitted to land on that shore, though the ships were there so much. "And the men," said he laughing, "brought off a good deal besides furs." Then he went back—heavens, how far!—to ask about the Chesapeake, and what was done to Barron for surrendering her to the Leopard, and whether Burr ever tried again,—and he ground his teeth with the only passion he showed. But in a moment that was over, and he said, "God forgive me, for I am sure I forgive him." Then he asked about the old war; told me the true story of his serving the gun the day we took the Java; asked about dear old David Porter, as he called him. Then he settled down more quietly and very happily, to hear me tell in an hour the history of fifty years.

How I wished it had been somebody who knew something! But I did as well as I could. I told him of the English war. I told him about Fulton and the steamboat beginning. I told him about old Scott and Jackson; told him all I could think of about the Mississippi and New Orleans and Texas and his own old Kentucky. And do you think, he asked who was in command of the "Legion of the West"! I told him it was a very gallant officer named Grant, and that by our last news he was about to establish his headquarters at Vicksburg. Then, "Where was Vicksburg?" I worked that out on the map; it was about a hundred miles, more or less, above his old Fort Adams; and I thought Fort Adams must be a ruin now. "It must be at old Vick's plantation, at Walnut Hills," said he: "well, that is a change!"

I tell you, Ingham, it was a hard thing to condense the history of half a century into that talk with a sick man. And I do not now know what I told him,—of immigration, and the means of it; of steamboats and railroads and telegraphs; of inventions and books and literature; of the colleges and West Point and the Naval School,—but with the queerest interruptions that ever you heard. You see, it was Robinson Crusoe asking all the accumulated questions of fifty-six years!

I remember he asked, all of a sudden, who was President now; and when I told him, he asked if Old Abe was General Benjamin Lincoln's son. He said he met old General Lincoln when he was quite a boy himself, at some Indian treaty. I said no, that Old Abe was a Kentuckian like himself, but I could not tell him of what family; he had worked up from the ranks. "Good for him!" cried Nolan; "I am glad of that. As I have brooded and wondered, I have thought our danger was in keeping up those regular successions in the first families." Then I got talking about my visit to Washington. I told him of meeting the Oregon Congressman Harding; I told him about the Smithsonian and the Exploring Expedition; I told him about the Capitol, and the statues for the pediment, and Crawford's Liberty, and Greenough's Washington. Ingham, I told him everything I could think of that would show the grandeur of his country and its prosperity; but I could not make up my mouth to tell him a word about this infernal Rebellion!

And he drank it in, and enjoyed it as I cannot tell you. He grew more and more silent, yet I never thought he was tired or faint. I gave him a glass of water, but he just wet his lips, and told me not to go away. Then he asked me to bring the Presbyterian 'Book of Public Prayer,' which lay there, and said with a smile that it would open at the right place,—and so it did. There was his double red mark down the page; and I knelt down and read, and he repeated with me:—"For ourselves and our country, O gracious God, we thank thee that notwithstanding our manifold transgressions of thy holy laws, thou hast continued to us thy marvelous kindness,"—and so to the end of that thanksgiving. Then he turned to the end of the same book, and I read the words more familiar to me:—"Most heartily we beseech thee with thy favor to behold and bless thy servant the President of the United States, and all others in authority,"—and the rest of the Episcopal collect. "Danforth," said he, "I have repeated those prayers night and morning, it is now fifty-five years." And then he said he would go to sleep. He bent me down over him, and kissed me; and he said, "Look in my Bible, Danforth, when I am gone." And I went away.

But I had no thought it was the end. I thought he was tired and would sleep. I knew he was happy, and I wanted him to be alone.

But in an hour, when the doctor went in gently, he found Nolan had breathed his life away with a smile. He had something pressed close to his lips. It was his father's badge of the Order of the Cincinnati.

We looked in his Bible, and there was a slip of paper at the place where he had marked the text:—

"They desire a country, even a heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God; for he hath prepared for them a city."

On this slip of paper he had written:—

BURY me in the sea; it has been my home, and I love it. But will not some one set up a stone for my memory at Fort Adams or at Orleans, that my disgrace may not be more than I ought to bear? Say on it:—

IN MEMORY OF

PHILIP NOLAN,

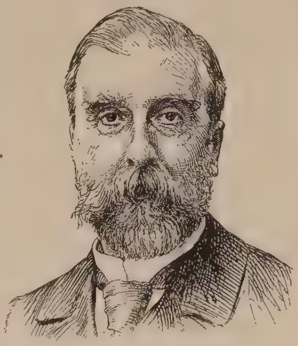
Lieutenant in the Army of the United States

He loved his country as no other man has loved her;
but no man deserved less at her hands.

LUDOVIC HALÉVY

(1834-)

Ludovic Halévy, known to American readers chiefly as the author of the graceful little novel ‹The Abbé Constantin,› entered French letters as a dramatist and writer of librettos. Born in Paris in 1834 of Jewish parentage, he is the son of Léon Halévy, a poet and littérateur of some note in his day; and he is, as well, the nephew of the composer of ‹The Jewess› and of ‹The Queen of Cyprus.› He grew up in the atmosphere of the theatre. After leaving college he entered his country's civil service, and rapidly rose to occupy positions of distinction. At the same time he gave his leisure to writing plays and short stories, looking forward to the day when he would be able to throw off the burdensome yoke of clerical duties and to devote himself entirely to literature. Unsuccessful at first, Halévy finally worked his way into public favor, especially after associating his pen with that of Henri Meilhac. In collaboration with the latter, Halévy wrote many of the librettos of Offenbach's most brilliant and satiric operettas, including ‹The Perichole,› ‹The Brigands,› the ‹Belle Hélène,› and ‹The Grand Duchess of Gérolstein›—a burlesque opera which had such vogue that it is said to have been the first thing the Emperor Alexander of Russia wished to hear, when he came to Paris to attend the Exposition of 1867. Several serious librettos of high excellence are from the same hands, including that for Bizet's ‹Carmen.› In spoken drama, ‹Frou-Frou› and ‹Tricoche and Cacolet› are among the most popular plays the two dramatists produced together. In speaking of the collaboration of Halévy with Meilhac in humorous drama, Francisque Sarcey says:—« Gifted with an exquisite appreciation of the real, Halévy has preserved the more fantastic and bizarre characteristics of the imagination of the latter. From this mutual work have sprung plays which in my opinion are not sufficiently estimated by us;—we have seen them hundreds of times, and have referred to them with a grimace of contempt. There is a great deal



Ludovic Halévy

of imagination, of wit, and of good sense in these amusing parodies of every-day life.»

Yet, great as was the success of his dramatic work, Halévy's claim to a place in French literature rests on what he produced alone after the collaboration with Meilhac had suffered a rupture, in 1881. At the same time he ceased writing for the stage, and turned to fiction. ‹L'Abbé Constantin,› the first of his novels, is also the most popular. It opened to him the French Academy. It was for more than one season the French story of the day. It is a charming story, full of fresh air and sun, simply and skillfully told. It presented a view of American character and temperament not usual in French fiction; and irreproachable in its moral tone, it has become a sort of classic for American schools and colleges. ‹La Famille Cardinal› (The Cardinal Family) and ‹Crichette› are others of Halévy's studies in fiction of aspects of Parisian life. ‹Notes and Souvenirs› embody observations during the Prussian invasion of 1871. They are interesting, as giving faithful pictures of the temper of the people during those days. Among his short stories, ‹Un Mariage d'Amour› (A Marriage for Love) is one of the most delightful; and a highly characteristic one, ‹The Most Beautiful Woman in Paris,› is appended to this sketch. Says Mr. Brander Matthews:—

> «In all these books there are the same artistic qualities; the same sharpness of vision, the same gentle irony, the same constructive skill, and the same dramatic touch. . . . M. Halévy's irony is delicate and playful. There is no harshness in his manner and no hatred in his mind. We do not find in his pages any of the pessimism which is perhaps the dominant characteristic of the best French fiction of our time. . . . More than Maupassant, or Flaubert, or Merimée, is M. Halévy a Parisian. Whether or not the characters of his tales are dwellers in the capital, whether or not the scene of his story is laid in the city by the Seine, the point of view is always Parisian. . . . His style even, his swift and limpid prose,—the prose which somehow corresponds to the best *vers de société* in its brilliancy and buoyancy,—is the style of one who lives at the centre of things. Cardinal Newman once said that while Livy and Tacitus and Terence and Seneca wrote Latin, Cicero wrote Roman. So, while M. Zola on one side and M. Georges Ohnet on the other may write French, M. Halévy writes Parisian.»

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN PARIS

From ‹Parisian Points of View.› Copyright 1894, by Harper & Brothers

On Friday, April 19th, Prince Agénor was really distracted at the opera during the second act of ‹Sigurd.› The prince kept going from box to box, and his enthusiasm increased as he went.

«That blonde! oh, that blonde! she is ideal! Look at that blonde! Do you know that blonde?»

It was from the front part of Madame de Marizy's large first-tier box that all these exclamations were coming at that moment.

«Which blonde?» asked Madame de Marizy.

«Which blonde! Why, there is but one this evening in the house. Opposite to you, over there in the first box, the Sainte Mesmes' box. Look, baroness, look straight over there.»

«Yes, I am looking at her. She is atrociously got up, but pretty.»

«Pretty! She is a wonder! simply a wonder! Got up? Yes, agreed—some country relative. The Sainte Mesmes have cousins in Périgord. But what a smile! How well her neck is set on! And the slope of the shoulders! ah, especially the shoulders!»

«Come, either keep still or go away. Let me listen to Madame Caron.»

The prince went away, as no one knew that incomparable blonde. Yet she had often been to the opera, but in an unpretentious way—in the second tier of boxes. And to Prince Agénor, above the first tier of boxes there was nothing, absolutely nothing. There was emptiness—space. The prince had never been in a second-tier box, so the second-tier boxes did not exist.

While Madame Caron was marvelously singing the marvelous phrase of Reyer, «Ô mon sauveur silencieux, la Valkyrie est ta conquête,» the prince strolled along the passages of the opera. Who was that blonde? He wanted to know, and he would know.

And suddenly he remembered that good Madame Picard was the box-opener of the Sainte Mesmes, and that he, Prince of Nérins, had had the honor of being for a long time a friend of that good Madame Picard. . . .

«Ah, prince,» said Madame Picard on seeing Agénor, «there is no one for you to-night in *my* boxes. Madame de Simiane is not here, and Madame de Sainte Mesme has rented her box.»

«That's precisely it. Don't you know the people in Madame de Sainte Mesme's box?»

«Not at all, prince. It's the first time I have seen them in the marquise's box.»

«Then you have no idea—»

«None, prince. Only to me they don't appear to be people of—»

She was going to say of *our* set. A box-opener of the first tier of boxes at the opera, having generally only to do with absolutely high-born people, considers herself as being a little of their set, and shows extreme disdain for unimportant people; it displeases her to receive these unimportant people in *her* boxes. Madame Picard however had tact which rarely forsook her, and so stopped herself in time to say:—

«People of *your* set. They belong to the middle class, to the wealthy middle class; but still the middle class. That doesn't satisfy you; you wish to know more on account of the blonde. Is it not so, prince?»

Those last words were spoken with rare delicacy; they were murmured more than spoken—box-opener to prince! It would have been unacceptable without that perfect reserve in accent and tone; yes, it was a box-opener who spoke, but a box-opener who was a little bit the aunt of former times, the aunt *à la mode de Cythère*. Madame Picard continued:—

«Ah, she is a beauty! She came with a little dark man—her husband, I'm sure; for while she was taking off her cloak—it always takes some time—he didn't say a word to her: no eagerness, no little attentions—yes, he could only be a husband. I examined the cloak: people one doesn't know puzzle me and my colleague; Madame Flachet and I always amuse ourselves by trying to guess from appearances. Well, the cloak comes from a good dressmaker, but not from a great one; it is fine and well made, but it has no style. I think they are middle-class people, prince. But how stupid I am! You know M. Palmer—well, a little while ago he came to see the beautiful blonde!»

«M. Palmer?»

«Yes, and he can tell you.»

«Thanks, Madame Picard, thanks.»

« Good-by, prince, good-by,» and Madame Picard went back to her stool, near her colleague Madame Flachet, and said to her:

« Ah, my dear, what a charming man the prince is! True gentlefolks, there is nothing like them! But they are dying out, they are dying out; there are many less than formerly.»

Prince Agénor was willing to do Palmer — big Palmer, rich Palmer, vain Palmer — the honor of being one of his friends; he deigned, and very frequently, to confide to Palmer his financial difficulties, and the banker was delighted to come to his aid. The prince had been obliged to resign himself to becoming a member of two boards of directors presided over by Palmer, who was much pleased at having under obligations to him the representative of one of the noblest families in France. Besides, the prince proved himself to be a *good prince*, and publicly acknowledged Palmer, showing himself in his box, taking charge of his entertainments, and occupying himself with his racing stable. He had even pushed his gratitude to the point of compromising Madame Palmer in the most showy way.

« I am removing her from the middle class,» he said; « I owe it to Palmer, who is one of the best fellows in the world.»

The prince found the banker alone in a lower box.

« What is the name — the name of that blonde in the Sainte Mesmes' box?»

« Madame Derline.»

« Is there a M. Derline?»

« Certainly; a lawyer — my lawyer, the Sainte Mesmes' lawyer. And if you want to see Madame Derline close to, come to my ball next Thursday. She will be there.»

The wife of a lawyer! she was only the wife of a lawyer! The prince sat down in the front of the box opposite Madame Derline, and while looking at that lawyeress he was thinking. « Have I,» he said to himself, « sufficient credit, sufficient power, to make of Madame Derline the most beautiful woman in Paris?»

For there was always a *most beautiful woman in Paris*, and it was he, Prince Agénor, who flattered himself that he could discover, proclaim, crown, and consecrate that most beautiful woman in Paris. Launch Madame Derline in society! Why not? He had never launched any one from the middle class. The enterprise would be new, amusing, and bold. He looked at Madame Derline through his opera-glass, and discovered thousands of beauties and perfections in her delightful face.

After the opera, the prince, during the exit, placed himself at the bottom of the great staircase. He had enlisted two of his friends. «Come,» he had said to them, «I will show you the most beautiful woman in Paris.» While he was speaking, two steps away from the prince was an alert young man who was attached to a morning paper, a very widely read paper. The young man had sharp ears; he caught on the fly the phrase of the Prince Agénor, whose high social position he knew; he succeeded in keeping close to the prince, and when Madame Derline passed, the young reporter had the luck of hearing the conversation, without losing a word, of the three brilliant noblemen. A quarter of an hour later he arrived at the office of the paper.

«Is there time,» he asked, «to write a dozen lines in the Society Notebook?»

«Yes, but hurry.»

The young man was a quick writer; the fifteen lines were done in the twinkling of an eye. They brought seven francs fifty to the reporter, but cost M. Derline a little more than that.

During this time Prince Agénor, seated in the club at the whist table, was saying, while shuffling the cards:—

«This evening at the opera there was a marvelous woman, a certain Madame Derline. She is the most beautiful woman in Paris!»

The following morning, in the gossip-corner of the Bois, in the spring sunshine, the prince, surrounded by a little group of respectful disciples, was solemnly delivering from the back of his roan mare the following opinion:—

«Listen well to what I say. The most beautiful woman in Paris is a certain Madame Derline. This star will be visible Thursday evening at the Palmers'. Go, and don't forget the name—Madame Derline.»

The disciples dispersed, and went abroad spreading the great news.

Madame Derline had been admirably brought up by an irreproachable mother; she had been taught that she ought to get up in the morning, keep a strict account of her expenses, not go to a great dressmaker, believe in God, love her husband, visit the poor, and never spend but half her income, in order to prepare dowries for her daughters. Madame Derline performed all these duties. She led a peaceful and serene life in the old house (in the Rue Dragon) which had sheltered, since 1825, three generations of Derlines; the husbands had all three been lawyers, the wives had all three been virtuous. The three generations had passed there a happy and moderate life, never having any great pleasures, but also never being very much bored.

The next day Madame Derline awoke at eight o'clock in the morning with an uneasy feeling. She had passed a troubled night — she, who usually slept like a child. The evening before, in the box at the opera, Madame Derline had vaguely felt that something was going on around her. And during the entire last act, an opera-glass obstinately fixed on her — the prince's opera-glass — had thrown her into a certain agitation, though not a disagreeable one. She had worn a low dress — too low, in her mother's opinion; and two or three times, under the fixity of that opera-glass, she had raised the shoulder-straps of her dress.

So, after opening her eyes, Madame Derline re-closed them lazily, indolently, with thoughts floating between dreamland and reality. She again saw the opera-house, and a hundred, two hundred, five hundred opera-glasses obstinately fixed on her — on her alone.

The maid entered, placed a tray on a little table, made up a big fire in the fireplace, and went away. There was a cup of chocolate and the morning paper on the tray, the same as every morning. Then Madame Derline courageously got up, slipped her little bare feet into fur slippers, wrapped herself in a white cashmere dressing-gown, and crouched shivering in an arm-chair by the fire. She sipped the chocolate, and slightly burned herself; she must wait a little while. She put down the cup, took up the paper, unfolded it, and rapidly ran her eye over the six columns of the front page. At the bottom, quite at the bottom of the sixth column, were the following lines: —

«Last evening at the opera there was a very brilliant performance of 'Sigurd.' Society was well represented there; the beautiful Duchess of Montaiglon, the pretty Countess Verdinière of Lardac, the marvelous Marquise of Muriel, the lively Baroness of —»

To read the name of the baroness it was necessary to turn the page. Madame Derline did not turn it; she was thinking, reflecting. The evening before, she had amused herself by having Palmer point out to her the social leaders in the house, and it so happened that the banker had pointed out to her the marvelous marquise. And Madame Derline — who was twenty-two — raised herself a little to look in the glass. She exchanged a slight smile with a young blonde, who was very pink-and-white.

« Ah,» she said to herself, « if I were a marquise the man who wrote this would perhaps have paid some attention to me, and my name would perhaps be there. I wonder if it's fun to see one's name printed in a paper ? »

And while addressing this question to herself, she turned the page, and continued reading: —

«— the lively Baroness of Myrvoix, etc. We have to announce the appearance of a new star which has abruptly burst forth in the Parisian constellation. The house was in ecstasy over a strange and disturbing blonde, whose dark steel eyes, and whose shoulders — ah, what shoulders! The shoulders were the event of the evening. From all quarters one heard asked, « Who is she ?»—« Who is she ?»—« To whom do those divine shoulders belong ?»—« To whom ?» We know, and our readers will doubtless thank us for telling them the name of this ideal wonder. It is Madame Derline.»

Her name! She had read her name! She was dazzled. Her eyes clouded. All the letters in the alphabet began to dance wildly on the paper. Then they calmed down, stopped, and regained their places. She was able to find her name, and continue reading: —

« It is Madame Derline, the wife of one of the richest and most agreeable lawyers in Paris. The Prince of Nérins, whose word has so much weight in such matters, said yesterday evening to every one who would listen, « She is the most beautiful woman in Paris.» We are absolutely of that opinion.»

A single paragraph, and that was all. It was enough, — it was too much! Madame Derline was seized with a feeling of indefinable confusion. It was a combination of fear and pleasure, of joy and trouble, of satisfied vanity and wounded modesty. Her dressing-gown was a little open; she folded it over with a sort of violence, and crossed it upon her feet, abruptly drawn back towards the arm-chair. She had a feeling of nudity. It seemed to her that all Paris was there in her room, and that the Prince de Nérins was in front saying to all Paris, « Look, look! She is the most beautiful woman in Paris! »

The Prince of Nérins! She knew the name well, for she read with keen interest in the papers all the articles entitled ‘Parisian Life,’ ‘High Life,’ ‘Society Echoes,’ etc.; and all the society columns signed «Mousseline,» «Fanfreluche,» «Brimborion,» «Véloutine»; all the accounts of great marriages, great balls, of great comings-out, and of great charity sales. The name of the prince often figured in these articles, and he was always quoted as supreme arbiter of Parisian elegances.

And it was he who had declared—ah! decidedly pleasure got the better of fear. Still trembling with emotion, Madame Derline went and placed herself before a long looking-glass, an old cheval-glass from Jacob's, which never till now had reflected other than good middle-class women married to good lawyers. In that glass she looked at herself, examined herself, studied herself,—long, curiously, and eagerly. Of course she knew she was pretty, but oh, the power of print! she found herself absolutely delightful. She was no longer Madame Derline; she was the most beautiful woman in Paris! Her feet, her little feet—their bareness no longer troubled her—left the ground. She raised herself gently towards the heavens, towards the clouds, and felt herself become a goddess.

But suddenly an anxiety seized her. «Edward! what would Edward say?» Edward was her husband. There had been but one man's surname in her life—her husband's. The lawyer was well loved! And almost at the same moment when she was asking herself what Edward would say, Edward abruptly opened the door.

He was a little out of breath. He had run up-stairs two at a time. He was peacefully rummaging among old papers in his study on the ground-floor when one of his brother lawyers—with forced congratulations, however,—had made him read the famous article. He had soon got rid of his brother lawyer, and he had come, much irritated, to his room. At first there was simply a torrent of words.

«Why do these journalists meddle? It's an outrage! Your name—look, there is your name in this paper!»

«Yes, I know, I've seen—»

«Ah, you know, you have seen—and you think it quite natural!»

«But, dear—»

«What times do we live in? It's your fault, too.»

«My fault!»

«Yes, your fault!»

«And how?»

«Your dress last night was too low, much too low. Besides, your mother told you so—»

«Oh, mamma—»

«You needn't say 'Oh, mamma!' Your mother was right. There, read: 'And whose shoulders,—ah, what shoulders!' And it is of your shoulders they are speaking. And that prince who dares to award you a prize for beauty!»

The good man had plebeian, Gothic ideas—the ideas of a lawyer of old times, of a lawyer of the Rue Dragon; the lawyers of the Boulevard Malesherbes are no longer like that.

Madame Derline very gently, very quietly, brought the rebel back to reason. Of course there was charm and eloquence in her speech, but how much more charm and eloquence in the tenderness of her glance and smile!

Why this great rage and despair? He was accused of being the husband of the most beautiful woman in Paris. Was that such a horrible thing, such a terrible misfortune? And who was the brother lawyer, the good brother lawyer, who had taken pleasure in coming to show him the hateful article?

«M. Renaud.»

«Oh, it was M. Renaud—dear M. Renaud!»

Thereupon Madame Derline was seized with a hearty fit of laughter; so much so that the blond hair, which had been loosely done up, came down and framed the pretty face from which gleamed the dark eyes, which could also, when they gave themselves the trouble, look very gentle, very caressing, very loving.

«Oh, it was M. Renaud, the husband of that delightful Madame Renaud! Well, do you know what you will do immediately, without losing a minute? go to the president of the Tribunal and ask for a divorce. You will say to him: 'M. Aubépin, deliver me from my wife. Her crime is being pretty, very pretty, too pretty. I wish another one who is ugly, very ugly, who has Madame Renaud's large nose, colossal foot, pointed chin, skinny shoulders, and eternal pimples.' That's what you want, isn't it? Come, you big stupid, kiss your poor wife, and forgive her for not being a monster.»

As rather lively gestures had illustrated this little speech, the white cashmere dressing-gown had slipped—slipped a good deal, and had opened, very much opened; the criminal shoulders were within reach of M. Derline's lips — he succumbed. Besides, he too felt the abominable influence of the press. His wife had never seemed so pretty to him; and brought back to subjection, M. Derline returned to his study in order to make money for the most beautiful woman in Paris.

A very wise and opportune occupation; for scarcely was Madame Derline left alone when an idea flashed through her head which was to call forth a very pretty collection of bank-notes from the cash-box of the lawyer of the Rue Dragon. Madame Derline had intended wearing to the Palmers' ball a dress which had already been much seen. Madame Derline had kept the dressmaker of her wedding dress, her mother's dressmaker, a dressmaker of the Left Bank. It seemed to her that her new position imposed new duties on her. She could not appear at the Palmers' without a dress which had not been seen, and one stamped with a well-known name. She ordered the carriage in the afternoon, and resolutely gave her coachman the address of one of the most illustrious dressmakers in Paris. She arrived a little agitated, and to reach the great artist was obliged to pass through a veritable crowd of footmen, who were in the antechamber chatting and laughing, used to meeting there and making long stops. Nearly all the footmen were those of society, the highest society; they had spent the previous evening together at the English Embassy, and were to be that evening at the Duchess of Grémoille's.

Madame Derline entered a sumptuous parlor; it was very sumptuous, too sumptuous. Twenty great customers were there, — society women and actresses, all agitated, anxious, feverish, — looking at the beautiful tall saleswomen come and go before them, wearing the last creations of the master of the house. The great artist had a diplomatic bearing: buttoned-up black frock-coat, long cravat with pin (a present from a Royal Highness who paid her bills slowly), and a many-colored rosette in his buttonhole (the gift of a small reigning prince who paid slower yet the bills of an opera-dancer). He came and went — precise, calm, and cool — in the midst of the solicitations and supplications of his customers. «M. Arthur! M. Arthur!» One heard nothing but that phrase; he was M. Arthur. He went from one to the other — respectful without too much humility to the duchesses, and easy without too much familiarity to the actresses.

There was an extraordinary liveliness, and a confusion of marvelous velvets, satins, and embroidered, brocaded, and gold- or silver-threaded stuffs, all thrown here and there as though by accident — but what science in that accident! — on arm-chairs, tables, and divans.

In the first place Madame Derline ran against a shop-girl who was bearing with outstretched arms a white dress, and was almost hidden beneath a light mountain of muslins and laces. The only thing visible was the shop-girl's mussed black hair and sly suburban expression. Madame Derline backed away, wishing to place herself against the wall; but a tryer-on was there, a large energetic brunette, who spoke authoritatively in a high staccato. « At once, » she was saying, « bring me at once the princess's dress! »

Frightened and dazed, Madame Derline stood in a corner and watched an opportunity to seize a saleswoman on the fly. She even thought of giving up the game. Never, certainly, should she dare to address directly that terrible M. Arthur, who had just given her a rapid glance in which she believed to have read, « Who is she? She isn't properly dressed! She doesn't go to a fashionable dressmaker! » At last Madame Derline succeeded in getting hold of a disengaged saleswoman, and there was the same slightly disdainful glance — a glance which was accompanied by the phrase —

« Madame is not a regular customer of the house? »

« No, I am not a customer — »

« And you wish? »

« A dress, a ball-dress, and I want the dress for next Thursday evening — »

« Thursday next? »

« Yes, Thursday next. »

« O madame, it is not to be thought of! Even for a customer of the house it would be impossible. »

« But I wished it so much — »

« Go and see M. Arthur. He alone can — »

« And where is M. Arthur? »

« In his office. He has just gone into his office. Over there, madame, opposite. »

Madame Derline, through a half-open door, saw a sombre and severe but luxurious room — an ambassador's office. On the walls the great European powers were represented by photographs —

the Empress Eugénie, the Princess of Wales, a grand-duchess of Russia, and an archduchess of Austria. M. Arthur was there taking a few moments' rest, seated in a large arm-chair, with an air of lassitude and exhaustion, and with a newspaper spread out over his knees. He arose on seeing Madame Derline enter. In a trembling voice she repeated her wish.

«O madame, a ball-dress—a beautiful ball-dress—for Thursday! I couldn't make such a promise; I couldn't keep it. There are responsibilities to which I never expose myself.»

He spoke slowly, gravely, as a man conscious of his high position.

«Oh, I am so disappointed. It was a particular occasion, and I was told that you alone could—»

Two tears, two little tears, glittered on her eyelashes. M. Arthur was moved. A woman, a pretty woman, crying there before him! Never had such homage been paid to his genius.

«Well, madame, I am willing to make an attempt. A very simple dress—»

«Oh no, not simple. Very brilliant, on the contrary—everything that is most brilliant. Two of my friends are customers of yours» (she named them), «and I am Madame Derline—»

«Madame Derline! you are Madame Derline?»

The two *Madame Derlines* were followed by a glance and a smile—the glance was at the newspaper and the smile was at Madame Derline; but it was a discreet, self-contained smile, the smile of a perfectly gallant man. This is what the glance and smile said with admirable clearness:—

«Ah! you are Madame Derline, that already celebrated Madame Derline, who yesterday at the opera—I understand, I understand—I was reading just now in this paper: words are no longer necessary; you should have told your name at once. Yes, you need me; yes, you shall have your dress; yes, I want to divide your success with you.»

M. Arthur called:—

«Mademoiselle Blanche, come here at once! Mademoiselle Blanche!»

And turning towards Madame Derline, he said:—

«She has great talent, but I shall myself superintend it; so be easy—yes, I myself.»

Madame Derline was a little confused, a little embarrassed by her glory, but happy nevertheless. Mademoiselle Blanche came forward.

«Conduct madame,» said M. Arthur, «and take the necessary measures for a ball-dress, very low, and with absolutely bare arms. During that time, madame, I am going to think seriously of what I can do for you. It must be something entirely new— ah! before going, permit me—»

He walked very slowly around Madame Derline, and examined her with profound attention; then he walked away, and considered her from a little distance. His face was serious, thoughtful, and anxious: a great thinker wrestling with a great problem. He passed his hand over his forehead, raised his eyes to the sky, getting inspiration by a painful delivery; but suddenly his face lit up—the spirit from above had answered.

«Go, madame,» he said, «go. Your dress is thought out. When you come back, mademoiselle, bring me that piece of pink satin; you know, the one that I was keeping for some great occasion.»

Thus Madame Derline found herself with Mademoiselle Blanche in a trying-on room, which was a sort of little cabin lined with mirrors. A quarter of an hour later, when the measures had been taken, Madame Derline came back and discovered M. Arthur in the midst of pieces of satin of all colors, of crêpes, of tulles, of laces, and of brocaded stuffs.

«No, no, not the pink satin,» he said to Mademoiselle Blanche, who was bringing the asked-for piece; «no, I have found something better. Listen to me. This is what I wish; I have given up the pink, and I have decided on this, this peach-colored satin: a classic robe, outlining all the fine lines and showing the suppleness of the body. This robe must be very clinging—hardly any underskirts. It must be of surah. Madame must be melted into it—do you thoroughly understand?—absolutely melted into the robe. We will drop over the dress this crêpe—yes, that one, but in small, light pleats. The crêpe will be as a cloud thrown over the dress—a transparent, vapory, impalpable cloud. The arms are to be absolutely bare, as I already told you. On each shoulder there must be a simple knot, showing the upper part of the arm. Of what is the knot to be? I'm still undecided; I need to think it over—till to-morrow, madame, till to-morrow.»

Madame Derline came back the next day, and the next, and every day till the day before the famous Thursday; and each time that she came back, while awaiting her turn to try on, she ordered dresses, very simple ones, but yet costing from seven to eight hundred francs each.

And that was not all. On the day of her first visit to M. Arthur, when Madame Derline came out of the great house she was broken-hearted — positively broken-hearted — at the sight of her brougham: it really did make a pitiful appearance among all the stylish carriages which were waiting in three rows and taking up half the street. It was the brougham of her late mother-in-law, and it still rolled through the streets of Paris after fifteen years' service. Madame Derline got into the woe-begone brougham to drive straight to a very well-known carriage-maker, and that evening, cleverly seizing the psychological moment, she explained to M. Derline that she had seen a certain little black coupé lined with blue satin that would frame delightfully her new dresses.

The coupé was bought the next day by M. Derline, who also was beginning fully to realize the extent of his new duties. But the next day it was discovered that it was impossible to harness to that jewel of a coupé the old horse who had pulled the old carriage, and no less impossible to put on the box the old coachman who drove the old horse.

This is how on Thursday, April 25th, at half-past ten in the evening, a very pretty chestnut mare, driven by a very correct English coachman, took M. and Madame Derline to the Palmers'. They still lacked something — a little groom to sit beside the English coachman. But a certain amount of discretion had to be employed. The most beautiful woman in Paris intended to wait ten days before asking for the little groom.

While she was going up-stairs at the Palmers', she distinctly felt her heart beat like the strokes of a hammer. She was going to play a decisive game. She knew that the Palmers had been going everywhere, saying, «Come on Thursday: we will show you Madame Derline, the most beautiful woman in Paris.» Curiosity as well as jealousy had been well awakened.

She entered, and from the first minute she had the delicious sensation of her success. Throughout the long gallery of the Palmers' house it was a true triumphal march. She advanced with firm and precise step, erect, and head well held. She appeared to see nothing, to hear nothing, but how well she saw! how well she felt the fire of all those eyes on her shoulders! Around her arose a little murmur of admiration, and never had music been sweeter to her.

Yes, decidedly, all went well. She was on a fair way to conquer Paris. And, sure of herself, at each step she became more confident, lighter, and bolder, as she advanced on the arm of Palmer, who in passing pointed out the counts, the marquises, and the dukes. And then Palmer suddenly said to her:—

«I want to present to you one of your greatest admirers, who the other night at the opera spoke of nothing but your beauty; he is the Prince of Nérins.»

She became as red as a cherry. Palmer looked at her and began to laugh.

«Ah, you read the other day in that paper—?»

«I read—yes, I read—»

«But where is the prince, where is he? I saw him during the day, and he was to be here early.»

Madame Derline was not to see the Prince of Nérins that evening. And yet he had intended to go to the Palmers' and preside at the deification of his lawyeress. He had dined at the club, and had allowed himself to be dragged off to a first performance at a minor theatre. An operetta of the regulation type was being played. The principal personage was a young queen, who was always escorted by the customary four maids of honor.

Three of these young ladies were very well known to first-nighters, as having already figured in the tableaux of operettas and in groups of fairies, but the fourth—oh, the fourth! She was a new one, a tall brunette of the most striking beauty. The prince made himself remarked more than all others by his enthusiasm. He completely forgot that he was to leave after the first act. The play was over very late, and the prince was still there, having paid no attention to the piece or the music, having seen nothing but the wonderful brunette, having heard nothing but the stanza which she had unworthily massacred in the middle of the second act. And while they were leaving the theatre, the prince was saying to whoever would listen:—

«That brunette! oh, that brunette! She hasn't an equal in any theatre! She is the most beautiful woman in Paris! the most beautiful!»

It was one o'clock in the morning. The prince asked himself if he should go to the Palmers'. Poor Madame Derline: she was of very slight importance beside this new wonder! And then, too, the prince was a methodical man. The hour for whist had arrived; so he departed to play whist.

The following morning Madame Derline found ten lines on the Palmers' ball in the «society column.» There was mention of the marquises, the countesses, and the duchesses who were there, but about Madame Derline there was not a word—not a word.

On the other hand, the writer of theatrical gossip celebrated in enthusiastic terms the beauty of that ideal maid of honor, and said, "*Besides, the Prince of Nérins declared that Mademoiselle Miranda was indisputably the most beautiful woman in Paris!*"

Madame Derline threw the paper into the fire. She did not wish her husband to know that she was already not the most beautiful woman in Paris.

She has however kept the great dressmaker and the English coachman, but she has never dared to ask for the little groom.

THOMAS C. HALIBURTON

(1796–1865)

In 1835 there appeared in a Nova-Scotian journal a series of articles satirizing the New England character, as expressed in the person of Sam Slick, a Yankee clock-peddler. Within a few weeks these had become so popular that they were republished in book form, the little duodecimo volume called ‹The Clockmaker, or the Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick of Slickville,› being read by all classes of people. Indeed, the popularity of this skit wholly obscured the importance of the author's more serious work as a historian and publicist. Thomas C. Haliburton, the inventor of this famous Yankee character, was born in Windsor, Nova Scotia, 1796, educated in his native town, and called to the bar there in 1820. Eight years later he was appointed Chief Justice of Common Pleas, and presently transferred to the Supreme Court, in which he sat until 1856, when he removed to England, where he died in 1865.

T. C. Haliburton

While his historical work is not important, his ‹History of Nova Scotia› has done more to make Acadia known to the outside world than any other work except ‹Evangeline,› and Longfellow acknowledged himself much indebted to Haliburton for material. His ‹Bubbles of Canada› and ‹Rule and Misrule of the English in America,› dealing with political situations of importance in his time, and his half-dozen other books, are now forgotten. It is as a humorist only that he is remembered.

Of his ‹Sam Slick› Professor Felton of Harvard wrote: «We can distinguish the real from the counterfeit Yankee at the first sound of the voice, and by the turn of a single sentence: and we have no hesitation in declaring that Sam Slick is not what he pretends to be; that there is no organic life in him; that he is an impostor, an impossibility, a nonentity.» The London Athenæum, on the other hand, pronounced that «he [the clockmaker] deserves to be entered on our list of friends containing the names of Tristram Shandy, the shepherd of the ‹Noctes Ambrosianæ,› and other rhapsodical discoursers on time and change, who besides the delight of their discourse possess also the charm of individuality."

Farcical as is his delineation of the shrewd, conceited, bragging, cozening, hard-working, garrulous Yankee, little as he admires the institutions that produced this type of citizen, it is plain that Judge Haliburton uses the clockmaker and his kind to point the moral against the dullness, lack of enterprise, laziness, and provincial shiftlessness of the Nova-Scotians. He means to sting his fellow-countrymen into effort and action if he can. Whether the book really served for admonition and correction, whether the Yankee clock really struck the hour for the "Bluenose" awakening, as its author fondly believed, at least he created the conventional Yankee of general acceptation,—the lank, awkward figure, ill articulated and ill dressed, with trousers and coat-sleeves too short, with hat too large, with hair too long, with sharp nose, keen eyes, shrewd smile, with flattened vowels and nasal tones, with queer vocabulary and queerer syntax—in short, the Yankee of the stage, of caricature, of tradition, universally believed in (at least across the seas) until Lowell's genius revealed the true New-Englander in Hosea Biglow. Even as a Pretender, therefore, Sam Slick has his important place in the Republic of Letters,—a place the more important as interest in him becomes more and more merely historic.

MR. SAMUEL SLICK

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I HAD heard of Yankee clock-peddlers, tin-peddlers, and Bible-peddlers,—especially of him who sold Polyglot Bibles (*all in English*) to the amount of sixteen thousand pounds. The house of every substantial farmer had three substantial ornaments: a wooden clock, a tin reflector, and a Polyglot Bible. How is it that an American can sell his wares at whatever price he pleases, where a Bluenose would fail to make a sale at all? I will inquire of the Clockmaker the secret of his success.

"What a pity it is, Mr. Slick,"—for such was his name,—"what a pity it is," said I, "that you, who are so successful in teaching these people the value of clocks, could not also teach them the value of time."

"I guess," said he, "they have got that ring to grow on their horns yet, which every four-year-old has in our country. We reckon hours and minutes to be dollars and cents. They do nothing in these parts but eat, drink, smoke, sleep, ride about, lounge at taverns, make speeches at temperance meetings, and talk about 'House of Assembly.' If a man don't hoe his corn, and he don't get a crop, he says it is owing to the bank; and if he runs into debt and is sued, why, he says the lawyers are a curse to the country. They are a most idle set of folks, I tell you."

"But how is it," said I, "that you manage to sell such an immense number of clocks, which certainly cannot be called necessary articles, among a people with whom there seems to be so great a scarcity of money?"

Mr. Slick paused, as if considering the propriety of answering the question, and looking me in the face, said in a confidential tone:—

"Why, I don't care if I do tell you; for the market is glutted, and I shall quit this circuit. It is done by a knowledge of *soft sawder* and *human natur'*. But here is Deacon Flint's," said he; "I have but one clock left, and I guess I will sell it to him."

At the gate of a most comfortable-looking farm-house stood Deacon Flint, a respectable old man who had understood the value of time better than most of his neighbors, if one might judge from the appearance of everything about him. After the usual salutation, an invitation to "alight" was accepted by Mr. Slick, who said he wished to take leave of Mrs. Flint before he left Colchester.

We had hardly entered the house before the Clockmaker pointed to the view from the window, and addressing himself to me, said: "If I was to tell them in Connecticut there was such a farm as this away down-east here in Nova Scotia, they wouldn't believe me. Why, there ain't such a location in all New England. The deacon has a hundred acres of dike—"

"Seventy," said the deacon, "only seventy."

"Well, seventy: but then there is your fine deep bottom; why, I could run a ramrod into it—"

"Interval, we call it," said the deacon, who, though evidently pleased at this eulogium, seemed to wish the experiment of the ramrod to be tried in the right place.

"Well, interval, if you please—though Professor Eleazer Cumstick, in his work on Ohio, calls them bottoms—is just as good as dike. Then there is that water privilege, worth three or four thousand dollars, twice as good as what Governor Cass paid fifteen thousand dollars for. I wonder, deacon, you don't put up a carding-mill on it; the same works would carry a turning-lathe, a shingle machine, a circular saw, grind bark, and—»

« Too old,» said the deacon; « too old for all those speculations.»

« Old!» repeated the Clockmaker, « not you: why, you are worth half a dozen of the young men we see nowadays; you are young enough to have»—here he said something in a lower tone of voice, which I did not distinctly hear: but whatever it was, the deacon was pleased; he smiled, and said he did not think of such things now.

« But your beasts—dear me, your beasts must be put in and have a feed;» saying which, he went out to order them to be taken to the stable.

As the old gentleman closed the door after him, Mr. Slick drew near to me, and said in an undertone, « That is what I call ‹soft sawder.› An Englishman would pass that man as a sheep passes a hog in a pasture, without looking at him; or,» said he, looking rather archly, « if he was mounted on a pretty smart horse, I guess he'd trot away if he could. Now I find—» Here his lecture on « soft sawder» was cut short by the entrance of Mrs. Flint.

« Jist come to say good-by, Mrs. Flint.»

« What, have you sold all your clocks?»

« Yes, and very low too; for money is scarce, and I wish to close the consarn—no, I am wrong in saying all, for I have just one left. Neighbor Steel's wife asked to have the refusal of it, but I guess I won't sell it; I had but two of them, this one and the feller of it, that I sold Governor Lincoln. General Green, the Secretary of State for Maine, said he'd give me fifty dollars for this here one—it has composition wheels and patent axles, is a beautiful article, a real first-chop, no mistake, genuine superfine—but I guess I'll take it back; and besides, Squire Hawk might think kinder hard that I did not give him the offer.»

« Dear me!» said Mrs. Flint, « I should like to see it; where is it?»

« It is in a chest of mine over the way, at Tom Tape's store. I guess he can ship it on to Eastport.»

« That's a good man,» said Mrs. Flint, « jist let's look at it.»

Mr. Slick, willing to oblige, yielded to these entreaties and soon produced the clock,—a gaudy, highly varnished, trumperylooking affair. He placed it on the chimney-piece, where its beauties were pointed out and duly appreciated by Mrs. Flint, whose admiration was about ending in a proposal, when Mr. Flint returned from giving his directions about the care of the horses. The deacon praised the clock; he too thought it a handsome one: but the deacon was a prudent man; he had a watch; he was sorry, but he had no occasion for a clock.

«I guess you're in the wrong furrow this time, deacon: it ain't for sale,» said Mr. Slick; «and if it was, I reckon neighbor Steel's wife would have it, for she gave me no peace about it.»

Mrs. Flint said that Mr. Steel had enough to do, poor man, to pay his interest, without buying clocks for his wife.

«It is no consarn of mine,» said Mr. Slick, «as long as he pays me, what he has to do: but I guess I don't want to sell it, and besides, it comes too high; that clock can't be made at Rhode Island under forty dollars.—Why, it ain't possible!» said the Clockmaker in apparent surprise, looking at his watch; «why, as I'm alive, it is four o'clock, and if I haven't been two hours here! How on airth shall I reach River Philip to-night? I'll tell you what, Mrs. Flint; I'll leave the clock in your care till I return, on my way to the States. I'll set it a-going, and put it to the right time.»

As soon as this operation was performed, he delivered the key to the deacon with a sort of serio-comic injunction to wind up the clock every Saturday night,—which Mrs. Flint said she would take care should be done, and promised to remind her husband of it, in case he should chance to forget it.

«That,» said the Clockmaker, as soon as we were mounted, «that I call 'human natur''! Now, that clock is sold for forty dollars; it cost me just six dollars and fifty cents. Mrs. Flint will never let Mrs. Steel have the refusal, nor will the deacon learn, until I call for the clock, having once indulged in the use of a superfluity, how difficult it is to give it up. We can do without any article of luxury we have never had; but when once obtained, it is not in human natur' to surrender it voluntarily. Of fifteen thousand sold by myself and partners in this province, twelve thousand were left in this manner, and only ten clocks were ever returned; when we called for them they invariably bought them. We trust to 'soft sawder' to get them into the house, and to human natur' that they never come out of it.»

HENRY HALLAM

(1777–1859)

The work of Henry Hallam as a historian was timely. He filled a distinct want, and he seems likely to hold his place for decades to come. His security rests not upon his power of philosophizing from the great events, crises, and epochs in human affairs; not upon broad generalizations regarding the development and trend of civilization: but rather upon his clear and comprehensive vision of the all-important facts of history, upon his calm and legal-like presentation of these facts. He walks forth in the vast valley of crumbling bones and dust, the chaos of the ages, and with painstaking care and unerring judgment takes up on this side and on that, from the heap of rubbish, the few perfect parts that go to make up a complete framework. He compels us to clothe the skeleton, and construct a body of our own fashioning; to form our own theories, to deduce our own philosophy. That, then, is the reason that Hallam will remain a source of profit and inspiration to his readers.

In his great work 'The Middle Ages,' as it is commonly known (though its fuller title is 'View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages'), published in 1818, Hallam adopted a method to such an end, that was peculiarly his own. At the risk of repetition and retracing, he took up first one country after another and sketched in outline its growth into a nation, devoting to each a chapter that was a complete book in itself, and bringing in the doings of near-by countries only so much as was absolutely necessary. In this way Hallam traces, with admirable arrangement and sense of proportion, the main lines in the history of France, Italy, Spain, Germany, and of the Greeks and Saracens. To give a detailed narration is furthest from his thought and furthest from his achievement. He deals primarily with results; and with him, as he himself has said, «a single sentence or paragraph is often sufficient to give the character of entire generations.» He takes the continent in magnificent sweeps, casting aside legend, tradition, intrigue, and disaster, and catching up only those greater facts and results which he puts together dexterously and accurately to form indeed the framework of the long story of the Middle Ages.

This brief summary of Hallam's methods and system applies, it should be said, more to his 'Middle Ages' than to any other work of his. In fact, it would seem that his name for the future rests upon this work almost wholly; for while his compendious and careful ‘Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries’ (published in 1838–9), shows immense erudition and amazingly wide reading, one cannot help getting the impression of confusion and clumsiness in its construction. In it Hallam's opinions are discriminating, as in everything he ever wrote, but they are by no means profound, and to the average student his ‘Literature’ can hardly fail to be dispiriting and dull.

It is not surprising that a legal acumen and a logical arrangement of his facts should characterize Hallam's historical writings. Born at Windsor, July 9th, 1777, and a Christ Church College graduate in 1799, he studied for the law at Christ College, Oxford, and practiced industriously for some years on the Oxford Circuit. Of independent means, he relinquished the law and devoted himself to his literary life and to his important personal interests and his friends. Of the latter he had many, and they were among the most distinguished of his contemporaries. He was a member of the famous Holland House circle and a guest at Bowood; and Sydney Smith, Macaulay, and other social and literary lights esteemed his society. He passed most of his time, season by season, in his London house in Wimpole Street,—an uninteresting and retired neighborhood, as pictured in a line of that ‘In Memoriam’ which Lord Tennyson wrote as his tribute to a friendship with Hallam's beloved son Arthur. Various societies, British and foreign, honored his works emphatically; he was a member of the Institute of France, and it is interesting to Americans to know that he and Washington Irving received in 1830 the medals offered by King George IV. for eminence in historical writings.

His life was relatively quiet and uneventful. It is somewhat curious that we have not more reminiscences and pen pictures of him, especially as his contemporaries held him in such affection. He had almost nothing to say to political life, though his prime came to him during the Corn Law agitations. Indeed, he kept himself, during all his busy years until his death in 1859, a student of the past rather than a worker of his day. We owe much to his profound studies of the centuries preceding his own; yet a real admirer of Hallam could wish that he had been less concentrated on his analysis of the past, and bolder to cope with questions of the present. As he himself says, he ended his ‘Constitutional History of England’ (published in 1827) at the accession of George III., because he had «been influenced by unwillingness to excite the prejudices of modern politics.» It must be a matter of regret that Hallam should thus stop (ingloriously, we might almost say!) just at the threshold of what was a most interesting part of England's modern Constitutional history.

At this ending of a century, every student and historian specializes, —takes up some one period and attempts to exhaust it. Those were not the methods of Hallam's time. Some of the advantages of those methods Hallam undoubtedly missed. This weakness shows occasionally on points which seemed to be so obscure in Hallam's thought as to render his expression blind and ambiguous. On the whole, however, such instances are infrequent. It is sufficient praise to say that Hallam has done what he set out to do: to furnish for the intelligent and seeking reader a just and accurate outline; to point out the landmarks and beacons on the way that will guide him unfailingly in his future search. In these respects Hallam's achievements are remarkable and incomparable.

ENGLISH DOMESTIC COMFORT IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY

From ‹View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages›

It is an error to suppose that the English gentry were lodged in stately or even in well-sized houses. Generally speaking, their dwellings were almost as inferior to those of their descendants in capacity as they were in convenience. The usual arrangement consisted of an entrance passage running through the house, with a hall on one side, a parlor beyond, and one or two chambers above; and on the opposite side, a kitchen, pantry, and other offices. Such was the ordinary manor-house of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Larger structures were erected by men of great estates after the Wars of the Roses; but I should conceive it difficult to name a house in England, still inhabited by a gentleman and not belonging to the order of castles, the principal apartments of which are older than the reign of Henry VII. The instances at least must be extremely few.

France by no means appears to have made a greater progress than our own country in domestic architecture. Except fortified castles, I do not find any considerable dwellings mentioned before the reign of Charles VII., and very few of so early a date. Even in Italy, where from the size of her cities and social refinements of her inhabitants, greater elegance and splendor in building were justly to be expected, the domestic architecture of the Middle Ages did not attain any perfection. In several towns the houses were covered with thatch, and suffered consequently from destructive fires.

The two most essential improvements in architecture during this period, one of which had been missed by the sagacity of Greece and Rome, were chimneys and glass windows. Nothing apparently can be more simple than the former: yet the wisdom of ancient times had been content to let the smoke escape by an aperture in the centre of the roof; and a discovery of which Vitruvius had not a glimpse was made, perhaps in this country, by some forgotten semi-barbarian. About the middle of the fourteenth century the use of chimneys is distinctly mentioned in England and in Italy; but they are found in several of our castles which bear a much older date. This country seems to have lost very early the art of making glass, which was preserved in France, whence artificers were brought into England to furnish the windows in some new churches in the seventh century. . . .

But if the domestic buildings of the fifteenth century would not seem very spacious or convenient at present, far less would this luxurious generation be content with their internal accommodations. A gentleman's house containing three or four beds was extraordinarily well provided; few, probably, had more than two. The walls were commonly bare, without wainscot or even plaster; except that some great houses were furnished with hangings, and that perhaps hardly so soon as the reign of Edward IV. It is unnecessary to add that neither libraries of books nor pictures could have found a place among furniture. Silver plate was very rare, and hardly used for the table. A few inventories of furniture that still remain exhibit a miserable deficiency. And this was incomparably greater in private gentlemen's houses than among citizens, and especially foreign merchants. We have an inventory of the goods belonging to Contarini, a rich Venetian trader, at his house in St. Botolph's Lane, A. D. 1481. There appear to have been no less than ten beds, and glass windows are especially noticed as movable furniture. No mention, however, is made of chairs or looking-glasses. If we compare this account, however trifling in our estimation, with a similar inventory of furniture in Skipton Castle, the great honor of the earls of Cumberland, and among the most splendid mansions of the North, not at the same period — for I have not found any inventory of a nobleman's furniture so ancient — but in 1572, after almost a century of continual improvement, we shall be astonished at the inferior provision of the baronial residence. There were not more than seven or eight beds in this great castle; nor had any of the chambers either chairs, glasses, or carpets. It is in this sense probably that we must understand Æneas Sylvius,—if he meant anything more than to express a traveler's discontent,—when he declares that the kings of Scotland would rejoice to be as well lodged as the second class of citizens at Nuremberg.

THE MIDDLE AGES AS A PERIOD OF INTELLECTUAL DARKNESS

From ‹View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages›

If we would listen to some literary historians, we should believe that the darkest ages contained many individuals not only distinguished among their contemporaries, but positively eminent for abilities and knowledge. A proneness to extol every monk of whose production a few letters or a devotional treatise survives, every bishop of whom it is related that he composed homilies, runs through the laborious work of ‹The Benedictines of St. Maur,› ‹The Literary History of France,› and in a less degree is observable even in Tiraboschi and in most books of this class. Bede, Alcuin, Hincmar, Raban, and a number of inferior names, become real giants of learning in their uncritical panegyrics. But one might justly say that ignorance is the smallest defect of the writers of these dark ages. Several of them were tolerably acquainted with books; but that wherein they are uniformly deficient is original argument or expression. Almost every one is a compiler of scraps from the Fathers, or from such semi-classical authors as Boëtius, Cassiodorus, or Martianus Capella. Indeed, I am not aware that there appeared more than two really considerable men in the republic of letters from the sixth to the middle of the eleventh century—John, surnamed Scotus or Erigena, a native of Ireland; and Gerbert, who became pope by the name of Sylvester II.: the first endowed with a bold and acute metaphysical genius; the second excellent, for the time when he lived, in mathematical science and mechanical inventions.

If it be demanded by what cause it happened that a few sparks of ancient learning survived throughout this long winter, we can only ascribe their preservation to the establishment of Christianity. Religion alone made a bridge, as it were, across the chaos, and has linked the two periods of ancient and modern civilization. Without this connecting principle, Europe might indeed have awakened to intellectual pursuits; and the genius of recent times needed not to be invigorated by the imitation of antiquity. But the memory of Greece and Rome would have been feebly preserved by tradition, and the monuments of those nations might have excited, on the return of civilization, that vague sentiment of speculation and wonder with which men now contemplate Persepolis or the Pyramids. It is not, however, from religion simply that we have derived this advantage, but from religion as it was modified in the Dark Ages. Such is the complex reciprocation of good and evil in the dispensations of Providence that we may assert, with only an apparent paradox, that had religion been more pure it would have been less permanent; and that Christianity has been preserved by means of its corruptions. The sole hope for literature depended on the Latin language; and I do not see why that should not have been lost, if three circumstances in the prevailing religious system, all of which we are justly accustomed to disapprove, had not conspired to maintain it,— the papal supremacy, the monastic institutions, and the use of a Latin liturgy. 1. A continual intercourse was kept up, in consequence of the first, between Rome and the several nations of Europe; her laws were received by the bishops, her legates presided in councils: so that a common language was as necessary in the Church as it is at present in the diplomatic relations of kingdoms. 2. Throughout the whole course of the Middle Ages there was no learning, and very little regularity of manners, among the parochial clergy. Almost every distinguished man was either the member of a chapter or a convent. The monasteries were subjected to strict rules of discipline, and held out more opportunities for study than the secular clergy possessed, and fewer for worldly dissipations. But their most important service was as secure repositories for books. All our manuscripts have been preserved in this manner, and could hardly have descended to us by any other channel; at least, there were intervals when I do not conceive that any royal or private libraries existed. . . .

In the shadows of this universal ignorance a thousand superstitions, like foul animals of night, were propagated and nourished. It would be very unsatisfactory to exhibit a few specimens of this odious brood, when the real character of those times is only to be judged by their accumulated multitude. There are many books, from which a sufficient number of instances may be collected to show the absurdity and ignorance of the Middle Ages in this respect. I shall only mention two, as affording more general evidence than any local or obscure superstition. In the tenth century an opinion prevailed everywhere that the end of the world was approaching. Many charters begin with these words: «As the world is now drawing to its close.» An army marching under the Emperor Otho I. was so terrified by an eclipse of the sun, which it conceived to announce this consummation, as to disperse hastily on all sides. As this notion seems to have been founded on some confused theory of the millennium, it naturally died away when the seasons proceeded in the eleventh century with their usual regularity. A far more remarkable and permanent superstition was the appeal to Heaven in judicial controversies, whether through the means of combat or of ordeal. The principle of these was the same; but in the former it was mingled with feelings independent of religion,—the natural dictates of resentment in a brave man unjustly accused, and the sympathy of a warlike people with the display of skill and intrepidity. These, in course of time, almost obliterated the primary character of judicial combat, and ultimately changed it into the modern duel, in which assuredly there is no mixture of superstition. But in the various tests of innocence which were called ordeals, this stood undisguised and unqualified. It is not necessary to describe what is so well known—the ceremonies of trial by handling hot iron, by plunging the arm into boiling fluids, by floating or sinking in cold water, or by swallowing a piece of consecrated bread. It is observable that as the interference of Heaven was relied upon as a matter of course, it seems to have been reckoned nearly indifferent whether such a test were adopted as must, humanly considered, absolve all the guilty, or one that must convict all the innocent. The ordeals of hot iron or water were however more commonly used; and it has been a perplexing question by what dexterity these tremendous proofs were eluded. They seem at least to have placed the decision of all judicial controversies in the hands of the clergy, who must have known the secret, whatever that might be, of satisfying the spectators that an accused person had held a mass of burning iron with impunity. For several centuries this mode of investigation was in great repute, though not without opposition from some eminent bishops. It does discredit to the memory of Charlemagne that he was one of its warmest advocates. But the judicial combat, which indeed might be reckoned one species of ordeal, gradually put an end to the rest; and as the Church acquired better notions of law and a code of her own, she strenuously exerted herself against all these barbarous superstitions. . . .

At the same time it must be admitted that the evils of superstition in the Middle Ages, though separately considered very serious, are not to be weighed against the benefits of the religion with which they were so mingled. In the original principles of monastic orders, and the rules by which they ought at least to have been governed, there was a character of meekness, self-denial, and charity that could not wholly be effaced. These virtues, rather than justice and veracity, were inculcated by the religious ethics of the Middle Ages; and in the relief of indigence, it may upon the whole be asserted that the monks did not fall short of their profession. This eleemosynary spirit, indeed, remarkably distinguishes both Christianity and Mohammedanism from the moral systems of Greece and Rome, which were very deficient in general humanity and sympathy with suffering. Nor do we find in any single instance during ancient times, if I mistake not, those public institutions for the alleviation of human miseries which have long been scattered over every part of Europe. The virtues of the monks assumed a still higher character when they stood forward as protectors of the oppressed. By an established law, founded on very ancient superstition, the precincts of a church afforded sanctuary to accused persons. Under a due administration of justice this privilege would have been simply and constantly mischievous, as we properly consider it to be in those countries where it still subsists. But in the rapine and tumult of the Middle Ages, the right of sanctuary might as often be a shield to innocence as an immunity to crime. We can hardly regret, in reflecting on the desolating violence which prevailed, that there should have been some green spots in the wilderness where the feeble and the persecuted could find refuge. How must this right have enhanced the veneration for religious institutions! How gladly must the victims of internal warfare have turned their eyes from the baronial castle, the dread and scourge of the neighborhood, to those venerable walls within which not even the clamor of arms could be heard to disturb the chant of holy men and the sacred service of the altar!

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK

(1790–1867)

Fitz-Greene Halleck did his share, as an American poet, in giving dignity to the native literature during the first half of the nineteenth century. Like his friend and fellow-worker Drake, he wrote polished and pleasing verse at a time when such work was rare and not fostered by the social conditions.

A New-Englander of good Puritan stock, he was born July 8th, 1790, in the old Connecticut coast town of Guilford. He had such schooling as the place afforded, but at fifteen became a clerk in his uncle's store, where he remained until his majority. His bookish ancestry, or the writing ichor of a man predestined to letters, led him while yet a school-lad to scribble verses, practicing a 'prentice hand. When twenty-one he went to New York, entering a counting-room and only leaving it, after twenty years of service, for a similar position with John Jacob Astor, held for sixteen years,—a long life of mercantile employment. But Halleck's interests lay in another direction. All his spare money went for books, and soon after arriving in the great city he formed the friendship with Drake which lasted until the latter's death in 1820, and inspired what is perhaps Halleck's best short lyric. Halleck and Drake were collaborators in the clever satiric 'Croaker' papers, which, appearing during 1819 in the New York Evening Post, caught the public fancy, as Irving and Paulding caught it with the 'Salmagundi' papers. The same year Halleck's long satirical poem 'Fanny' was published, and met with success. A European trip at the age of thirty-two broadened his culture; and in the 'Poems' issued in 1827 several pieces show this influence, including the familiar martial lay of 'Marco Bozzaris.'

Fitz-Greene Halleck

In 1849, Mr. Astor having granted him a small annuity, the poet returned to his native Guilford to live with his sister in one of the town's old-time houses, and to lead a life of quiet, studious retirement. Between brother and sister, neither of whom had married, a tender and beautiful friendship existed. Not much literary work was done by Halleck during the last twenty years, though his poem 'Connecticut' belongs to this period, and reflects his love for his own State. He died at Guilford, November 19th, 1867, aged seventy-seven. Full honor has been awarded him since. On the eightieth anniversary of his birth a fine obelisk, erected through the efforts of leading men of letters, was dedicated with imposing ceremony at Guilford, and was the first monument to an American poet, as the statue to Halleck in Central Park, New York, set up in 1877, is the first memorial of its kind. An address by Bayard Taylor and a poem by Dr. Holmes on this occasion indicated the quality of the respect felt for the poet. His 'Poetical Writings' have been edited by James Grant Wilson (1869), who at the same time prepared his biography.

Fitz-Greene Halleck will always have a place in the American anthology. His verse to-day strikes the ear as somewhat academic and confined; the body of his work is slender, nor was his range wide. But as a forerunner of greater singers, and within his limitations, he produced poetry that is felicitous in diction, skillful in the handling of metres, and possessed of feeling in the lyric vein and of fire in the heroic. Two or three of his compositions certainly have vitality enough for a prolonged existence. He cannot be overlooked in tracing the development of letters in the United States.

MARCO BOZZARIS

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power.
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring,
Then pressed that monarch's throne — a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band —
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood
On old Platæa's day;

And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arms to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far, as they.

An hour passed on — the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last:
He woke — to hear his sentries shriek,
«To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!»
He woke — to die 'midst flame and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:—
«Strike — till the last armed foe expires;
Strike — for your altars and your fires;
Strike — for the green graves of your sires,
God — and your native land!»

They fought like brave men, long and well;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
They conquered — but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
Come to the mother's, when she feels
For the first time her first-born's breath;
Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm
With banquet song, and dance, and wine:
And thou art terrible — the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come when his task of fame is wrought;
Come with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought;
Come in her crowning hour — and then
Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight
Of sky and stars to prisoned men
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land;
Thy summons welcome as the cry
That told the Indian isles were nigh
To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land wind, from woods of palm
And orange groves, and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee — there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
The heartless luxury of the tomb.
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved, and for a season gone;
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
For thee she rings the birthday bells;
Of thee her babes' first lisping tells;
For thine her evening prayer is said
At palace couch and cottage bed;
Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him, the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears.
And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,

The memory of her buried joys;
And even she who gave thee birth,
Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,
Talk of thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's—
One of the few, the immortal names
That were not born to die.

ROBERT BURNS

There have been loftier themes than his,
And longer scrolls, and louder lyres,
And lays lit up with Poesy's
Purer and holier fires.

Yet read the names that know not death:
Few nobler ones than Burns are there;
And few have won a greener wreath
Than that which binds his hair.

His is that language of the heart
In which the answering heart would speak;
Thought, word, that bids the warm tear start,
Or the smile light the cheek.

And his that music to whose tone
The common pulse of man keeps time,
In cot or castle's mirth or moan,
In cold or sunny clime.

And who hath heard his song, nor knelt
Before its spell with willing knee,
And listened, and believed, and felt
The Poet's mastery?

O'er the mind's sea, in calm and storm,
O'er the heart's sunshine and its showers,
O'er Passion's moments, bright and warm,
O'er Reason's dark, cold hours;

On fields where brave men «die or do,»
In halls where rings the banquet's mirth,
Where mourners weep, where lovers woo,
From throne to cottage hearth:

What sweet tears dim the eyes unshed,
What wild vows falter on the tongue,
When 'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,'
Or 'Auld Lang Syne,' is sung!

Pure hopes, that lift the soul above,
Come with the Cotter's hymn of praise;
And dreams of youth, and truth, and love,
With Logan's banks and braes.

And when he breathes his master-lay
Of Alloway's witch-haunted wall,
All passions in our frames of clay
Come thronging at his call.

Imagination's world of air,
And our own world, its gloom and glee,—
Wit, pathos, poetry, are there,
And death's sublimity.

And Burns, though brief the race he ran,
Though rough and dark the path he trod,
Lived, died, in form and soul a Man,
The image of his God.

Through care, and pain, and want, and woe,
With wounds that only death could heal,—
Tortures the poor alone can know,
The proud alone can feel,—

He kept his honesty and truth,
His independent tongue and pen,
And moved, in manhood as in youth,
Pride of his fellow-men.

Strong sense, deep feeling, passions strong,
A hate of tyrant and of knave,
A love of right, a scorn of wrong,
Of coward and of slave;

A kind, true heart, a spirit high,
That could not fear and would not bow,
Were written in his manly eye
And on his manly brow.

Praise to the bard! His words are driven,
Like flower seeds by the far winds sown,

Where'er, beneath the sky of heaven,
The birds of fame have flown.

Praise to the man! A nation stood
Beside his coffin with wet eyes,—
Her brave, her beautiful, her good,—
As when a loved one dies.

And still, as on his funeral day,
Men stand his cold earth-couch around,
With the mute homage that we pay
To consecrated ground.

And consecrated ground it is,—
The last, the hallowed home of one
Who lives upon all memories,
Though with the buried gone.

Such graves as his are pilgrim shrines,
Shrines to no code or creed confined;
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
The Meccas of the mind.

Sages, with Wisdom's garland wreathed,
Crowned kings, and mitred priests of power,
And warriors with their bright swords sheathed,
The mightiest of the hour;

And lowlier names, whose humble home
Is lit by Fortune's dimmer star,
Are there; o'er wave and mountain come,
From countries near and far,

Pilgrims whose wandering feet have pressed
The Switzer's snow, the Arab's sand,
Or trod the piled leaves of the West—
My own green forest-land:

All ask the cottage of his birth,
Gaze on the scenes he loved and sung,
And gather feelings not of earth
His fields and streams among.

They linger by the Doon's low trees,
And pastoral Nith, and wooded Ayr,
And round thy sepulchres, Dumfries!
The Poet's tomb is there.

But what to them the sculptor's art,
His funeral columns, wreaths, and urns?
Wear they not graven on the heart
The name of Robert Burns?

ON THE DEATH OF JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.

Tears fell when thou wert dying,
From eyes unused to weep;
And long, where thou art lying,
Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts whose truth was proven
Like thine, are laid in earth,
There should a wreath be woven
To tell the world their worth;

And I who woke each morrow
To clasp thy hand in mine,
Who shared thy joy and sorrow,
Whose weal and woe were thine,—

It should be mine to braid it
Around thy faded brow,
But I've in vain essayed it,
And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee,
Nor thoughts nor words are free;
The grief is fixed too deeply
That mourns a man like thee.

JEHUDAH HALLEVI

(1080–?)

BY RICHARD GOTTHEIL

In the sunny lands of Spain, the Jews, outcast from their Eastern homes, had found a second fatherland. Under the rule of Arabic caliphs, Orientals as they themselves were, occasion had been given them to develop that taste for literature which their continued occupation with the Bible had instilled into them. Cordova, Granada, and Toledo soon became homes of Jewish learning, in which the glory of the schools of Babylon and Palestine was well-nigh hidden. Under the influence of a quieter life, the heart of the Jew expanded and his imagination had freedom to run its own course. The Hebrew muse, which had almost forgotten the force with which it had poured forth psalm and song in ancient days, awoke again to a sense of its power. The harp of David was once more strung to catch the outpourings of hearts thankful and gay. The priests in the Temple of God, less grand outwardly now, but more fully the expression of the feelings of the individual, chanted anew Israel's songs of praise and of sanctification.

Of the many poets which this new life produced,—lived as it was among a people to whom poetry was so natural a mode of expression,—to Abulhasan Jehudah ben Hallevi all unite in giving the crown. Born in Toledo, Old Castile, in 1080, his songs and verses soon became so well known and so oft recited that the person of their author has been almost forgotten in the love shown his productions. He lived only for his pen, and no deeds are accounted him which might make the telling of his life more than of a passing interest. He was learned—as most of the men of his race then were—in all the sciences of the Arabians; had made himself proficient in the language of both Quran and Bible, was learned in the practice of medicine and facile in the discussion of philosophy. His was a thoroughly religious nature; and in joining together philosophy, and poetry, and medicine, he was following a custom not unknown in the Jewish high schools. In philosophy he communed with man about God, in poetry with God about man; while his service to his fellow-men was through his power in the healing art. «I occupy myself in the hours which belong neither to the day nor to the night, with the vanity of medical science, although I am unable to heal. I physic Babel, but it continues infirm,» are his own words in a letter to a friend. This art he practiced in Toledo and Cordova; and in one of these places he wrote in the Arabic tongue a philosophical work (‘Kuzari’) which, though perhaps bad philosophy, is a poetical and beautiful defense of his own faith against the conflicting claims of Christianity and Mohammedanism.

But at the early age of thirteen, his pen had commenced to run in the cadence of rhyme and metre. His first poems were upon subjects which touch the young,—poems of friendship, of love, and of wine, in which he made the old sedate and stately language of the Bible shake with youthful mirth and laughter. And though he never really forsook such subjects light and gay, these poems were not the real expression of his inmost being. A strong sense of the Divine presence, a romantic love for the home of his faith,—in spite of its second home in Spain,—have made of Jehudah Hallevi the chief of the national poets of Israel whose love was rooted in the land of the patriarchs and prophets. Of all his three hundred religious poems—almost one third of the poet's legacy—none bear the stamp of intense feeling as do these national ones. In verse after verse he bemoans the ruins of the ancient places, bewails the exile of Israel's children, and sings the larger hope of her returned glory.

So strong was the love of Zion within him that he could not rest until he had seen in the flesh that which his spiritual eye had beheld since his youth. He had already reached the age of sixty when he set out on his long journey to the Holy Land; alone, because he had not sufficiently persuaded others up to the pitch of his own faith. And yet not entirely alone! His muse went with him; and his track was strewn with the brightest pearls which have fallen from his lips. He reached Palestine; but our knowledge of his further doings there is cut off. His body must have been laid in the sacred soil; but no man knoweth the place of his sepulture. Like Elijah of old, he went up to heaven. The popular fancy has seized upon so welcome a figure, and has told how he was cut down by an Arab at the very walls of Jerusalem, after he had poured forth the ‘Ode to Zion,’ which has done more than any of his other pieces to keep his memory alive; and of which Heine—of the elder poet's race, and inwardly also of his faith—has said:—

«Tears of pearl, that on the golden
Thread of rhyme are strung together,
From the shining forge of poetry
Have come forth in song celestial.

«And this is the song of Zion
That Jehudah ben Hallevi
Sang when dying on the holy
Ruins of Jerusalem.»

Jehudah Hallevi has thus become the exponent of suffering Israel, the teller of its woes, the prophet of its hopes. A depth of pure feeling is revealed in him; a freedom from artificial constraint, and a power of description, which we meet with nowhere among the Middle-Age Hebrew poets. As a true poet, love remains his theme to the end; but the love of the fair one is exchanged for a love purer and greater,—his people, his faith.

«But a wan and woeful maiden
Was his love: a mournful image
Of despair and desolation,
Who was named Jerusalem.

«Even in his early boyhood
Did he love her, deeply, truly,
And a thrill of passion shook him
At the word Jerusalem.»

And that people has returned his love a thousandfold.

Richard Gottheil

NOTE.—See ‹Songs of Zion by Hebrew Singers of Mediæval Times›; translated into English verse by Mrs. Henry Lucas. London, 1894.

ODE TO ZION

Art thou not, Zion, fain
To send forth greetings from thy sacred rock
Unto thy captive train,
Who greet thee as the remnants of thy flock?
Take thou on every side—
East, West, and South, and North—their greetings multiplied.
Sadly he greets thee still,
The prisoner of hope, who, day and night,
Sheds ceaseless tears, like dew on Hermon's hill—
Would that they fell on thy mountain's height!

Harsh is my voice when I bewail thy woes,
But when in fancy's dream
I see thy freedom, forth its cadence flows
Sweet as the harps that hung by Babel's stream.

My heart is so distressed
For Bethel ever blessed,
For Peniel, and each sacred place.
The Holy Presence there
To thee is present where
Thy Maker opes thy gates, the gates of heaven to face.

Oh! who will lead me on
To seek the spots where, in far distant years,
The angels in their glory dawned upon
Thy messengers and seers?
Oh! who will give me wings
That I may fly away,
And there, at rest from all my wanderings,
The ruins of my heart among thy ruins lay?
I'll bend my face unto thy soil, and hold
Thy stones as precious gold.
And when in Hebron I have stood beside
My fathers' tomb, then will I pace in turn
Thy plains and forest wide,
Until I stand in Gilead and discern
Mount Hor and Mount Abarim, 'neath whose crest
The luminaries twain, thy guides and beacons, rest.

Thy air is life unto my soul; thy grains
Of dust are myrrh, thy streams with honey flow;
Naked and barefoot, to thy ruined fanes
How gladly would I go!
To where the ark was treasured, and in dim
Recesses dwelt the holy cherubim.

Perfect in beauty, Zion! how in thee
Do love and grace unite!
The souls of thy companions tenderly
Turn unto thee; thy joy was their delight,
And weeping, they lament thy ruin now.
In distant exile, for thy sacred height
They long, and towards thy gates in prayer they bow.

Thy flocks are scattered o'er the barren waste,
Yet do they not forget thy sheltering fold;
Unto thy garments' fringe they cling, and haste
The branches of thy palms to seize and hold.
Shinar and Pathros! come they near to thee?
Naught are they by thy light and right Divine.

To what can be compared the majesty
Of thy anointed line?
To what the singers, seers, and Levites thine?
The rule of idols fails and is cast down,—
Thy power eternal is, from age to age thy crown.

The Lord desires thee for his dwelling-place
Eternally; and blest
Is he whom God has chosen for the grace
Within thy courts to rest.
Happy is he that watches, drawing near,
Until he sees thy glorious lights arise,
And over whom thy dawn breaks full and clear
Set in the Orient skies.
But happiest he who with exultant eyes
The bliss of thy redeemed ones shall behold,
And see thy youth renewed as in the days of old.

Translation of Alice Lucas.

SEPARATION

And so we twain must part! Oh, linger yet,—
Let me still feed my glance upon thine eyes.
Forget not, love, the days of our delight,
And I our nights of bliss shall ever prize.
In dreams thy shadowy image I shall see,—
Oh, even in my dream be kind to me!

Though I were dead, I none the less should hear
Thy step, thy garment rustling on the sand.
And if thou waft me greetings from the grave,
I shall drink deep the breath of that cold land.
Take thou my days, command this life of mine,
If it can lengthen out the space of thine.

No voice I hear from lips death-pale and chill,
Yet deep within my heart it echoes still.
My frame remains — my soul to thee yearns forth;
A shadow I must tarry still on earth.
Back to the body dwelling here in pain
Return, my soul; make haste and come again!

Translation of Emma Lazarus. From ‹The Poems of Emma Lazarus.› Copyright, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston

THE EARTH IN SPRING

Then, day by day, her broidered gown
She changes for fresh wonder;
A rich profusion of gay robes
She scatters all around her.
From day to day her flowers' tints
Change quick, like eyes that brighten;
Now white, like pearl, now ruby red,
Now emerald green they'll lighten.
She turns all pale; from time to time
Red blushes quick o'er-cover;
She's like a fair fond bride that pours
Warm kisses on her lover.
The beauty of her bursting spring
So far exceeds my telling,
Methinks sometimes she pales the stars
That have in heaven their dwelling.

Translation of Edward G. King.

LONGING FOR JERUSALEM

O city of the world, with sacred splendor blest,
My spirit yearns to thee from out the far-off West;
A stream of love wells forth when I recall thy day;
Now is thy temple waste, thy glory passed away.
Had I an eagle's wings, straight would I fly to thee,
Moisten thy holy dust with wet cheeks streaming free.
Oh! how I long for thee! albeit thy King has gone,
Albeit where balm once flowed, the serpent dwells alone.
Could I but kiss thy dust, so would I fain expire,
As sweet as honey then, my passion, my desire!

Translation of Emma Lazarus. From ‹The Poems of Emma Lazarus.› Copyright, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON

(1834-1894)

The sneer of Disraeli, that a critic is a man who has failed in the branch of work he sets up to judge, is like saying that a mill-race is a stream which has failed to run in its own channel: making a definition serve as an insult. The man who does not fail is too busy with his own creations to spare much time for shaping judgments on others'. And so far as it implies that the failure leaves the critic no claim to be heard, it is shallow to the point of stupidity. On the contrary, the only thing which does give his verdicts weight is the fact that he has wrought enough in the given field to know its technic and its implications. Experience without success is the very condition of most good professional criticism. The limitations and perversions involved by this are equally clear, and must be allowed for.

P. G. Hamerton

Mr. Hamerton was in this generation the best literary exponent of art to the public, and of different classes of art to each other; — for artists are often as narrow and distorted in their estimates of other branches than their own as the public is in its estimates of all, and are perhaps even more acrid and unreasonable. This position he owed precisely to the fact that he was a trained and learned artist, versed in the technics of a singularly wide range of artistic methods, but neither a great nor a popular artist; combined of course with other qualities which marked him out for an efficient interpreter. His analytic powers, his remarkable freedom from bias or bigotry, his catholicity of taste and sanity of mind, gave him unusual insight and foresight; few men have measured work or reputations with more sobriety of judgment, or made fewer mistakes in prophecy.

The character and purpose of his writing must be borne in mind. He was not instructing artists but the public, even though a special, wealthy, and fairly cultivated public; a body which, as he has said, is at once practically ignorant of art and sorely affronted at being taxed with such ignorance. He was therefore in the general position of a schoolmaster with a voluntary school of jealous and conceited pupils. His lucid and pleasing literary style, his clearness of analysis, his justness of spirit, and a temper never ruffled even into a *tu quoque*, gave him unequaled power of persuasiveness over this audience; but great depth or originality of exposition would have been worse than wasted. He says himself that "the vulgarization of rudiments has nothing to do with the advance of science"; nor has it anything to do with the advance of art, except—and the exception is of the first importance—by raising the level of the buyers of art work. Hence it is unreasonable to blame him for the commonplaceness which artists fret over in his art writing: it was an indispensable part of his service and influence; and probably fewer are beyond the need and scope of his commonplaces than would like to acknowledge it. Indeed, through his guiding of public taste, he had much more influence even on the development of art forms themselves than is generally supposed: it is due mainly to him that etching, the most individual and expressive of the methods of engraving, has been raised from an unfamiliar specialty to the foremost place in the favor of cultivated art lovers.

His literary services to art taken as a whole—his quarter-century editing of the Portfolio which he founded, with his clear and patient analysis of current works of art, and his indirect and conciliatory but all the more effective rebuffs to public ignorance and presumption; his thorough technical works on Etching, on Landscape, on all the Graphic Arts; his life of Turner; his 'Thoughts on Art,' steadily readable and clarifying; and much other matter—have probably done more than all other art writing of the age together to put the public mind into the only state from which anything good can be hoped for art; to wit, a willing recognition of its ignorance of the primary laws and limitations of artistic processes, and its lack of any right to pass on their embodiments till the proper knowledge is acquired. He has removed some of that ignorance, but in the very process contrives to explain how vast a body is still left, and how crude, random, and worthless any judgments based upon that vacuity of knowledge must be. To do this and yet rouse no irritation in his pupils, but leave instead a great personal liking, is a signal triumph of good exposition, good manners, and intrinsic good feeling. Mr. Hamerton never indulges in the acrimony by which critics so often mar their influence; he assumes that when his readers make mistakes, they do so from misunderstanding, and would be glad of knowledge courteously presented: and he is rewarded by being both listened to and liked. And to the uninstructed who listen teachably, his incomparably lucid explanations of the principles of artistic values and sacrifices, the piecemeal attempts of different forms of art to interpret nature, and their insuperable boundaries, the technics of materials, the compulsion to imaginative work by physical limitations, and other pieces of analysis, form the best of preliminary trainings in rational judgment of art, and render the worst class of ignorant misjudgments wholly impossible.

His literary work unconnected with art was of considerable volume, and equals the other in general repute and appreciation. Best known of all his books is ‘The Intellectual Life,’ which deserves its fame as being the chief storehouse of philosophic consolation to the vast class of literary weaklings developed by a comfortable democracy. It is a perpetual healing in the hours of despondency that come to every aspiring but limited worker, when he looks on his petty accomplishment by the light of his ambition. It consists of a set of short conversational articles, many of them in the form of letters, developing the thesis that the intellectual life is not a matter of volume but of quality and tendency; that it may be lived intensely and satisfyingly with little actual acquirement and no recognized position; that it consists not in the amassing of facts or even in power of creation, but in the constant preference of higher thought to lower, in aspiration rather than attainment; and that any one mind is in itself as worthy as another. The single utterance that «It never could have been intended that everybody should write great books,» naïvely obvious as it is, was worth writing the book for, as an aid to self-content. It is full of the gentlest, firmest, most sympathetically sensible advice and suggestion and remonstrance, as to the limitations of time and strength, the way in which most advantages breed compensating obstacles so that conditions are far more equal than they appear, the impossibility of achievement without sacrifice, the need of choice among incompatible ends, and many other aspects of life as related to study and production. Its teaching of sobriety and attainability of aim, of patient utilization of means, and of contentment in such goal as our powers can reach, is of inestimable value in an age of a general half-education which breeds ambitions in far greater number than can be realized.

‘Human Intercourse’ is a collection of essays on life and society, some of them ranking among his best: the admirable chapter on ‘The Noble Bohemianism’ is really an estray from ‘The Intellectual Life.’ The book ‘French and English,’ most of it first published in the Atlantic Monthly, is a comparison of the two peoples and modes of life and thought, of great charm and suggestiveness. His double position, as a loyal Englishman by birth and long residence and a sort of adoptive Frenchman by marriage and also long residence, made him solicitous to clear up the misunderstandings each people had of the other; and he wrote much to this end, with his usual calm sense and gentlemanly urbanity. ‘Five Modern Frenchmen’ is a set of excellent biographies of French artists and others. ‘Chapters on Animals’ explains itself. He wrote two novels, ‘Wenderholme’ and ‘Marmorne,’ deserving of more reading than they receive; and a number of other works, besides publishing collected volumes of shorter papers, and at twenty-one a volume of poems.

Mr. Hamerton was born in Laneside, near Shaw, Lancashire, England, September 10th, 1834. After preparing for Oxford, he went to Paris to study art and literature. A few years later he set up a camp at Loch Awe, Scotland, to paint landscapes; this he described in ‘A Painter's Camp in the Highlands,’ and began to gain the note as a man of letters which he vainly hoped to gain as an artist. From 1866 to 1868 he was art critic for the London Saturday Review. In 1869 he established the Portfolio, a high-grade art review, addressing a public of supposably cultivated art lovers rather than the miscellaneous mass; but how little he felt himself dispensed from rudimentary exposition, and how low an estimate he set on even their connoisseurship, may be learned from the first chapter of the ‘Thoughts on Art.’ He married a French lady of Autun, and spent the latter part of his life mostly there or in Boulogne; he died in the latter place November 5th, 1894.

Greater geniuses in dying have deprived the world of less service and less enjoyment. Many of his readers felt a personal bereavement in his loss, as in that of a companion with a nature at once lofty and tender, a safe guide and elevating friend, unfailing in charm, comfort, and instructiveness.

PEACH-BLOOM

From ‘The Sylvan Year’.

There is a corner of a neglected old garden at the Val Ste. Veronique in which grows a certain plant very abundantly, that inevitably reminds us of an ancient philosopher. Towards the end of March it is all carpeted with young hemlock, which at this stage of its existence lies almost perfectly flat upon the ground, and covers it with one of the most minutely beautiful designs that can possibly be imagined; the delicate division of the fresh green leaves making a pattern that would be fit for some room, if a skillful manufacturer copied it. Our own hemlock is believed to be identical with that which caused the death of Socrates, but its action in northern countries is much feebler than in the warmer climate of the Mediterranean. . . .

In the same old abandoned garden where the hemlock grows on the walls there remain a few fruit-trees, and amongst these some peaches and apricots. They are in full bloom towards the end of March; and of all the beautiful sights to be seen at this time of the year, I know of none to be compared to these old peach-trees with their wreath of rosy bloom, which would be beautiful in any situation but is especially in this, because there happen to be some mellow-tinted walls behind them, the very background that a painter would delight in. There is some pretty coloring in the apricot blossoms, on account of the pink calyx and the pinkish brown of the young twigs, which has an influence on the effect; but the peach is incomparably richer. And after the grays of wintry trees and wintry skies, the sight is gladdened beyond measure by the flush of peach-blossom and the blue of the clear spring heaven. But to enjoy these two fresh and pure colors to the utmost we need some quiet coloring in the picture, and nothing supplies this better than such old walls as those of the monastic buildings at the Val Ste. Veronique; walls that Nature has been painting in her own way for full four hundred years, with the most delicate changes of gray and brown and dark gleamings of bronze and gold. There is something, too, which gratifies other feelings than those of simple vision in the renewal of the youth of Nature, contrasting with the steady decay of any ancient human work; and in the contrast between her exquisiteness, her delicacy, her freshness, as exhibited in a thing so perfect as a fresh peach-blossom, with its rosy color, its almond perfume, its promise of luscious fruit,—and the roughness of all that man can do, even at his best.

THE FASCINATION OF THE REMOTE

From the ‘Life of J. M. W. Turner’

It has been remarked before, that whereas with most men the maturing of the faculties leads from imagination to reason, from poetry to prose, this was not the case with Turner, who became more and more poetical as he advanced in life; and this might in some measure account for his ever-increasing tendency to desert the foreground, where objects are too near to have much enchantment about them, in order to dream, and make others dream, of distances which seem hardly of this world.

The fascination of the remote, for minds which have any imaginative faculty at all, is so universal and so unfailing that it must be due to some cause in the depths of man's spiritual nature. It may be due to a religious instinct, which makes him forget the meanness and triviality of common life in this world, to look as far beyond it as he can to a mysterious infinity of glory, where earth itself seems to pass easily into heaven. It may be due to a progressive instinct, which draws men to the future and the unknown, leading them ever to fix their gaze on the far horizon, like mariners looking for some visionary Atlantis across the spaces of the wearisome sea. Be this as it may, the enchantments of landscape distances are certainly due far more to the imagination of the beholder than to any tangible or explicable beauty of their own. It is probable that minds of a common order, which see with the bodily eyes only and have no imaginative perception, receive no impressions of the kind which affected Turner; but the conditions of modern life have developed a great sensitiveness to such impressions in minds of a higher class. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to name any important imaginative work in literature, produced during the present century, in which there is not some expression proving the author's sensitiveness to the poetry of distance. I will not weary the reader with quotations, but here is just one from Shelley, which owes most of its effect upon the mind to his perception of two elements of sublimity—distance and height; in which perception, as in many other mental gifts, he strikingly resembled Turner. The stanza is in the 'Revolt of Islam':—

> «Upon that rock a mighty column stood,
> Whose capital seemed sculptured in the sky,
> Which to the wanderers o'er the solitude
> Of distant seas, from ages long gone by,
> Had made a landmark; o'er its height to fly,
> Scarcely the cloud, the vulture, or the blast
> Has power; and when the shades of evening lie
> On earth and ocean, its carved summits cast
> The sunken daylight far through the aerial waste.»

This was written in 1817, just about the time when Turner was passing from his early manner to the sublimities of his maturity; and there is ample evidence, of which more may be said later, that Turner and Shelley were as much in sympathy as two men can be, when one is cultivated almost exclusively by means of literature and the other by graphic art. But however great may have been the similarity of their minds, whatever susceptibility to certain impressions they may have had in common, the two arts which they pursued differed widely in technical conditions. It may, or it may not, be as easy to write verses as to paint, when both are to be supremely well done; but it is certain that poetic description requires less realization than pictorial, so that less accurate observation will suffice for it, and an inferior gift of memory. In the whole range of the difficulties which painters endeavor to overcome, there is not one which tries their powers more severely than the representation of distant effects in landscape. They can never be studied from nature, for they come and go so rapidly as to permit nothing but the most inadequate memoranda; they can never be really imitated, being usually in such a high key of light and color as to go beyond the resources of the palette; and the finest of them are so mysterious that the most piercing eyesight is baffled, perceiving at the utmost but little of all that they contain. The interpretation of such effects, however able and intelligent it may be, always requires a great deal of good-will on the part of the spectator, who must be content if he can read the painter's work as a sort of shorthand, without finding in it any of the amusement which may be derived from the imitation of what is really imitable.

For all these reasons it would be a sufficiently rash enterprise for an artist to stake his prospects on the painting of distances; but there is another objection even yet more serious. Such painting requires not only much good-will in the spectator, but also great knowledge, freedom from vulgar prejudices, and some degree of faith in the painter himself. When people see a noble effect in nature, there is one stock observation which they almost invariably make; they always say, or nearly always, «Now, if we were to see that effect in a picture we should not believe it to be possible.» One would think that after such a reflection on their own tendency to unbelief in art and to astonishment in the presence of nature, people would be forewarned against their own injustice; but it is not so. They will make that observation every time they see a fine sunset or a remarkable cloud in the natural world, and remain as unjust as ever to the art which represents phenomena of the same order. Turner had to contend against this disposition to deny the truth of everything that is not commonplace. He was too proud and courageous to allow it to arrest his development, and would not submit to dictation from any one as to the subjects of his larger pictures. He knew the value of money, and would work very hard to earn it, but no money consideration whatever was permitted to interfere between him and the higher manifestations of his art.

TREES IN ART

From ‹Landscape›

It may, however, not be absolutely safe to conclude that the Greeks had no landscape painting, because we find only conventional and decorative representations of trees on vases. If it is true that the mural paintings at Herculaneum and Pompeii were not always essentially modern at the time when they were painted upon the wall, but rather in many cases copies and reminiscences of much more ancient art, it would seem possible that the painters of antiquity may have at least gone so far in the direction of true landscape painting as to have attained the notion of mass in foliage. Some of the Pompeian pictures give large-leaved shrubs seen near the figures, with much of the liberty and naturalness in this disposal of the leaves that were afterwards fully attained by the Venetians; whilst many of the landscapes really show foliage in mass, not so learnedly as in modern landscape painting, but quite with the knowledge that masses had a light side, and a dark side, and a roundness that might be painted without insisting on the form of each leaf. The same observation of mass is to be seen in the Campanian interpretation of mountains, which, though extremely simple and primitive, and without any of the refinements of mountain form that are perceptible to ourselves, exhibit nevertheless the important truth that the facets of a mountain catch the light.

In mediæval landscape painting, trees were of great importance from the first, on account of the free decorative inventiveness of the mediæval mind, that exercised itself in illumination and tapestry and in patterns for dress, for all of which leaves and flowers were the best natural materials or suggestions. The history of tree drawing in the Middle Ages is very like its history in Greece. As Apollo and Semele were placed on each side the laurel, of which the leaves were few and distinctly individualized, so Adam and Eve were placed on each side the apple-tree, which was often represented as a bare thin stem branching into a sort of flat oval at the top that was filled with distinct leaves and fruit, and sometimes even surrounded by a line. In other drawings or paintings the tree was allowed to develop itself more freely; but the artist still attended to the individual leaves, and the tree was usually kept small, like the young trees in our gardens. Even in hunting scenes where a forest is represented, as in the manuscript of the hunting-book by Gaston Phœbus,* the trees have short bare trunks and a few leaves, and are about the height of a man on horseback, often not so high. They answer, in short, to the trees in boxes of toys for children, except that they are more prettily designed.

The nearest approach to foliage attained by the mediæval love of the distinct leaf is in the backgrounds to tapestries, and decorative paintings designed on the same principles, where the leaves, although individually perfect, are so multiplied that the mere numbers make them appear innumerable. In this way the distinct designers of the Middle Ages attained a sort of infinity, though it is not the same as the real infinity of nature where details cannot be counted. One of the best examples of this is the background to Orcagna's fresco of the 'Dream of Life' in the Campo Santo of Pisa, where the orange-trees stand behind the figures and fill the upper part of the picture from side to side with their dense foliage studded with fruit, and between their thin stems every inch of space is filled with a diaper of flat green leaves to represent the close shrubbery or underwood in the garden. This is still quite mediæval in spirit, because the leaves are distinctly drawn, and all are countable, however numerous; they are also decorative, as primitive art was sure to be.

It is difficult to fix with precision the date when the idea of mass in foliage began to acquire importance, and I know that if I give a date, some earlier examples may be found which would seem to throw it farther back in art history; but occasional precursors do not invalidate the rights of a century in which an idea first takes effectual root. There is a very remarkable landscape background by Giovanni Bellini in his picture of 'The Death of Peter Martyr' in our National Gallery, the most elaborate example of tree painting among our older pictures. The idea is to show trees in a wood, with stems crossing each other and supporting an immense quantity of highly wrought foliage. Well, in this picture the foliage is not flat; there is a sense of mass; and yet to a modern eye it is easily visible that Bellini was still hampered by the mediæval interest in the leaf, and driven by that to bestow prodigious pains upon the individual leaves that he portrayed by thousands. In the same fifteenth century a manuscript of the Epistles of Ovid, now in the National Library of Paris, was illuminated with subjects that have landscape backgrounds of a very advanced kind; and here the foliage is completely massed, with considerable breadth of shaded parts and only touches for the lights.

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*The book is entitled 'Des Deduitz de la Chasse des Bestes Sauvages,' and is in the National Library at Paris.

We may remember, then, that classical tree painting began with the stem and a reduced number of distinct leaves, but attained masses of foliage in the Campanian paintings or earlier, and that mediæval painting began in the same way with the leaf and the stem, but led to masses about the fifteenth century, after passing through an intermediate stage in which there was a great multiplicity of distinctly painted leaves.

THE NOBLE BOHEMIANISM

From ‹Human Intercourse›

Amongst the common injustices of the world, there have been few more complete than its reprobation of the state of mind and manner of life that have been called Bohemianism; and so closely is that reprobation attached to the word, that I would gladly have substituted some other term for the better Bohemianism, had the English language provided me with one. It may, however, be a gain to justice itself that we should be compelled to use the same expression, qualified only by an adjective, for two states of existence that are the good and the bad conditions of the same; as it will tend to make us more charitable to those whom we must always blame, and yet may blame with a more or less perfect understanding of the causes that led them into error.

The lower forms of Bohemianism are associated with several kinds of vice, and are therefore justly disliked by people who know the value of a well-regulated life, and when at the worst, regarded by them with feelings of positive abhorrence. The vices connected with these forms of Bohemianism are idleness, irregularity, extravagance, drunkenness, and immorality; and besides these vices, the worst Bohemianism is associated with many repulsive faults that may not be exactly vices, and yet are almost as much disliked by decent people. These faults are slovenliness, dirt, a degree of carelessness in matters of business often scarcely to be distinguished from dishonesty, and habitual neglect of the decorous observances that are inseparable from a high state of civilization.

After such an account of the worst Bohemianism, in which, as the reader perceives, I have extenuated nothing, it may seem almost an act of temerity to advance the theory that this is only the bad side of a state of mind and feeling that has its good and perfectly respectable side also. If this seems difficult to believe, the reader has only to consider how certain other instincts of humanity have also their good and bad developments. The religious and the sexual instincts, in their best action, are on the side of national and domestic order; but in their worst action they produce sanguinary quarrels, ferocious persecutions, and the excesses of the most degrading sensuality. . . .

Again, before going to the *raison d'être* of Bohemianism, let me point to one consideration of great importance to us if we desire to think quite justly. It is, and has always been, a characteristic of Bohemianism to be extremely careless of appearances, and to live outside the shelter of hypocrisy; so its vices are far more visible than the same vices when practiced by men of the world, and incomparably more offensive to persons with a strong sense of what is called "propriety." At the time when the worst form of Bohemianism was more common than it is now, its most serious vices were also the vices of the best society. If the Bohemian drank to excess, so did the nobility and gentry; if the Bohemian had a mistress, so had the most exalted personages. The Bohemian was not so much blamed for being a sepulchre as for being an ill-kept sepulchre, and not a whited sepulchre like the rest. It was far more his slovenliness and poverty than his graver vices that made him offensive to a corrupt society with fine clothes and ceremonious manners.

Bohemianism and Philistinism are the terms by which, for want of better, we designate two opposite ways of estimating wealth and culture. There are two categories of advantages in wealth,—the intellectual and the material. The intellectual advantages are leisure to think and read, travel, and intelligent conversation. The material advantages are large and comfortable houses, tables well served and abundant, good coats, clean linen, fine dresses and diamonds, horses, carriages, servants, hot-houses, wine cellars, shootings. Evidently the most perfect condition of wealth would unite both classes of advantages; but this is not always, or often, possible, and it so happens that in most situations a choice has to be made between them. The Bohemian is the man who with small means desires and contrives to obtain the intellectual advantages of wealth, which he considers to be leisure to think and read, travel, and intelligent conversation. The Philistine is the man who, whether his means are small or large, devotes himself wholly to the attainment of the other set of advantages,—a large house, good food and wine, clothes, horses, and servants. . . .

The intelligent Bohemian does not despise them; on the contrary, when he can afford it, he encourages them and often surrounds himself with beautiful things; but he will not barter his mental liberty in exchange for them, as the Philistine does so readily. If the Bohemian simply prefers sordid idleness to the comfort which is the reward of industry, he has no part in the higher Bohemianism, but combines the Philistine fault of intellectual apathy with the Bohemian fault of standing aloof from industrial civilization. If a man abstains from furthering the industrial civilization of his country, he is only excusable if he pursues some object of at least equal importance. Intellectual civilization really is such an object, and the noble Bohemianism is excusable for serving it rather than that other civilization of arts and manufactures which has such numerous servants of its own. If the Bohemian does not redeem his negligence of material things by superior intellectual brightness, he is half a Philistine; he is destitute of what is best in Bohemianism (I had nearly written of all that is worth having in it); and his contempt for material perfection has no longer any charm, because it is not the sacrifice of a lower merit to a higher, but the blank absence of the lower merit not compensated or condoned by the presence of anything nobler or better. . . .

I have said that the intelligent Bohemian is generally a man of small or moderate means, whose object is to enjoy the *best* advantages (not the most visible) of riches. In his view these advantages are leisure, travel, reading, and conversation. His estimate is different from that of the Philistine, who sets his heart on the lower advantages of riches, sacrificing leisure, travel, reading, and conversation, in order to have a larger house and more servants. But how, without riches, is the Bohemian to secure the advantages that he desires? for they also belong to riches. There lies the difficulty, and the Bohemian's way of overcoming it constitutes the romance of his existence. In absolute destitution the intelligent Bohemian life is not possible. A little money is necessary for it; and the art and craft of Bohemianism is to get for that small amount of money such an amount of leisure, reading, travel, and good conversation as may suffice to make life interesting. The way in which an old-fashioned Bohemian usually set about it was this: he treated material comfort and outward appearances as matters of no consequence, accepting them when they came in his way, but enduring the privation of them gayly. He learned the art of living on a little.

He spent the little that he had, first for what was really necessary, and next for what really gave him pleasure; but he spent hardly anything in deference to the usages of society. In this way he got what he wanted. His books were second-hand and ill bound, but he *had* books and read them; his clothes were shabby, yet still kept him warm; he traveled in all sorts of cheap ways, and frequently on foot; he lived a good deal in some unfashionable quarters in a capital city, and saw much of art, nature, and humanity.

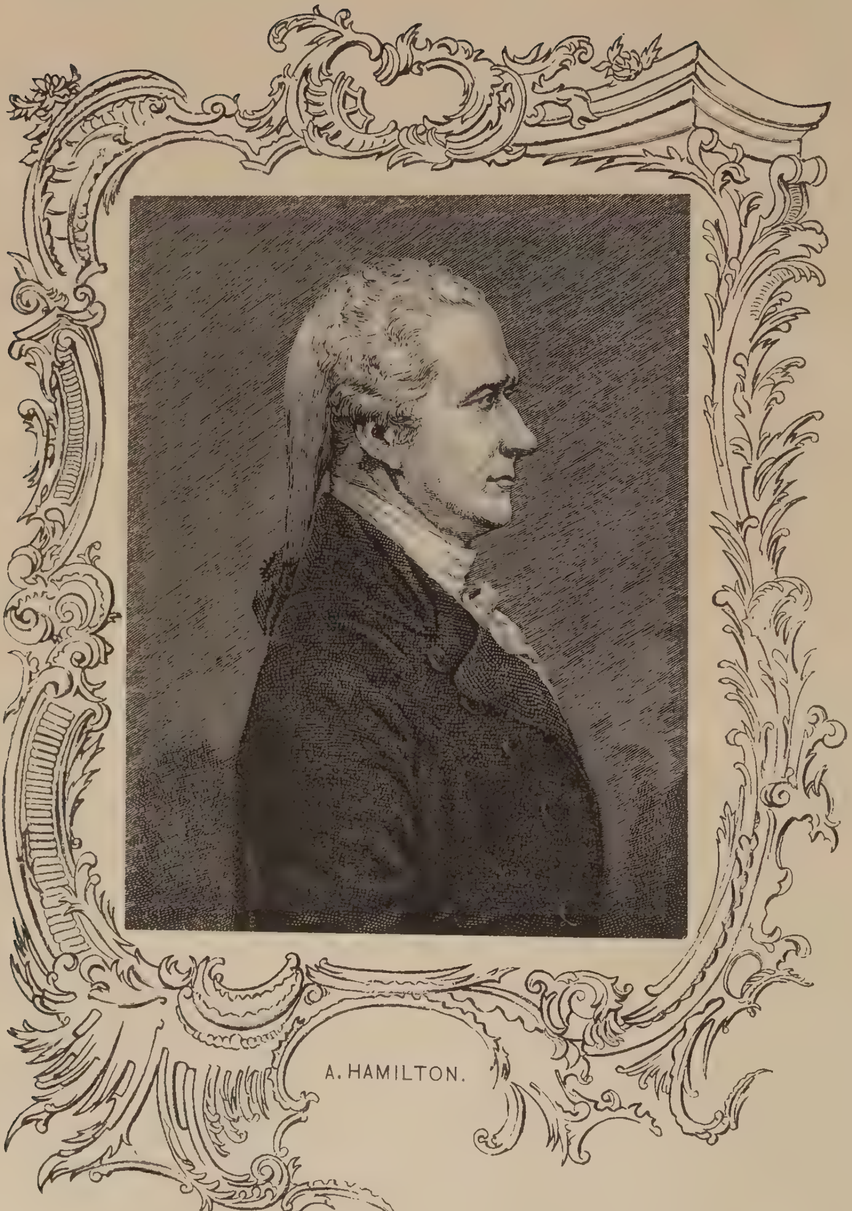
To exemplify the true theory of Bohemianism, let me describe from memory two rooms; one of them inhabited by an English lady not at all Bohemian, the other by a German of the coarser sex who was essentially and thoroughly Bohemian. The lady's room was not a drawing-room, being a reasonable sort of sitting-room without any exasperating inutilities; but it was extremely, excessively comfortable. Half hidden amongst its material comforts might be found a little rosewood bookcase containing a number of pretty volumes in purple morocco, that were seldom if ever opened. My German Bohemian was a steady reader in six languages; and if he had seen such a room as that, he would probably have criticized it as follows. He would have said:—"It is rich in superfluities, but has not what is necessary. The carpet is superfluous; plain boards are quite comfortable enough. One or two cheap chairs and tables might replace this costly furniture. That pretty rosewood bookcase holds the smallest number of books at the greatest cost, and is therefore contrary to true economy; give me rather a sufficiency of long deal shelves all innocent of paint. What is the use of fine bindings and gilt edges? This little library is miserably poor. It is all in one language, and does not represent even English literature adequately: there are a few novels, books of poems, and travels, but I find neither science nor philosophy. Such a room as that, with all its comfort, would seem to me like a prison. My mind needs wider pastures.» I remember his own room, a place to make a rich Englishman shudder. One climbed up to it by a stone corkscrew-stair, half ruinous, in an old mediæval house. It was a large room, with a bed in one corner, and it was wholly destitute of anything resembling a carpet or a curtain. The remaining furniture consisted of two or three rush-bottomed chairs, one large cheap lounging-chair, and two large plain tables. There were plenty of shelves (common deal, unpainted), and on them an immense litter of books in different languages, most of them in paper covers, and bought second-hand, but in readable editions. In the way of material luxury there was a pot of tobacco; and if a friend dropped in for an evening, a jug of ale would make its appearance. My Bohemian was shabby in his dress, and unfashionable; but he had seen more, read more, and passed more hours in intelligent conversation than many who considered themselves his superiors. The entire material side of life had been systematically neglected, in his case, in order that the intellectual side might flourish. It is hardly necessary to observe that any attempt at luxury or visible comfort, any conformity to fashion, would have been incompatible, on small means, with the intellectual existence that this German scholar enjoyed. . . .

The class in which the higher Bohemianism has most steadily flourished is the artistic and literary class, and here it is visible and recognizable because there is often poverty enough to compel the choice between the objects of the intelligent Bohemian and those of ordinary men. The early life of Goldsmith, for example, was that of a genuine Bohemian. He had scarcely any money, and yet he contrived to get for himself what the intelligent Bohemian always desires; namely, leisure to read and think, travel, and interesting conversation. When penniless and unknown, he lounged about the world thinking and observing; he traveled in Holland, France, Switzerland, and Italy, not as people do in railway carriages, but in leisurely intercourse with the inhabitants. Notwithstanding his poverty he was received by the learned in different European cities; and, notably, heard Voltaire and Diderot talk till three o'clock in the morning. So long as he remained faithful to the true principles of Bohemianism he was happy in his own strange and eccentric way; and all the anxieties, all the slavery of his later years were due to his apostasy from those principles. He no longer estimated leisure at its true value, when he allowed himself to be placed in such a situation that he was compelled to toil like a slave in order to clear off work that had been already paid for, such advances having been rendered necessary by expenditure on Philistine luxuries. He no longer enjoyed humble travel; but on his later tour in France with Mrs. Horneck and her two beautiful daughters, instead of enjoying the country in his own old simple innocent way, he allowed his mind to be poisoned with Philistine ideas, and constantly complained of the want of physical comfort, though he lived far more expensively than in his youth. The new apartments, taken on the success of the 'Good-natured Man,' consisted, says Irving, "of three rooms, which he furnished with mahogany sofas, card tables, and bookcases; with curtains, mirrors, and Wilton carpets." At the same time he went even beyond the precept of Polonius, for his garments were costlier than his purse could buy, and his entertainments were so extravagant as to give pain to his acquaintances. All this is a desertion of real Bohemian principles. Goldsmith ought to have protected his own leisure, which from the Bohemian point of view was incomparably more precious to himself than Wilton carpets and coats "of Tyrian bloom."

Corot, the French landscape painter, was a model of consistent Bohemianism of the best kind. When his father said, "You shall have £80 a year, your plate at my table, and be a painter; or you shall have £4,000 to start with if you will be a shopkeeper," his choice was made at once. He remained always faithful to true Bohemian principles, fully understanding the value of leisure, and protecting his artistic independence by the extreme simplicity of his living. He never gave way to the modern rage for luxuries; but in his latter years, when enriched by tardy professional success and hereditary fortune, he employed his money in acts of fraternal generosity to enable others to lead the intelligent Bohemian life.

Wordsworth had in him a very strong element of Bohemianism. His long pedestrian rambles, his interest in humble life and familiar intercourse with the poor, his passion for wild nature and preference of natural beauty to fine society, his simple and economical habits, are enough to reveal the tendency. His «plain living and high thinking» is a thoroughly Bohemian idea, in striking opposition to the Philistine passion for rich living and low thinking. There is a story that he was seen at a breakfast-table to cut open a new volume with a greasy butter-knife. To every lover of books this must seem horribly barbarous; yet at the same time it was Bohemian, in that Wordsworth valued the thought only and cared nothing for the material condition of the volume. I have observed a like indifference to the material condition of books in other Bohemians who took the most lively interest in their contents. I have also seen «bibliophiles» who had beautiful libraries in excellent preservation, and who loved to fondle fine copies of books that they never read. That is Philistine,—it is the preference of material perfection to intellectual values. . . .

Some practical experience of the higher Bohemianism is a valuable part of education. It enables us to estimate things at their true worth, and to extract happiness from situations in which the Philistine is both dull and miserable. A true Bohemian of the best kind knows the value of mere shelter, of food enough to satisfy hunger, of plain clothes that will keep him sufficiently warm; and in the things of the mind he values the liberty to use his own faculties as a kind of happiness in itself. His philosophy leads him to take an interest in talking with human beings of all sorts and conditions, and in different countries. He does not despise the poor; for whether poor or rich in his own person, he understands simplicity of life, and if the poor man lives in a small cottage, he too has probably been lodged less spaciously still in some small hut or tent. He has lived often, in rough travel, as the poor live every day. I maintain that such tastes and experiences are valuable both in prosperity and in adversity. If we are prosperous they enhance our appreciation of the things around us, and yet at the same time make us really know that they are not indispensable, as so many believe them to be; if we fall into adversity they prepare us to accept lightly and cheerfully what would be depressing privations to others.



A. HAMILTON.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON

(1757–1804)

BY DANIEL C. GILMAN

Hamilton's distinction among the founders of the government of the United States is everywhere acknowledged. Washington stands alone. Next him, in the rank with Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Jay, and Sherman, Alexander Hamilton is placed. Among these illustrious men, no claim could surpass Hamilton's. He was a gallant soldier, an eloquent orator, a persuasive writer, a skillful financier, a successful administrator, and a political philosopher practical as well as wise. He is worthy to be compared in political debate with Pitt, Burke, Fox, and Webster; in organization with Cavour and Bismarck; in finance with Sully, Colbert, Robert Morris, and Gladstone. «My three friends,» said Guizot to a young American many years ago, pointing to three portraits which hung upon the walls of his library,—Aberdeen, Hamilton, and Washington. Even his opponents acknowledged his powers. Thus, Jefferson called Hamilton «the Colossus of the Federalists,» and Ambrose Spencer said he was «the greatest man this country ever produced.» James Kent, an admirer, used terms of more discriminating praise. Allibone has collected similar tributes from Talleyrand, Guizot, and Gouverneur Morris, Story, and Webster. Yet Hamilton was severely criticized during his life by his political enemies, and he encountered attacks from the newspapers as severe as those which befall any of our contemporaries. Lodge says of him that he was «pre-eminently a leader of leaders; he could do the thinking of his time.» No single sentence could express more completely the distinction of his genius: «He could do the thinking of his time.» Fortunately, a good deal of the «thinking of his time» is now irrevocably fixed in the Constitution, the laws, the administration, and the institutions of this country, and the name of Hamilton now stands above reproach «among the immortals.»

His public life began precociously and ended prematurely. Before he was of age, his powers were acknowledged and his reputation was established. Before he was fifty, all was over. Born in Nevis, one of the smallest of the West Indies, the son of a Scotch merchant and a French mother, he was sent to this country for his education; and unprotected by family ties, with small pecuniary resources, he entered Columbia College, New York, in 1774. From that time onward for thirty years he was pushed forward to one influential station after another, and he was adequate to the highest of them all. Beginning his military service as a captain of artillery, he was soon afterwards aide-de-camp and secretary to General Washington, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. At a much later period of his life (1797) he was commissioned as a major-general, and served two years as inspector-general at the head of the United States army. In political life he was always prominent, first as a receiver of Continental taxes, then, successively, as a member of the Continental Congress (1782), the New York Legislature (1786), the Annapolis Convention (1786), and finally of the Constitutional Convention and of the ratifying convention in New York. Equal but hardly greater service was rendered to the country by this extraordinary patriot in the Treasury Department of the United States, of which he was Secretary for five years, under Washington, from 1789 to 1794.

The memoirs of Hamilton have been edited by several hands. Shortly after his death, three volumes of his works were printed. Subsequently, John C. Hamilton the son published a memoir in two volumes; and many years later he wrote in seven volumes a ‹History of the United States, as it may be read in the writings of Alexander Hamilton.› A complete edition of Hamilton's works was edited by Henry Cabot Lodge in nine octavo volumes. In addition to the memoir just referred to, by J. C. Hamilton, there are several biographies, of which the most recent and valuable are those by John T. Morse, Jr. (2 vols., 1876); Henry Cabot Lodge (American Statesmen Series, 1882); and George Shea (second edition, 1880). All the standard histories of the United States — Bancroft, Hildreth, Schouler, Von Holst, Curtis, Fisk, etc. — may be consulted advantageously.

It is easy to form an image of the person of Hamilton, for there are several portraits in oil and a bust in marble by Giuseppe Cerrachi, besides the «Talleyrand miniature.» All these have been frequently engraved. But as valuable in another way is the description by Judge Shea of Hamilton's personal appearance, as it was remembered «by some that knew and one that loved him.» This sketch is so good that it would be a pity to abridge it.

«He was,» says Judge Shea, «a small, lithe figure, instinct with life; erect and steady in gait: a military presence, without the intolerable accuracy of a martinet; and his general address was graceful and nervous, indicating the beauty, energy, and activity of his mind. A bright, ruddy complexion; light-colored hair; a mouth infinite in expression, its sweet smile being most observable and most spoken of; eyes lustrous with meaning and reflection, or glancing with quick canny pleasantry, and the whole countenance decidedly Scottish in form and expression. He was, as may be inferred, the welcome guest and cheery companion in all relations of civil and social life. His political enemies frankly spoke of his manner and conversation, and regretted its irresistible charm. He certainly had a correct sense of that which is appropriate to the occasion and its object: the attribute which we call good taste. His manner, with a natural change, became very calm and grave when ‹deliberation and public care› claimed his whole attention. At the time of which we now speak particularly (1787), he was continually brooding over the State Convention then at hand; moods of engrossing thought came upon him even as he trod the crowded streets, and then his pace would become slower, his head be slightly bent downward, and with hands joined together behind, he wended his way, his lips moving in concert with the thoughts forming in his mind. This habit of thinking, and this attitude, became involuntary with him as he grew in years.»

But without these portraits, it would be easy to discover in the incidents of Hamilton's life the characteristics of a gallant, independent, high-spirited man, who never shrunk from danger and who placed the public interests above all private considerations. At times he was rash and unexpected, but his rashness was the result of swift and accurate reasoning and of unswerving will. His integrity was faultless, and bore the severest scrutiny, sometimes under circumstances of stress. We can easily imagine that such a brave and honest knight would have been welcomed to a seat at the Round Table of King Arthur.

Recall his career; a mere boy, he leaves his West India home to get a college education in this country. Princeton for technical reasons would not receive him, and he proceeds at once, and not in vain, to the halls of King's College, now known as Columbia. Just after entering college he goes to a mass meeting of the citizens «in the open fields» near the city of New York, and not quite satisfied with the arguments there set forth, he mounts the platform and after a slight hesitation carries with him the entire assembly. When the Revolutionary War begins he enlists at once, and takes part in the battle of Long Island, the consequent retreat to White Plains, and the contests at Trenton and Princeton. He makes a brilliant assault upon the enemy's redoubts at Yorktown. While on the staff of Washington, a reproof from the General cuts him to the quick, and on the instant he says, «We part,» and so retires from military service. His standing at the bar of New York is that of a leader. When the Constitutional Convention assembles, he takes part in its deliberations; and though not entirely satisfied with the conclusions reached, he accepts them, and becomes with Jay and Madison one of the chief exponents and defenders of the new Constitution. Under Washington as President he is placed in charge of the national finances, and soon establishes the public credit on the basis which has never since been shaken. Low creatures endeavor to blackmail him, and circulate scandalous stories respecting his financial management: he bravely tells the whole truth, and stands absolutely acquitted of the least suspicion of official malfeasance. In 1799, when war with France is imminent, Washington, again selected as commander-in-chief, selects him as the first of three major-generals on whom he must depend. Finally, when Aaron Burr challenges him he accepts the challenge; he makes his will, meets his enemy, and falls with a mortal wound.

The news of his death sent a thrill of horror through the country, not unlike that which followed the assassination of Lincoln and Garfield. The story of the duel has often been told, but nowhere so vividly as in the diary of Gouverneur Morris, recently published. His countrymen mourned the death of Hamilton as they had mourned for no other statesman except Washington. Morris's speech at the funeral, under circumstances of great popular excitement, brings to mind the speech of Brutus over the body of Cæsar. Unless there had been great restraint on the part of the orator, the passions of the multitude would have been inflamed against the rival who fired the fatal shot.

It is time to pass from that which is transient in Hamilton's life to that which will endure as long as this government shall last,— to the ideas suggested and embodied by the framers of the Constitution in fundamental measures. The distinction of Hamilton does not depend upon the stations that he held, however exalted they may appear, in either the political or the military service of his country. It was his «thinking» that made him famous; his «thinking» that perpetuated his influence as well as his fame, through the nine decades that have followed since his death. Even now, when his personality is obscurely remembered, his political doctrines are more firmly established than ever before. The adjustment of the democratic principles of which Jefferson was the exponent and the national principles which Hamilton advocated still prevails; but as Morse sagaciously says, «the democratic system of Jefferson is administered in the form and on the principles of Hamilton.»

In the anxious days of the Confederation,—when the old government had been thrown off, and when men were groping with conflicting motives after a new government which should secure union with independence, national or Continental authority with the preservation of State rights,—Hamilton was one of the earliest to perceive the true solution of the problem. He bore his part in the debates, always inclining toward a strong federal government. The conclusions which were reached by the Convention did not meet his unqualified assent;

but he accepted them as the best results that could then be secured. He became their expounder and their defender. The essays which he wrote, with those of his two colleagues Jay and Madison, were collected in a volume known as 'The Federalist,'—a volume which is of the first importance in the interpretation of the Constitution of the United States. Successive generations of judges, senators, statesmen, and publicists, recur to its pages as to a commentary of the highest value. The opinion of Mr. Curtis, the historian of the Constitution, will not be questioned. «These essays,» he says, «gave birth to American constitutional law, which was thus placed above arbitrary construction and brought into the domain of legal truth.» «They made it a science, and so long as the Constitution shall exist, they will continue to be resorted to as the most important source of contemporaneous interpretation which the annals of the country afford.»

Hamilton's confidence in the power of the press to enlighten and guide the public was balanced by grave apprehensions as to the fate of the Constitution. «A nation,» he said, «without a national government is an awful spectacle. The establishment of a Constitution, in a time of profound peace, by the voluntary consent of a whole people, is a prodigy to the completion of which I look forward with trembling anxiety.» We who have lived to see the end of a century of constitutional government, in the course of which appeal has been made to the sword, we who live secure in the unique advantages of our dual governments, find it hard even to imagine the rocks through which the ship of State was steered by the framers of the Constitution.

As a financier, not less than as a statesman, Hamilton showed exceptional ability. He had the rare qualities of intellect which enabled him to perceive the legitimate sources of revenue, the proper conditions of national credit, and the best method of distributing over a term of years the payment required by the emergencies of the State. Commerce and trade were palsied; currency was wanting; confidence was shaken; counsels were conflicting. These difficulties were like a stimulant to the mind of Hamilton. He mastered the situation, he proposed remedies, he secured support, he restored credit. From his time to the present, in peace and war, notwithstanding temporary embarrassments and occasional panics, the finances of the government have been sound, and its obligations accepted wherever offered. In the long line of honest and able secretaries who have administered the treasury, Hamilton stands as the first and greatest financier.

His ability was not alone that of a reasoner upon the principles of political economy. He was ingenious and wise in devising methods by which principles may be reduced to practice. The Treasury

Department was to be organized. Hamilton became the organizer. While Congress imposed upon him the duty of preparing far-reaching plans for the creation of revenue, which he produced with promptness and sagacity, he also found time to devise the complex machinery that was requisite, and the system of accounts. «So well were these tasks performed,» says Morse, «that the plans still subsist, developing and growing with the nation, but at bottom the original arrangements of Hamilton.»

This administrative ability was shown on a large scale the second time, but in another field. When it became necessary, in view of a foreign war that seemed impending, to organize an army, it was Washington who called to this service his former comrade in arms, the man who had organized the Treasury at the beginning of his first administration. Here, as before, Hamilton's abilities were employed successfully.

The limits of this article preclude the enumeration of Hamilton's services in many subordinate ways,—for example, his influence in securing the acceptance of the treaty with England. It is enough in conclusion to repeat the words of two great thinkers. Daniel Webster spoke as follows in 1831:—

> «He was made Secretary of the Treasury; and how he fulfilled the duties of such a place, at such a time, the whole country perceived with delight and the whole world saw with admiration. He smote the rock of the national resources, and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth. He touched the dead corpse of the public credit, and it sprung upon its feet. The fabled birth of Minerva from the brain of Jove was hardly more sudden or more perfect than the financial system of the United States, as it burst forth from the conceptions of Alexander Hamilton.»

And Francis Lieber, in his 'Civil Liberty and Self-Government,' wrote thus in 1853:—

> «The framers of our Constitution boldly conceived a federal republic, or the application of the representative principle, with its two houses, to a confederacy. It was the first instance in history. The Netherlands, which served our forefathers as models in many respects, even in the name bestowed on our confederacy, furnished them with no example for this great conception. It is the chief American contribution to the common treasures of political civilization. It is that by which America will influence other parts of the world, more than by any other political institution or principle. . . . I consider the mixture of wisdom and daring shown in the framing of our Constitution as one of the most remarkable facts in all history.»

D C Gilman

FROM ‹THE FEDERALIST›

Defense of His Views of the Constitution

Thus have I, fellow-citizens, executed the task I had assigned to myself; with what success, your conduct must determine. I trust at least you will admit that I have not failed, in the assurance I gave you respecting the spirit with which my endeavors should be conducted. I have addressed myself purely to your judgments, and have studiously avoided those asperities which are too apt to disgrace political disputants of all parties, and which have been not a little provoked by the language and conduct of the opponents of the Constitution. The charge of a conspiracy against the liberties of the people, which has been indiscriminately brought against the advocates of the plan, has something in it too wanton and too malignant not to excite the indignation of every man who feels in his own bosom a refutation of the calumny. The perpetual changes which have been rung upon the wealthy, the well-born, and the great, have been such as to inspire the disgust of all sensible men; and the unwarrantable concealments and misrepresentations which have been in various ways practiced to keep the truth from the public eye, have been of a nature to demand the reprobation of all honest men. It is not impossible that these circumstances may have occasionally betrayed me into intemperances of expression which I did not intend: it is certain that I have frequently felt a struggle between sensibility and moderation; and if the former has in some instances prevailed, it must be my excuse that it has been neither often nor much.

The Wisdom of Brief Presidential Terms of Office

It may perhaps be asked, how the shortness of the duration in office can affect the independence of the executive on the legislature, unless the one were possessed of the power of appointing or displacing the other. One answer to this inquiry may be drawn from the principle already remarked; that is, from the slender interest a man is apt to take in a short-lived advantage, and the little inducement it affords him to expose himself, on account of it, to any considerable inconvenience or hazard. Another answer, perhaps more obvious though not more conclusive, will result from the consideration of the influence of the legislative body over the people; which might be employed to prevent the re-election of a man who, by an upright resistance to any sinister project of that body, should have made himself obnoxious to its resentment.

It may be asked also whether a duration of four years would answer the end proposed; and if it would not, whether a less period, which would at least be recommended by greater security against ambitious designs, would not for that reason be preferable to a longer period, which was at the same time too short for the purpose of inspiring the desired firmness and independence of the magistrate.

It cannot be affirmed that a duration of four years, or any other limited duration, would completely answer the end proposed; but it would contribute toward it in a degree which would have a material influence upon the spirit and character of the government. Between the commencement and termination of such a period there would always be a considerable interval, in which the prospect of annihilation would be sufficiently remote not to have an improper effect upon the conduct of a man indued with a tolerable portion of fortitude; and in which he might reasonably promise himself that there would be time enough before it arrived, to make the community sensible of the propriety of the measures he might incline to pursue. Though it be probable that — as he approached the moment when the public were by a new election to signify their sense of his conduct — his confidence, and with it his firmness, would decline; yet both the one and the other would derive support from the opportunities which his previous continuance in the station had afforded him, of establishing himself in the esteem and good-will of his constituents. He might then hazard with safety, in proportion to the proofs he had given of his wisdom and integrity, and to the title he had acquired to the respect and attachment of his fellow-citizens. As on the one hand, a duration of four years will contribute to the firmness of the executive in a sufficient degree to render it a very valuable ingredient in the composition; so, on the other, it is not enough to justify any alarm for the public liberty. If a British House of Commons, from the most feeble beginnings, *from the mere power of assenting or disagreeing to the imposition of a new tax*, have by rapid strides reduced the prerogatives of the Crown and the privileges of the nobility within the limits they conceived to be compatible with the principles of a free government, while they raised themselves to the rank and consequence of a coequal branch of the legislature, if they have been able in one instance to abolish both the royalty and the aristocracy, and to overturn all the ancient establishments, as well in the Church as State; if they have been able on a recent occasion to make the monarch tremble at the prospect of an innovation attempted by them,—what would be to be feared from an elective magistrate of four years' duration, with the confined authorities of a President of the United States? What, but that he might be unequal to the task which the Constitution assigns him?

OF THE DISTINCTION BETWEEN A PRESIDENT AND A SOVEREIGN

AND it appears yet more unequivocally, that there is no pretense for the parallel which has been attempted between him and the king of Great Britain. But to render the contrast in this respect still more striking, it may be of use to throw the principal circumstances of dissimilitude into a closer group.

The President of the United States would be an officer elected by the people for *four* years; the king of Great Britain is a perpetual and *hereditary* prince. The one would be amenable to personal punishment and disgrace; the person of the other is sacred and inviolable. The one would have a *qualified* negative upon the acts of the legislative body; the other has an *absolute* negative. The one would have a right to command the military and naval forces of the nation; the other, in addition to this right, possesses that of *declaring* war, and of *raising* and *regulating* fleets and armies by his own authority. The one would have a concurrent power with a branch of the legislature in the formation of treaties; the other is the *sole possessor* of the power of making treaties. The one would have a like concurrent authority in appointing to offices; the other is the sole author of all appointments. The one can confer no privileges whatever; the other can make denizens of aliens, noblemen of commoners, can erect corporations with all the rights incident to corporate bodies. The one can prescribe no rules concerning the commerce or currency of the nation; the other is in several respects the arbiter of commerce, and in this capacity can establish markets and fairs, can regulate weights and measures, can lay embargoes for a limited time, can coin money, can authorize or prohibit the circulation of foreign coin. The one has no particle of spiritual jurisdiction; the other is the supreme head and governor of the national Church! What answer shall we give to those who would persuade us that things so unlike resemble each other? The same that ought to be given to those who tell us that a government, the whole power of which would be in the hands of the elective and periodical servants of the people, is an aristocracy, a monarchy, and a despotism.

The Militia System as Distinguished from a Standing Army

Were I to deliver my sentiments to a member of the federal legislature from this State on the subject of a militia establishment, I should hold to him in substance the following discourse:—

"The project of disciplining all the militia of the United States is as futile as it would be injurious, if it were capable of being carried into execution. A tolerable expertness in military movements is a business that requires time and practice. It is not a day, or even a week, that will suffice for the attainment of it. To oblige the great body of the yeomanry and of the other classes of the citizens to be under arms for the purpose of going through military exercises and evolutions, as often as might be necessary to acquire the degree of perfection which would entitle them to the character of a well-regulated militia, would be a real grievance to the people, and a serious public inconvenience and loss. It would form an annual deduction from the productive labor of the country, to an amount which, calculating upon the present numbers of the people, would not fall far short of the whole expense of the civil establishments of all the States. To attempt a thing which would abridge the mass of labor and industry to so considerable an extent, would be unwise: and the experiment, if made, could not succeed, because it would not long be endured. Little more can reasonably be aimed at, with respect to the people at large, than to have them properly armed and equipped; and in order to see that this be not neglected, it will be necessary to assemble them once or twice in the course of a year.

"But though the scheme of disciplining the whole nation must be abandoned as mischievous or impracticable, yet it is a matter of the utmost importance that a well-digested plan should as soon as possible be adopted for the proper establishment of the militia. The attention of the government ought particularly to be directed to the formation of a select corps of moderate extent, upon such principles as will really fit them for service in case of need. By thus circumscribing the plan, it will be possible to have an excellent body of well-trained militia, ready to take the field whenever the defense of the State shall require it. This will not only lessen the call for military establishments, but if circumstances should at any time oblige the government to form an army of any magnitude, that army can never be formidable to the liberties of the people, while there is a large body of citizens little if at all inferior to them in discipline and the use of arms, who stand ready to defend their own rights and those of their fellow-citizens. This appears to me the only substitute that can be devised for a standing army, and the best possible security against it if it should exist."

Confederacy as Expressed in the Federal System

Though the ancient feudal systems were not, strictly speaking, confederacies, yet they partook of the nature of that species of association. There was a common head, chieftain, or sovereign, whose authority extended over the whole nation; and a number of subordinate vassals or feudatories, who had large portions of land allotted to them, and numerous trains of inferior vassals or retainers, who occupied and cultivated that land upon the tenure of fealty or obedience to the persons of whom they held it. Each principal vassal was a kind of sovereign within his particular demesnes. The consequences of this situation were a continual opposition to the authority of the sovereign, and frequent wars between the great barons or chief feudatories themselves. The power of the head of the nation was commonly too weak either to preserve the public peace, or to protect the people against the oppressions of their immediate lords. This period of European affairs is emphatically styled by historians the times of feudal anarchy.

When the sovereign happened to be a man of vigorous and warlike temper and of superior abilities, he would acquire a personal weight and influence which answered for the time the purposes of a more regular authority. But in general the power of the barons triumphed over that of the prince, and in many instances his dominion was entirely thrown off, and the great fiefs were erected into independent principalities or States. In those instances in which the monarch finally prevailed over his vassals, his success was chiefly owing to the tyranny of those vassals over their dependents. The barons or nobles, equally the enemies of the sovereign and the oppressors of the common people, were dreaded and detested by both; till mutual danger and mutual interest effected a union between them fatal to the power of the aristocracy. Had the nobles by a conduct of clemency and justice preserved the fidelity and devotion of their retainers and followers, the contests between them and the prince must almost always have ended in their favor, and in the abridgment or subversion of the royal authority.

This is not an assertion founded merely in speculation or conjecture. Among other illustrations of its truth which might be cited, Scotland will furnish a cogent example. The spirit of clanship which was at an early day introduced into that kingdom, uniting the nobles and their dependents by ties equivalent to those of kindred, rendered the aristocracy a constant overmatch for the power of the monarch, till the incorporation with England subdued its fierce and ungovernable spirit, and reduced it within those rules of subordination which a more rational and more energetic system of civil polity had previously established in the latter kingdom.

The separate governments in a confederacy may aptly be compared with the feudal baronies; with this advantage in their favor, that from the reasons already explained, they will generally possess the confidence and good-will of the people, and with so important a support, will be able effectually to oppose all encroachments of the national government.

Of the Geographical Aspects of the United States as Related to its Commerce

The relative situation of these States; the number of rivers with which they are intersected, and of bays that wash their shores; the facility of communication in every direction; the affinity of language and manners; the familiar habits of intercourse,—all these are circumstances that would conspire to render an illicit trade between them a matter of little difficulty, and would insure frequent evasions of the commercial regulations of each other. The separate States or confederacies would be necessitated by mutual jealousy to avoid the temptations to that kind of trade by the lowness of their duties. The temper of our governments, for a long time to come, would not permit those rigorous precautions by which the European nations guard the avenues into their respective countries, as well by land as by water; and which even there are found insufficient obstacles to the adventurous stratagems of avarice.

In France there is an army of patrols (as they are called) constantly employed to secure their fiscal regulations against the inroads of the dealers in contraband trade. Mr. Necker computes the number of these patrols at upwards of twenty thousand. This shows the immense difficulty in preventing that species of traffic where there is an inland communication, and places in a strong light the disadvantages with which the collection of duties in this country would be incumbered, if by disunion the States should be placed in a situation with respect to each other resembling that of France with respect to her neighbors. The arbitrary and vexatious powers with which the patrols are necessarily armed would be intolerable in a free country.

If on the contrary there be but one government pervading all the States, there will be as to the principal part of our commerce but *one side* to guard,—the *Atlantic coast.* Vessels arriving directly from foreign countries, laden with valuable cargoes, would rarely choose to hazard themselves to the complicated and critical perils which would attend attempts to unlade prior to their coming into port. They would have to dread both the dangers of the coast and of detection, as well after as before their arrival at the places of their final destination. An ordinary degree of vigilance would be competent to the prevention of any material infractions upon the rights of the revenue. A few armed vessels, judiciously stationed at the entrances of our ports, might at a small expense be made useful sentinels of the laws. And the government having the same interest to provide against violations everywhere, the co-operation of its measures in each State would have a powerful tendency to render them effectual. Here also we should preserve, by union, an advantage which nature holds out to us and which would be relinquished by separation. The United States lie at a great distance from Europe, and at a considerable distance from all other places with which they would have extensive connections of foreign trade. The passage from them to us in a few hours, or in a single night, as between the coasts of France and Britain, and of other neighboring nations, would be impracticable. This is a prodigious security against a direct contraband with foreign countries; but a circuitous contraband to one State through the medium of another would be both easy and safe. The difference between a direct importation from abroad and an indirect importation through the channel of a neighboring State, in small parcels, according to time and opportunity, with the additional facilities of inland communication, must be palpable to every man of discernment.

It is therefore evident that one national government would be able, at much less expense, to extend the duties on imports beyond comparison further than would be practicable to the States separately, or to any partial confederacies.

The Standing Army as a Peril to a Republic

The disciplined armies always kept on foot on the Continent of Europe, though they bear a malignant aspect to liberty and economy, have notwithstanding been productive of the signal advantage of rendering sudden conquests impracticable, and of preventing that rapid desolation which used to mark the progress of war prior to their introduction. The art of fortification has contributed to the same ends. The nations of Europe are encircled with chains of fortified places, which mutually obstruct invasion. Campaigns are wasted in reducing two or three frontier garrisons, to gain admittance into an enemy's country. Similar impediments occur at every step, to exhaust the strength and delay the progress of an invader. Formerly, an invading army would penetrate into the heart of a neighboring country almost as soon as intelligence of its approach could be received; but now a comparatively small force of disciplined troops, acting on the defensive, with the aid of posts, is able to impede and finally to frustrate the enterprises of one much more considerable. The history of war in that quarter of the globe is no longer a history of nations subdued and empires overturned, but of towns taken and retaken; of battles that decide nothing; of retreats more beneficial than victories; of much effort and little acquisition.

In this country the scene would be altogether reversed. The jealousy of military establishments would postpone them as long as possible. The want of fortifications, leaving the frontiers of one State open to another, would facilitate inroads. The populous States would with little difficulty overrun their less populous neighbors. Conquests would be as easy to be made as difficult to be retained. War therefore would be desultory and predatory. Plunder and devastation ever march in the train of irregulars. The calamities of individuals would make the principal figure in the events which would characterize our military exploits.

This picture is not too highly wrought, though I confess it would not long remain a just one. Safety from external danger is the most powerful director of national conduct. Even the ardent love of liberty will after a time give way to its dictates. The violent destruction of life and property incident to war, the continual effort and alarm attendant on a state of continual danger, will compel nations the most attached to liberty to resort, for repose and security, to institutions which have a tendency to destroy their civil and political rights. To be more safe, they at length become willing to run the risk of being less free.

The institutions chiefly alluded to are *standing armies* and the correspondent appendages of military establishments. Standing armies, it is said, are not provided against in the new Constitution; and it is therefore inferred that they may exist under it. Their existence, however, from the very terms of the proposition, is at most problematical and uncertain. But standing armies, it may be replied, must inevitably result from a dissolution of the Confederacy. Frequent war and constant apprehension, which require a state of as constant preparation, will infallibly produce them. The weaker States or confederacies would first have recourse to them, to put themselves upon an equality with their more potent neighbors. They would endeavor to supply the inferiority of population and resources by a more regular and effective system of defense, by disciplined troops, and by fortifications. They would at the same time be necessitated to strengthen the executive arm of government, in doing which their constitutions would acquire a progressive direction towards monarchy. It is of the nature of war to increase the executive at the expense of the legislative authority.

The expedients which have been mentioned would soon give the States or confederacies that made use of them a superiority over their neighbors. Small States, or States of less natural strength, under vigorous governments and with the assistance of disciplined armies have often triumphed over large States, or States of greater natural strength, which have been destitute of these advantages. Neither the pride nor the safety of the more important States or confederacies would permit them long to submit to this mortifying and adventitious superiority. They would quickly resort to means similar to those by which it had been effected, to reinstate themselves in their lost pre-eminence. Thus we should, in a little time, see established in every part of this country the same engines of despotism which have been the scourge of the Old World. This at least would be the natural course of things; and our reasonings will be the more likely to be just, in proportion as they are accommodated to this standard.

Do Republics Promote Peace?

Notwithstanding the concurring testimony of experience in this particular, there are still to be found visionary or designing men who stand ready to advocate the paradox of perpetual peace between the States, though dismembered and alienated from each other. The genius of republics (say they) is pacific; the spirit of commerce has a tendency to soften the manners of men, and to extinguish those inflammable humors which have so often kindled into wars. Commercial republics like ours will never be disposed to waste themselves in ruinous contentions with each other. They will be governed by mutual interest, and will cultivate a spirit of mutual amity and concord.

Is it not (we may ask these projectors in politics) the true interest of all nations to cultivate the same benevolent and philosophic spirit? If this be their true interest, have they in fact pursued it? Has it not, on the contrary, invariably been found that momentary passions and immediate interests have a more active and imperious control over human conduct than general or remote considerations of policy, utility, or justice? Have republics in practice been less addicted to war than monarchies? Are not the former administered by men as well as the latter? Are there not aversions, predilections, rivalships, and desires of unjust acquisitions that affect nations as well as kings? Are not popular assemblies frequently subject to the impulses of rage, resentment, jealousy, avarice, and of other irregular and violent propensities? Is it not well known that their determinations are often governed by a few individuals in whom they place confidence, and are of course liable to be tinctured by the passions and views of those individuals? Has commerce hitherto done anything more than change the objects of war? Is not the love of wealth as domineering and enterprising a passion as that of power or glory? Have there not been as many wars founded upon commercial motives, since that has become the prevailing system of nations, as were before occasioned by the cupidity of territory or dominion? Has not the spirit of commerce in many instances administered new incentives to the appetite, both for the one and for the other? Let experience, the least fallible guide of human opinions, be appealed to for an answer to these inquiries.

Sparta, Athens, Rome, and Carthage were all republics; two of them, Athens and Carthage, of the commercial kind. Yet were they as often engaged in wars, offensive and defensive, as the neighboring monarchies of the same times. Sparta was little better than a well-regulated camp; and Rome was never sated of carnage and conquest.

Carthage, though a commercial republic, was the aggressor in the very war that ended in her destruction. Hannibal had carried her arms into the heart of Italy and to the gates of Rome, before Scipio in turn gave him an overthrow in the territories of Carthage, and made a conquest of the commonwealth.

Venice in later times figured more than once in wars of ambition, till, becoming an object of terror to the other Italian States, Pope Julius II. found means to accomplish that formidable league which gave a deadly blow to the power and pride of this haughty republic.

The provinces of Holland, till they were overwhelmed in debts and taxes, took a leading and conspicuous part in the wars of Europe. They had furious contests with England for the dominion of the sea, and were among the most persevering and most implacable of the opponents of Louis XIV.

In the government of Britain the representatives of the people compose one branch of the national legislature. Commerce has been for ages the predominant pursuit of that country. Few nations, nevertheless, have been more frequently engaged in war; and the wars in which that kingdom has been engaged have in numerous instances proceeded from the people.

There have been, if I may so express it, almost as many popular as royal wars. The cries of the nation and the importunities of their representatives have upon various occasions dragged their monarchs into war, or continued them in it, contrary to their inclinations, and sometimes contrary to the real interests of the State. In that memorable struggle for superiority between the rival houses of Austria and Bourbon, which so long kept Europe in a flame, it is well known that the antipathies of the English against the French, seconding the ambition or rather the avarice of a favorite leader, protracted the war beyond the limits marked out by sound policy, and for a considerable time in opposition to the views of the court.

The wars of these two last-mentioned nations have in a great measure grown out of commercial considerations,—the desire of supplanting and the fear of being supplanted, either in particular branches of traffic or in the general advantages of trade and navigation.

Personal Influence in National Politics

The causes of hostility among nations are innumerable. There are some which have a general and almost constant operation upon the collective bodies of society. Of this description are the love of power or the desire of pre-eminence and dominion,—the jealousy of power, or the desire of equality and safety. There are others which have a more circumscribed though an equally operative influence within their spheres. Such are the rivalships and competitions of commerce between commercial nations. And there are others, not less numerous than either of the former, which take their origin entirely in private passions; in the attachments, enmities, interests, hopes, and fears of leading individuals in the communities of which they are members. Men of this class, whether the favorites of a king or of a people, have in too many instances abused the confidence they possessed; and assuming the pretext of some public motive, have not scrupled to sacrifice the national tranquillity to personal advantage or personal gratification.

The celebrated Pericles, in compliance with the resentment of a prostitute, at the expense of much of the blood and treasure of his countrymen, attacked, vanquished, and destroyed the city of the Samnians. The same man, stimulated by private pique against the Megarensians, another nation of Greece, or to avoid a prosecution with which he was threatened as an accomplice in a supposed theft of the statuary Phidias, or to get rid of the accusations prepared to be brought against him for dissipating the funds of the State in the purchase of popularity, or from a combination of all these causes, was the primitive author of that famous and fatal war distinguished in the Grecian annals by the name of the Peloponnesian War; which after various vicissitudes, intermissions, and renewals, terminated in the ruin of the Athenian commonwealth.

The ambitious cardinal who was prime minister to Henry VIII., permitting his vanity to aspire to the triple crown, entertained hopes of succeeding in the acquisition of that splendid prize by the influence of the Emperor Charles V. To secure the favor and interest of this enterprising and powerful monarch, he precipitated England into a war with France, contrary to the plainest dictates of policy, and at the hazard of the safety and independence, as well of the kingdom over which he presided by his counsels as of Europe in general. For if there ever was a sovereign who bid fair to realize the project of universal monarchy, it was the Emperor Charles V., of whose intrigues Wolsey was at once the instrument and the dupe.

The influence which the bigotry of one female, the petulance of another, and the cabals of a third, had in the contemporary policy, ferments, and pacifications of a considerable part of Europe, are topics that have been too often descanted upon not to be generally known.

To multiply examples of the agency of personal considerations in the production of great national events, either foreign or domestic, according to their direction, would be an unnecessary waste of time. Those who have but a superficial acquaintance with the sources from which they are to be drawn, will themselves recollect a variety of instances; and those who have a tolerable knowledge of human nature will not stand in need of such lights, to form their opinion either of the reality or extent of that agency.

Results of the Confederation

We may indeed, with propriety, be said to have reached almost the last stage of national humiliation. There is scarcely anything that can wound the pride or degrade the character of an independent nation, which we do not experience. Are there engagements to the performance of which we are held by every tie respectable among men? these are the subjects of constant and unblushing violation. Do we owe debts to foreigners, and to our own citizens, contracted in a time of imminent peril, for the preservation of our political existence? these remain without any proper or satisfactory provision for their discharge. Have we valuable territories and important posts in the possession of a foreign power, which, by express stipulations, ought long since to have been surrendered? these are still retained, to the prejudice of our interests not less than of our rights. Are we in a condition to resent or to repel the aggression? we have neither troops, nor treasury, nor government. Are we even in a condition to remonstrate with dignity? the just imputations on our own faith, in respect to the same treaty, ought first to be removed. Are we entitled by nature and compact to a free participation in the navigation of the Mississippi? Spain excludes us from it. Is public credit an indispensable resource in time of public danger? we seem to have abandoned its cause as desperate and irretrievable. Is commerce of importance to national wealth? ours is at the lowest point of declension. Is respectability in the eyes of foreign powers a safeguard against foreign encroachments? the imbecility of our government even forbids them to treat with us; our ambassadors abroad are the mere pageants of mimic sovereignty. Is a violent and unnatural decrease in the value of land a symptom of national distress? the price of improved land in most parts of the country is much lower than can be accounted for by the quantity of waste land at market, and can only be fully explained by that want of private and public confidence which are so alarmingly prevalent among all ranks, and which have a direct tendency to depreciate property of every kind. Is private credit the friend and patron of industry? that most useful kind which relates to borrowing and lending is reduced within the narrowest limits, and this still more from an opinion of insecurity than from the scarcity of money. To shorten an enumeration of particulars which can afford neither pleasure nor instruction, it may in general be demanded: What indication is there of national disorder, poverty, and insignificance that could befall a community so peculiarly blessed with natural advantages as we are, which does not form a part of the dark catalogue of our public misfortunes?

Instances of the Evils of State Sovereignty

From such a parade of constitutional powers, in the representatives and head of this [the German] Confederacy, the natural supposition would be that it must form an exception to the general character which belongs to its kindred systems. Nothing would be further from the reality. The fundamental principle on which it rests, that the Empire is a community of sovereigns, that the Diet is a representation of sovereigns, and that the laws are addressed to sovereigns, renders the Empire a nerveless body, incapable of regulating its own members, insecure against external dangers, and agitated with unceasing fermentations in its own bowels.

The history of Germany is a history of wars between the Emperor and the princes and States themselves; of the licentiousness of the strong and the oppression of the weak; of foreign intrusions and foreign intrigues; of requisitions of men and money disregarded, or partially complied with; of attempts to enforce them, altogether abortive, or attended with slaughter and desolation, involving the innocent with the guilty; of general imbecility, confusion, and misery.

In the sixteenth century, the Emperor, with one part of the Empire on his side, was seen engaged against the other princes and States. In one of the conflicts, the Emperor himself was put to flight and very near being made prisoner by the Elector of Saxony. The late King of Prussia was more than once pitted against his imperial sovereign, and commonly proved an overmatch for him. Controversies and wars among the members themselves have been so common, that the German annals are crowded with the bloody pages which describe them. Previous to the peace of Westphalia, Germany was desolated by a war of thirty years, in which the Emperor with one half of the Empire was on one side, and Sweden with the other half on the opposite side. Peace was at length negotiated and dictated by foreign powers; and the articles of it, to which foreign powers are parties, made a fundamental part of the Germanic constitution. . . .

The impossibility of maintaining order and dispensing justice among these sovereign subjects produced the experiment of dividing the Empire into nine or ten circles or districts; of giving them an interior organization; and of charging them with the military execution of the laws against delinquent and contumacious members. This experiment has only served to demonstrate more fully the radical vice of the constitution. Each circle is the miniature picture of the deformities of this political monster. They either fail to execute their commissions, or they do it with all the devastation and carnage of civil war. Sometimes whole circles are defaulters; and then they increase the mischief which they were instituted to remedy. . . .

It may be asked, perhaps, What has so long kept this disjointed machine from falling entirely to pieces? The answer is obvious. The weakness of most of the members, who are unwilling to expose themselves to the mercy of foreign powers; the weakness of most of the principal members, compared with the formidable powers all around them; the vast weight and influence which the Emperor derives from his separate and hereditary dominions; and the interest he feels in preserving a system with which his family pride is connected, and which constitutes him the first prince in Europe,—these causes support a feeble and precarious union; whilst the repellent quality incident to the nature of sovereignty, and which time continually strengthens, prevents any reform whatever, founded on a proper consolidation. Nor is it to be imagined, if this obstacle could be surmounted, that the neighboring powers would suffer a revolution to take place which would give to the Empire the force and pre-eminence to which it is entitled. Foreign nations have long considered themselves as interested in the changes made by events in this constitution; and have on various occasions betrayed their policy of perpetuating its anarchy and weakness.

If more direct examples were wanting, Poland, as a government over local sovereigns, might not improperly be taken notice of. Nor could any proof more striking be given of the calamities flowing from such institutions. Equally unfit for self-government and self-defense, it has long been at the mercy of its powerful neighbors; who have lately had the mercy to disburden it of one third of its people and territories.

ANTHONY HAMILTON

(1646?–1720)

The author of 'Gramont's Memoirs,' usually known as Count Hamilton, was a man without a nationality. Born in Ireland of Scotch blood, grandson of the Earl of Abercorn, he was a baby when his parents followed the relics of the royal family to France after the execution of Charles I.; and he remained there till 1660, his education and formative influences during childhood being wholly French, which language was really his mother tongue. At the Restoration he returned to England and became an ornament of Charles II.'s court, though debarred from office for being a Catholic. James II. gave him command of an Irish regiment and made him governor of Limerick; but on James's abdication he returned to France and remained there, a notable figure in Louis XIV.'s court, whose wit and elastic moral atmosphere were alike congenial to him.

Count de Gramont

He made a good French translation of Pope's 'Essay on Man,' cordially acknowledged by the author. He wrote graceful poems; and in ridicule of the prevalent craze for Oriental tales, which he declared quite within the powers of any one with the slenderest literary faculty, wrote several stories of the Arabian Nights order, without plot or denouement, usually promising the finish in «the next volume,» which was never written. These stories are clever and witty enough to be still read, and some of their expressions have become stock literary quotations, but they are curios rather than living works.

More can be said for another work, which has permanent vitality,—the 'Memoirs' of his brother-in-law the Duke of Gramont. The latter was a conspicuous soldier and courtier during the Regency, and Hamilton's senior by twenty years. This dashing, witty profligate, with generous impulses and no conscience, was a true product of the court of Louis XIV. and of that of the English Charles II. An aristocrat of long descent, a soldier of renown, with his laughing eyes, his dimple, and his conversational gift, he was popular everywhere.

Hamilton met him first in England, whither a social imprudence had led him, and where he became engaged to his biographer's beautiful sister. Then he was recalled, and started for home, unmindful of his promises. The young lady's brothers hurried after him:—

«Chevalier! chevalier! haven't you forgotten something at London?»

«I beg your pardon, gentlemen,» said the chevalier. «I have forgotten to marry your sister.»

He went back with them, married Miss Hamilton, and took her to France. The incident is characteristic of his careless ready wit; and it did not seem to weaken Hamilton's admiring affection.

Gramont's prime quality was social talent. He loved extravagant living, intrigue, and *bons-mots*, and the life that receives most stimulus from other personalities. To write as he conversed was impossible to him. Yet he had been told that the record of his life was too interesting to be lost, and his vanity liked the thought. There was talk of giving the task to Boileau, who wanted it. But Boileau might be severe or satiric; so Hamilton was preferred.

Hamilton, in spite of his knowledge of court life in France and England, and his somewhat malicious wit, was rather taciturn and unsuccessful as a society man. He loved better the quiet of Saint-Germain, and solitary, thoughtful constitutionals in its forest. To write was easier for him than to talk. He appreciated the life in which he did not shine, and could do justice to the duke's reminiscences.

The result is a brilliant picture of the court of Charles II., of that pleasure-seeking king and the beauties and fascinations of his mistresses. There are many other scandalous tales as well, involving the Duke of Buckingham, Lord and Lady Chesterfield, Gramont himself, and other celebrities. In spirit and style the work is wholly French,—a long succession of witty, malicious gossip. The author addresses himself in the opening sentence to those who read for amusement. To such the memoirs are perennially interesting.

NOTHING VENTURE, NOTHING HAVE

From ‹Gramont's Memoirs›

[De Gramont and his friend M. Matta being much pressed for money, the Count relates an incident of his early youth, and suggests acting on its hint, to raise the sum they require.]

They had never yet conferred about the state of their finances, although the steward had acquainted each separately that he must either receive money to continue the expenses, or give in his accounts. One day when the chevalier came home sooner than usual, he found Matta fast asleep in an easy-chair; and being unwilling to disturb his rest, he began musing on his project. Matta awoke without his perceiving it; and having for a short time observed the deep contemplation he seemed involved in, and the profound silence between two persons who had never before held their tongues for a moment when together, he broke it by a sudden fit of laughter, which increased in proportion as the other stared at him.

«A merry way of waking, and ludicrous enough,» said the chevalier: «what is the matter, and whom do you laugh at?»

«Faith, chevalier,» said Matta, «I am laughing at a dream I had just now, which is so natural and diverting that I must make you laugh at it also. I was dreaming that we had dismissed our maître-d'hôtel, our cook, and our confectioner, having resolved for the remainder of the campaign to live upon others as others have lived upon us: this was my dream. Now tell me, chevalier, on what were you musing?»

«Poor fellow!» said the chevalier, shrugging his shoulders; «you are knocked down at once, and thrown into the utmost consternation and despair, at some silly stories which the maître-d'hôtel has been telling you as well as me. What! after the figure we have made in the face of the nobility and foreigners in the army, shall we give it up and like fools and beggars sneak off, upon the first failure of our money? Have you no sentiments of honor? Where is the dignity of France?»

«And where is the money?» said Matta; «for my men say the Devil may take them if there be ten crowns in the house; and I believe you have not much more, for it is above a week since I have seen you pull out your purse or count your money, an amusement you were very fond of in prosperity.»

"I own all this," said the chevalier; "but yet I will force you to confess that you are but a mean-spirited fellow upon this occasion. What would have become of you if you had been reduced to the situation I was in at Lyons, four days before I arrived here? I will tell you the story. . . .

"When I returned to my mother's house, I had so much the air of a courtier and a man of the world that she began to respect me, instead of chiding me for my infatuation towards the army. I became her favorite; and finding me inflexible, she only thought of keeping me with her as long as she could, while my little equipage was preparing. The faithful Brinon, who was to attend me as valet-de-chambre, was likewise to discharge the office of governor and equerry, being perhaps the only Gascon who was ever possessed of so much gravity and ill-temper. He passed his word for my good behavior and morality, and promised my mother that he would give a good account of my person in the dangers of the war; but I hope he will keep his word better as to this last article than he has done to the former.

"My equipage was sent away a week before me. This was so much time gained by my mother to give me good advice. At length, after having solemnly enjoined me to have the fear of God before my eyes and to love my neighbor as myself, she suffered me to depart under the protection of the Lord and the sage Brinon. At the second stage we quarreled. He had received four hundred louis d'or for the expenses of the campaign; I wished to have the keeping of them myself, which he strenuously opposed. 'Thou old scoundrel,' said I, 'is the money thine, or was it given thee for me? You suppose I must have a treasurer, and receive no money without his order.' I know not whether it was from a presentiment of what afterwards happened that he grew melancholy: however, it was with the greatest reluctance and the most poignant anguish that he found himself obliged to yield; one would have thought that I had wrested his very soul from him. I found myself more light and merry after I had eased him of his trust; he on the contrary appeared so overwhelmed with grief that it seemed as if I had laid four hundred pounds of lead upon his back, instead of taking away those four hundred louis. He went on so heavily that I was forced to whip his horse myself, and turning to me now and then, 'Ah! sir,' said he, 'my lady did not think it would be so.' His reflections and sorrows were renewed at every stage;

for instead of giving a shilling to the post-boy, I gave him half a crown.

"Having at last reached Lyons, two soldiers stopped us at the gate of the city, to carry us before the governor. I took one of them to conduct me to the best inn, and delivered Brinon into the hands of the other, to acquaint the commandant with the particulars of my journey and my future intentions.

"There are as good taverns at Lyons as at Paris; but my soldier, according to custom, carried me to a friend of his own, whose house he extolled as having the best accommodations and the greatest resort of good company in the whole town. The master of this hotel was as big as a hogshead; his name Cerise, a Swiss by birth, a poisoner by profession, and a thief by custom. He showed me into a tolerably neat room, and desired to know whether I pleased to sup by myself or at the ordinary. I chose the latter, on account of the *beau monde* which the soldier had boasted of.

"Brinon, who was quite out of temper at the many questions which the governor had asked him, returned more surly than an old ape; and seeing that I was dressing my hair in order to go down-stairs, 'What are you about now, sir?' said he. 'Are you going to tramp about the town? No, no; have we not had tramping enough ever since the morning? Eat a bit of supper, and go to bed betimes, that you may get on horseback by daybreak.' 'Mr. Comptroller,' said I, 'I shall neither tramp about the town, nor eat alone, nor go to bed early. I intend to sup with the company below.' 'At the ordinary!' cried he; 'I beseech you, sir, do not think of it! Devil take me if there be not a dozen brawling fellows playing at cards and dice, who make noise enough to drown the loudest thunder!'

"I was grown insolent since I had seized the money; and being desirous to shake off the yoke of a governor, 'Do you know, Mr. Brinon,' said I, 'that I don't like a blockhead to set up for a reasoner? Do you go to supper, if you please; but take care that I have post-horses ready before daybreak.'

"The moment he mentioned cards and dice I felt the money burn in my pocket. I was somewhat surprised, however, to find the room where the ordinary was served filled with odd-looking creatures. My host, after presenting me to the company, assured me that there were but eighteen or twenty of those gentlemen who would have the honor to sup with me. I approached one of the tables where they were playing, and thought that I should have died with laughing: I expected to have seen good company and deep play; but I only met with two Germans playing at backgammon. Never did two country boobies play like them; but their figures beggared all description. The fellow near whom I stood was short, thick, and fat, and as round as a ball, with a ruff and a prodigious high-crowned hat. Any one at a moderate distance would have taken him for the dome of a church, with the steeple on the top of it. I inquired of the host who he was. 'A merchant from Basle,' said he, 'who comes hither to sell horses; but from the method he pursues I think he will not dispose of many; for he does nothing but play.' 'Does he play deep?' said I. 'Not now,' said he; 'they are only playing for their reckoning while supper is getting ready: but he has no objection to play as deep as any one.' 'Has he money?' said I. 'As for that,' replied the treacherous Cerise, 'would to God you had won a thousand pistoles of him, and I went your halves: we should not be long without our money.' I wanted no farther encouragement to meditate the ruin of the high-crowned hat. I went nearer him, in order to take a closer survey. Never was such a bungler; he made blots upon blots: God knows, I began to feel some remorse at winning of such an ignoramus, who knew so little of the game. He lost his reckoning; supper was served up, and I desired him to sit next me. It was a long table, and there were at least five-and-twenty in company, notwithstanding the landlord's promise. The most execrable repast that ever was begun being finished, all the crowd insensibly dispersed except the little Swiss, who still kept near me, and the landlord, who placed himself on the other side of me. They both smoked like dragons; and the Swiss was continually saying in bad French, 'I ask your pardon, sir, for my great freedom;' at the same time blowing such whiffs of tobacco in my face as almost suffocated me. M. Cerise, on the other hand, desired he might take the liberty of asking me whether I had ever been in his country; and seemed surprised I had so genteel an air, without having traveled in Switzerland.

"The little chub I had to encounter was full as inquisitive as the other. He desired to know whether I came from the army in Piedmont; and having told him I was going thither, he asked me whether I had a mind to buy any horses? that he had about two hundred to dispose of, and that he would sell them cheap.

I began to be smoked like a gammon of bacon: and being quite wearied out, both with their tobacco and their questions, I asked my companion if he would play for a single pistole at backgammon, while our men were supping; it was not without great ceremony that he consented, at the same time asking my pardon for his great freedom.

"I won the game; I gave him his revenge, and won again We then played double or quit; I won that too, and all in the twinkling of an eye; for he grew vexed, and suffered himself to be taken in, so that I began to bless my stars for my good fortune. Brinon came in about the end of the third game, to put me to bed. He made a great sign of the cross, but paid no attention to the signs I made him to retire. I was forced to rise to give him that order in private. He began to reprimand me for disgracing myself by keeping company with such a low-bred wretch. It was in vain that I told him he was a great merchant, that he had a great deal of money, and that he played like a child. 'He a merchant!' cried Brinon. 'Do not believe that, sir. May the Devil take me, if he is not some conjurer.' 'Hold your tongue, old fool,' said I: 'he is no more a conjurer than you are, and that is decisive; and to prove it to you, I am resolved to win four or five hundred pistoles of him before I go to bed.' With these words I turned him out, strictly enjoining him not to return or in any manner to disturb us.

"The game being done, the little Swiss unbuttoned his pockets to pull out a new four-pistole piece, and presenting it to me, he asked my pardon for his great freedom, and seemed as if he wished to retire. This was not what I wanted. I told him we only played for amusement; that I had no designs upon his money; and that if he pleased I would play him a single game for his four pistoles. He raised some objections, but consented at last, and won back his money. I was piqued at it. I played another game: fortune changed sides; the dice ran for him; he made no more blots. I lost the game; another game, and double or quit; we doubled the stake, and played double or quit again. I was vexed; he like a true gamester took every bet I offered, and won all before him, without my getting more than six points in eight or ten games. I asked him to play a single game for one hundred pistoles; but as he saw I did not stake, he told me it was late; that he must go and look after his horses; and went away, still asking my pardon for his great freedom. The cool manner of his refusal, and the politeness with which he took his leave, provoked me to such a degree that I almost could have killed him. I was so confounded at losing my money so fast, even to the last pistole, that I did not immediately consider the miserable situation to which I was reduced.

"I durst not go up to my chamber for fear of Brinon. By good luck, however, he was tired with waiting for me, and had gone to bed. This was some consolation, though but of short continuance. As soon as I was laid down, all the fatal consequences of my adventure presented themselves to my imagination. I could not sleep. I saw all the horrors of my misfortune without being able to find any remedy: in vain did I rack my brain; it supplied me with no expedient. I feared nothing so much as daybreak; however, it did come, and the cruel Brinon along with it. He was booted up to the middle, and cracking a cursed whip which he held in his hand, 'Up, Monsieur le Chevalier,' cried he, opening the curtains; 'the horses are at the door, and you are still asleep. We ought by this time to have ridden two stages; give me money to pay the reckoning.' 'Brinon,' said I in a dejected tone, 'draw the curtains.' 'What!' cried he, 'draw the curtains? Do you intend then to make your campaign at Lyons? You seem to have taken a liking to the place. And for the great merchant, you have stripped him, I suppose. No, no, Monsieur le Chevalier, this money will never do you any good. This wretch has perhaps a family; and it is his children's bread that he has been playing with, and that you have won. Was this an object to sit up all night for? What would my lady say, if she knew what a life you lead?' 'M. Brinon,' said I, 'pray draw the curtains.' But instead of obeying me, one would have thought that the Devil had prompted him to use the most pointed and galling terms to a person under such misfortunes. 'And how much have you won?' said he. 'Five hundred pistoles? what must the poor man do? Recollect, Monsieur le Chevalier, what I have said: this money will never thrive with you. It is perhaps but four hundred? three? two? Well, if it be but one hundred louis d'ors,' continued he, seeing that I shook my head at every sum which he had named, 'there is no great mischief done; one hundred pistoles will not ruin him, provided you have won them fairly.' 'Friend Brinon,' said I, fetching a deep sigh, 'draw the curtains; I am unworthy to see daylight.' Brinon was much affected at these melancholy words: but I thought he would have fainted when I told him the whole adventure. He tore his hair, made grievous lamentations, the burden of which still was, 'What will my lady say?' and after having exhausted his unprofitable complaints, 'What will become of you now, Monsieur le Chevalier?' said he: 'what do you intend to do?' 'Nothing,' said I, 'for I am fit for nothing.' After this, being somewhat eased after making him my confession, I thought upon several projects, to none of which could I gain his approbation. I would have had him post after my equipage, to have sold some of my clothes; I was for proposing to the horse-dealer to buy some horses of him at a high price on credit, to sell again cheap: Brinon laughed at all these schemes, and after having had the cruelty of keeping me upon the rack for a long time, he at last extricated me. Parents are always stingy towards their poor children: my mother intended to have given me five hundred louis d'ors, but she had kept back fifty—as well for some little repairs in the abbey as to pay for praying for me! Brinon had the charge of the other fifty, with strict injunctions not to speak of them unless upon some urgent necessity. And this, you see, soon happened.

«Thus you have a brief account of my first adventure. Play has hitherto favored me; for since my arrival I have had at one time, after paying all my expenses, fifteen hundred louis d'ors. Fortune is now again become unfavorable: we must mend her. Our cash runs low; we must therefore endeavor to recruit.»

«Nothing is more easy,» said Matta; «it is only to find out such another dupe as the horse-dealer at Lyons; but now I think on it, has not the faithful Brinon some reserve for the last extremity? Faith, the time is now come, and we cannot do better than to make use of it.»

«Your raillery would be very seasonable,» said the chevalier, «if you knew how to extricate us out of this difficulty. You must certainly have an overflow of wit, to be throwing it away upon every occasion as at present. What the devil! will you always be bantering, without considering what a serious situation we are reduced to? Mind what I say: I will go to-morrow to the headquarters, I will dine with the Count de Cameran, and I will invite him to supper.»

«Where?» said Matta.

«Here,» said the chevalier.

«You are mad, my poor friend,» replied Matta. «This is some such project as you formed at Lyons: you know we have neither money nor credit; and to re-establish our circumstances you intend to give a supper.»

«Stupid fellow!» said the chevalier: «is it possible that, so long as we have been acquainted, you should have learned no more invention? The Count de Cameran plays at quinze, and so do I: we want money; he has more than he knows what to do with: I will bespeak a splendid supper; he shall pay for it. Send your maître-d'hôtel to me, and trouble yourself no farther, except in some precautions which it is necessary to take on such an occasion.»

«What are they?» said Matta.

«I will tell you,» said the chevalier; «for I find one must explain to you things that are as clear as noonday. You command the guards that are here, don't you? As soon as night comes on, you shall order fifteen or twenty men under the command of your serjeant La Place to be under arms, and to lay themselves flat on the ground between this place and the head-quarters.»

«What the devil!» cried Matta; «an ambuscade? God forgive me, I believe you intend to rob the poor Savoyard. If that be your intention, I declare I will have nothing to do with it.»

«Poor devil!» said the chevalier: «the matter is this: it is very likely that we shall win his money. The Piedmontese, though otherwise good fellows, are apt to be suspicious and distrustful. He commands the horse; you know you cannot hold your tongue, and are very likely to let slip some jest or other that may vex him. Should he take it into his head that he is cheated, and resent it, who knows what the consequences might be? for he is commonly attended by eight or ten horsemen. Therefore, however he may be provoked at his loss, it is proper to be in such a situation as not to dread his resentment.»

«Embrace me, my dear chevalier,» said Matta, holding his sides and laughing; «embrace me, for thou art not to be matched. What a fool was I to think, when you talked to me of taking precautions, that nothing more was necessary than to prepare a table and cards, or perhaps to provide some false dice! I should never have thought of supporting a man who plays at quinze by a detachment of foot; I must indeed confess that you are already a great soldier.»

The next day everything happened as the Chevalier Gramont had planned it; the unfortunate Cameran fell into the snare. They supped in the most agreeable manner possible; Matta drank five or six bumpers to drown a few scruples which made him somewhat uneasy. The Chevalier de Gramont shone as usual, and almost made his guest die with laughing, whom he was soon after to make very serious; and the good-natured Cameran ate like a man whose affections were divided between good cheer and a love of play;—that is to say, he hurried down his victuals, that he might not lose any of the precious time which he had devoted to quinze.

Supper being done, the serjeant La Place posted his ambuscade and the Chevalier de Gramont engaged his man. The perfidy of Cerise and the high-crowned hat were still fresh in remembrance, and enabled him to get the better of a few grains of remorse and conquer some scruples which arose in his mind. Matta, unwilling to be a spectator of violated hospitality, sat down in an easy-chair in order to fall asleep, while the chevalier was stripping the poor count of his money.

They only staked three or four pistoles at first, just for amusement; but Cameran having lost three or four times, he staked high, and the game became serious. He still lost, and became outrageous; the cards flew about the room, and the exclamations awoke Matta. As his head was heavy with sleep and hot with wine, he began to laugh at the passion of the Piedmontese instead of consoling him. «Faith, my poor count,» said he, «if I was in your place, I would play no more.»

«Why so?» said the other.

«I don't know,» said he; «but my heart tells me that your ill luck will continue.»

«I will try that,» said Cameran, calling for fresh cards.

«Do so,» said Matta, and fell asleep again: it was but for a short time. All cards were equally unfortunate for the loser. He held none but tens or court cards; and if by chance he had quinze, he was sure to be the younger hand, and therefore lost it. Again he stormed.

«Did not I tell you so?» said Matta, starting out of his sleep: «all your storming is in vain; as long as you play you will lose. Believe me, the shortest follies are the best. Leave off, for the Devil take me if it is possible for you to win.»

«Why?» said Cameran, who began to be impatient.

«Do you wish to know?» said Matta: «why, faith, it is because we are cheating you.»

The Chevalier de Gramont, provoked at so ill-timed a jest, more especially as it carried along with it some appearance of truth: «M. Matta,» said he, «do you think it can be very agreeable for a man who plays with such ill luck as the count to be pestered with your insipid jests? For my part, I am so weary of the game that I would desist immediately, if he was not so great a loser.» Nothing is more dreaded by a losing gamester than such a threat; and the count in a softened tone told the chevalier that M. Matta might say what he pleased, if he did not offend him; that as to himself, it did not give him the smallest uneasiness.

The Chevalier de Gramont gave the count far better treatment than he himself had experienced from the Swiss at Lyons, for he played upon credit as long as he pleased; which Cameran took so kindly that he lost fifteen hundred pistoles, and paid them the next morning. As for Matta, he was severely reprimanded for the intemperance of his tongue. All the reason he gave for his conduct was, that he made it a point of conscience not to suffer the poor Savoyard to be cheated without informing him of it. «Besides,» said he, «it would have given me pleasure to have seen my infantry engaged with his horse, if he had been inclined to mischief.»

This adventure having recruited their finances, fortune favored them the remainder of the campaign; and the Chevalier de Gramont, to prove that he had only seized upon the count's effects by way of reprisal, and to indemnify himself for the losses he had sustained at Lyons, began from this time to make the same use of his money that he has been known to do since upon all occasions. He found out the distressed, in order to relieve them: officers who had lost their equipage in the war, or their money at play; soldiers who were disabled in the trenches; in short, every one felt the influence of his benevolence, but his manner of conferring a favor exceeded even the favor itself.

Every man possessed of such amiable qualities must meet with success in all his undertakings. The soldiers knew his person, and adored him. The generals were sure to meet him in every scene of action, and sought his company at other times. As soon as fortune declared for him, his first care was to make restitution, by desiring Cameran to go his halves in all parties where the odds were in his favor.

ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY

(1847–)

A special taste for the abstract in mathematics, along with a practical interest in the military profession, do not generally enter into the stuff out of which romance-writers and poets are made. Mr. Hardy, however, is an interesting example of the temperament that takes hold of both the real and the ideal. Successively a hard-working professor of civil engineering and applied mathematical science in two or three institutions, he has built up a reputation in belles-lettres by working in them with an industry that has given him a distinctive place in what he once reckoned only an avocation.

Arthur S. Hardy

Mr. Hardy was born in 1847 at Andover, Massachusetts. By school life at Neuchâtel, Switzerland, he was early put into touch with French letters and French life. After a single year at Amherst College he entered the West Point Military Academy, graduating in 1869. He became a second lieutenant in the Third Artillery Regiment, saw some soldier life during 1869 and 1870, and then resigned from the service to become a professor of civil engineering at Iowa College for a brief time. In 1874 he went abroad, to take a course in scientific bridge-building and road-constructing in Paris, returning to take a professorship in that line of instruction at the Chandler Scientific School, connected with Dartmouth College. He assumed a similar professorship in Dartmouth College in 1878. This position (in connection with which he published at least one established text-book, ‹Elements of Quaternions,› followed by his translation of ‹Argand's Imaginary Quantities,› by his own ‹Analytical Geometry,› and by other practical works in applied mathematics) he held until recently, when he became undividedly a man of letters and an editor of a well-known magazine.

Mr. Hardy in literature is a novelist and a poet. His stories are three in number. The first one, ‹But Yet a Woman› (1883), is of peculiar grace, united with firmness of construction; with a decided

French touch in the style (especially as to its epigrammatic flash); and with types of careful if delicate definiteness prominent in it, particularly in the delineation of Father Le Blanc, the philosophic and kindly curé. A story of more subtle psychologic quality, ‹The Wind of Destiny,› came a little later, its scenery and characters partly French and partly American, and its little drama a tragic one. ‹Passe Rose,› a quasi-historic novel, dealing with the days and court of Charlemagne,—the heroine of it a dancing-girl, with a princess as her rival in love,—appeared first as a serial in the Atlantic Monthly in 1888, to be published as a book in 1889. It is a romance of that human quality which meets with a response in every novel-reader's heart. Mr. Hardy's heroines are all charming; but he has presented us to no more winning type than this flower of a mediæval day, with «the hues of the Southern sea in her eyes and under the rose-brown flush of her skin, the sound of its waves in the ripple of her laughter.»

FATHER LE BLANC MAKES A CALL; AND PREACHES A SERMON

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Father Le Blanc had a profound belief in human agencies. He loved to play the ministering angel, for his heart was a well of sympathy. There was even a latent chiding of Providence at the bottom of this well sometimes, when the sight of the poor and the suffering stirred its depths with pity for those lonely wayfarers who, neglected by this world, seem forgotten also of God. This was but one of those many themes which this mind, at once simple, honest, and profound, turned over and over reflectively, never seeing its one aspect except as on the way to the other. «The difficulty does not lie in believing the truths of the Church,» he once said, «but in those other things which we must believe also.» Or again, «Belief is an edifice never completed, because we do not yet comprehend its plan, and every day some workman brings a new stone from the quarry.» So that while Father Le Blanc was very devout, he was not a devotee. He flavored his religious belief with the salt of a good sense against which he endeavored to be on his guard, as he was even against his charity and compassion. The vision of Milton's fallen Spirit, beating its wings vainly in a non-resisting air, drew from his heart a profound sigh.

His thoughts turned very naturally to Stéphanie and her journey that day, for he was on the way to secure the nineteenth volume of the 'Viaje de España' of Pontz, for which he had been long on the search, and which awaited him at last on the Quai Voltaire. Those old books which filled the shelves of his room in the Rue Tiquetonne had left his purse a light one. «But,» said Father Le Blanc, «I am not poor, since I have what I want.»

After possessing himself of his coveted book, he took up his way along the quai, with his treasure under his arm. «I have a mind to call on her,» he said, still thinking of Stéphanie. «The art of knowing when one is needed is more difficult than that of helping;» and he paused on the curbstone to watch a company of the line coming from the caserne of the Cité. A carriage, arrested a moment by the passage of the troops, approached the spot where he was standing, and he recognized M. De Marzac. The priest was evidently sauntering, and M. De Marzac called to his driver to stop.

«I see you are out for a promenade,» he said. «Accept this seat beside me, and take a turn with me in the Bois.»

Father Le Blanc was not in his second childhood, for he had not yet outgrown his first; consequently the temptation was a strong one. But M. De Marzac was no favorite of his, and not even the fine day nor this opportunity to enjoy it could counterbalance M. De Marzac's company. Dislike at first sight is more common than love, as discord is more common than harmony. So he excused himself as about to make a visit. «Well, then, that decides it,» he said to himself, as he trudged down the quai with the gait of a man with an object in view. «Now I must go.»

At the door of the hôtel in the Boulevard St. Germain he stopped a moment before entering, and took a deep inspiration. To tell the truth, the day was so fine he regretted going in-doors. «I feel that I have a pair of lungs,» he said, as he rang the porter's bell.

Stéphanie was not expecting a visit from Father Le Blanc, yet was glad to see him. She was in that period which lies after decision and before action, when, having made all her preparations for an early start in the express of the next morning, there was nothing to be done but sit down and wait for the hour of departure.

«The air is so pure that I feared to find you were out. And you go to-morrow!»

«Yes,» Stéphanie said, «*Si Dios quiere*, as the Spaniards say.»

«But I shall be there before you. I leave this evening.»

«This evening!»

«And without fatigue,» said the priest mysteriously, drawing his volume from under his arm. «It is my nineteenth journey.»

«You have been to Spain?» said Stéphanie, taking the book, but still perplexed.

«Oh, never! except in those leaves which you are turning; and for two reasons,» he added laughingly: «the guide-books tell us that there are in Spain priests by the thousand, but not a single cook! Still, you perceive that I am about to follow you, and—who knows!—shall perhaps lodge at the same inn. That is a country in which nothing becomes obsolete, and I have no doubt but that if you inquire for it, they will show you in Toboso the very *fonda* at which Don Quixote dismounted.»

Stéphanie thought she heard in this pleasantry something more than was said. Certainly Father Le Blanc had not even whispered, «Though you are going away, my child, I shall follow you in my thoughts and in my prayers;» and yet that is what she heard. Some of his most commonplace sentences were so many half-hidden channels, such as the brooks make under the grass of the meadows, into which overflowed the currents of his sympathy and kindliness. In spite of a strong natural reserve, an invincible trust in this homely face crowned with white hairs mastered her.

«You are very good to think of me, father,» she said, in a voice so full that it brought straight from his heart the message he had come to deliver.

«All who suffer are my children; and you suffer—and that grieves me. The Master who took upon himself the sorrows of the world, bade his followers imitate him. Why will you not lean a little upon me, daughter? I am an old man who has traveled the path before you.»

She turned her eyes upon him, and they said, «I do not speak; but read, and comfort me.»

«Sorrow is a very real thing,» he continued in a voice full of sweetness and authority. «It is neither a morbid nor an unhealthy state. When it seems deepest,—when after the world has failed us, self also proves insufficient,—it may even be a blessed one. I do not chide, I even agree with you. But I wish you also to agree with me. Be our life wide or narrow, whether we live humbly or sit on a throne, whether we dwell in our own thoughts, in the midst of action or in the search of pleasure, we come to the verdict of the Hebrew king,—that verdict which I read in your face and which broods over your life. All is emptiness and vanity! It is not the range but the depth of our experience which convinces us, and from the first we apprehend this truth dimly. We own this sad statue of Sorrow in the block from the outset, before experience chisels it out for us; and in our first search for happiness, when we look on the splendors of the young world for what they do not contain, it is this intimation of what they cannot yield, and the capacity of our own natures, which both allure and deceive us.»

She seemed to be listening to the story of her own life.

«And as we live on, this conviction deepens. The voices without echo and reinforce those within. We are ever looking to something better than we have or are, and whether we attain it or lose it, there is no rest for our feet. It is the man who is fooled and deluded that is to be pitied. He who finds life and self sufficient is either a monster or a caricature. Do you not see that I do not argue with your tears? But do not think to dry them in Spain, my child. Sorrow is the handmaid of God, not of Satan. She would lead us, as she did the Psalmist, to say, ‘Who will show us any good?’ that after having said this, we may also say with him, ‘Lord, lift thou the light of *thy* countenance upon us.’»

«All else is a broken cistern,» said Father Le Blanc, taking up his thoughts after a pause. «See how time deceives us! He covers the sore, he even heals the wound, but he gives no immunity from a fresh one.» Stéphanie's eyes fell. «God only renders us superior to calamity. Honestly,» said he, lifting his hands as if he appealed to his own conscience, «priest of God though I am, in understanding I am as a child. I cannot explain —I testify. I witness to you this mystery, that out of the very hurt which brings me low, the spiritual life is developed. And,» he added, as he would the benediction to a discourse at St. Eustache, «blessed are the poor in spirit, blessed are they which mourn, blessed are they which hunger and thirst, for *these* are they which shall be filled; for *theirs* is the kingdom of heaven.»

How much soever of gratefulness she felt for these words, she could not answer them. Had he held her hand, her answer would have been a pressure. But Father Le Blanc was not hurt by her silence. Though words bubbled easily over his lips, none better knew the difficulty of sometimes saying, «Thank you.» He sat quietly, smoothing the wrinkles of his soutane over his broad knee, with his eyes on the floor.

«When you return,» he said at last, looking up, «I shall ask you all the questions which are not answered in my nineteen volumes. Think of it, at my age! never to have seen the sea. Yet I have lain stretched out on its yellow sands in the sun, listening to the music of its blue waves—in the Rue Tiquetonne! And when I go to my window at night, it is to stand on the summit of some high cliff, and the roar of the city is that of the sea at its base. Chained as we are to our little patrimony in the Rue Tiquetonne, the imagination is a free rover in space and time. I wager you are surprised to hear an old man talk of imagination,» he said, taking her share of the conversation, and putting in her mouth the replies which he wished to answer,—«imagination, which is supposed to belong only to youth. I say, rather, youth belongs to imagination, which is then a wild Barbary colt, and carries one wherever it wills; but at my age it has become domesticated, and it is on its back that I have ridden, as did Sancho on that of his patient donkey, over all the byways of Spain. And when you see some worthy colleague of mine on his ass, plodding before you with a shovel hat on his head a metre in length, you will say to yourself, ‹There is my friend ahead of me.›»

Her hands crossed on her knees, plunged in a delicious revery which this voice penetrated without disturbing, Stéphanie raised her eyes to his face and smiled.

He took his book from the table where she had laid it, and put it under his arm again. He had dropped his few seeds of comfort, and was ready to permit God to water them. So he sought an excuse to go.

«I am like a schoolboy,» he said, tapping the volume, «with a new copy-book, who cannot rest till he has written something on the first page. What a good friend this book will be! I count upon him in advance;» and his eyes spoke to hers; «he will not speak unless I question him; we shall perchance differ profoundly, but he will not reproach me; I shall rifle his pockets and put him aside at my pleasure, yet he will not feel neglected. I shall invite him to-night to a tête-à-tête before my fire, and fall asleep while he is doing his best to entertain me; but when I awake, his countenance will be unruffled. Doubtless because all the while he is aware that I still prize him. What strange things we do to those whom we love! Absolutely, madame," said Father Le Blanc, rising, and with a self-accusing gesture, "I am an inveterate sermonizer, and I have not given you even the opportunity to interrupt me."

Stéphanie followed him to the door of the room, and at the threshold put her hand softly upon his arm.

"Thanks, father, for this visit," she said. Her voice was low; it was all she said, but her look and that gesture were more eloquent than words.

"I say to you as they will say to you in Spain," replied Father Le Blanc, "go your way with God, my daughter."

When he had gone she went to the window and watched him as he crossed the court-yard, following him out through the gates, where he stopped to say something to the porter, who touched his hat to him. She seated herself there in the wide-open window which projected over the area, as did its counterpart at the other end of the room over the garden in the rear. Flanked by two long and narrow projections, this court-yard with its large paving-blocks of stone was not very inviting in its aspect. It was in the other window, overhanging the garden, whose casement the trees brushed, over which the vines swayed with the wind, that she loved to sit. But her thoughts were far away.

It was still early in the afternoon, but the sun went slowly down behind the tall roofs of the neighboring houses before she rose to do what greatly surprised Lizette, who thought madame altogether too much of a saint for a woman who neglected mass and confession. When madame was dressed, and Lizette had taken her place beside her in the carriage, she wondered at the route taken by the coachman, whose instructions she had not overheard. She supposed they were going to the Bois or the Parc Monceau. And still greater was her surprise when she found herself a little later in St. Eustache, placing a chair for madame at the vesper service.

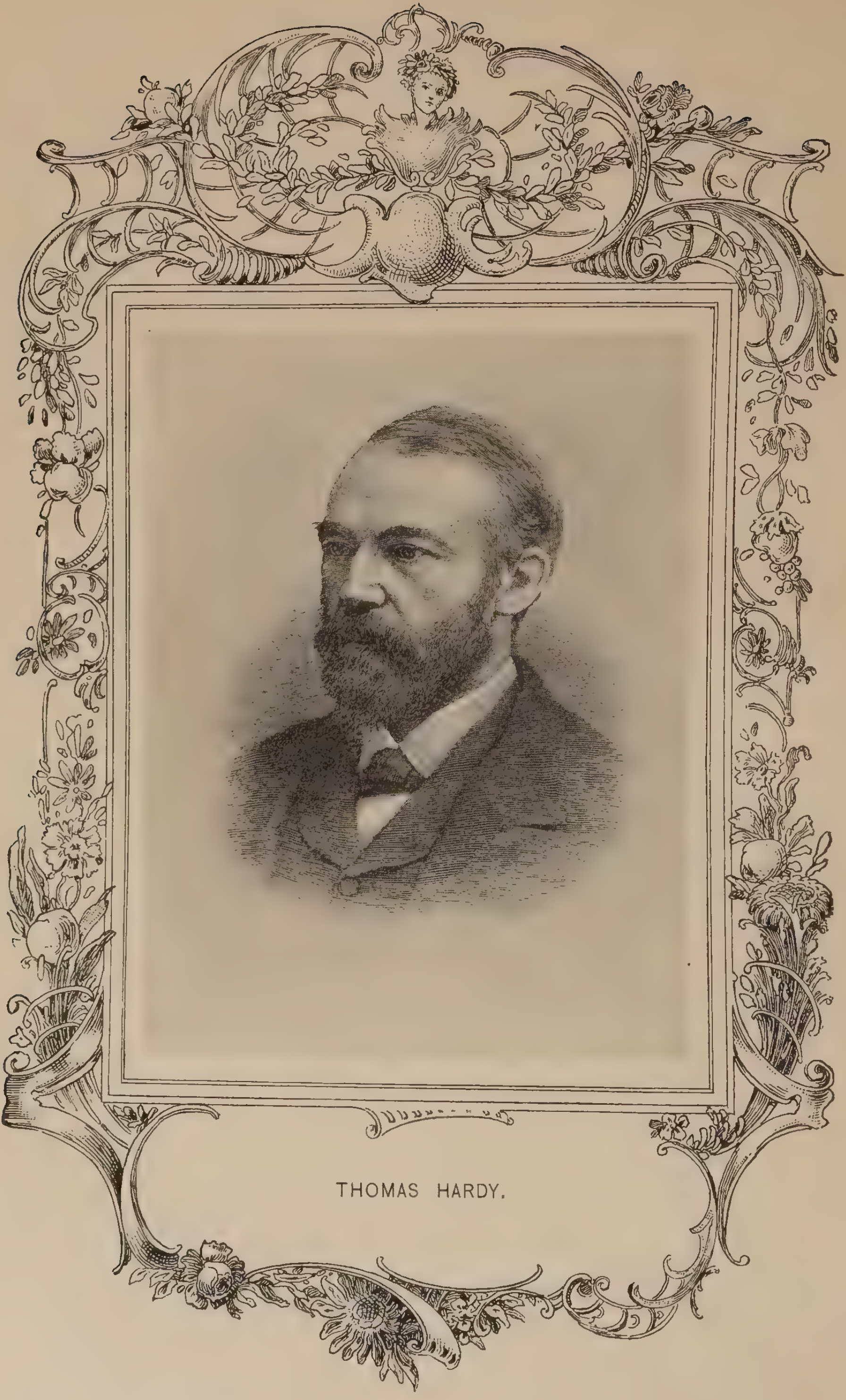
It was nearly over. Father Le Blanc himself in the pulpit was finishing his exhortation. . . . The words of the preacher gathered force from the immense space in which they were uttered; from those dim, aspiring vaults into which they were gathered, and where they died away without a confusing murmur.

Break your theological rocks, O ritual-hating brother, on the King's highway, and worship him after your own fashion. For every wayfaring heart overfed upon these symbols, you shall show us one starved on your formulæ. Not only for thy weaker brother, to whom God has not given the brains of the doctors in the Temple, shall these vaults of stone be the very arches of heaven; not only for thy frailer sister, in the keeping of whose warm heart God has placed the sacred things of this life, shall the incense of this swinging censer be the very fragrance of celestial fields; but unto many of thine own dignity also shall this star above the altar be the very star of Bethlehem. . . .

« My children,» Father Le Blanc was saying, « you put all your treasures into earthen vessels. Your aspirations, so noble, soar upward like the branches of the tree, but your roots are in the earth, that you must certainly leave. All your faith which will not take denial; all your hopes which will not be gainsaid; all your wide-embracing affections, you place in humanity,— in a few frail hearts which cannot meet the infinity of your need and of your desire. And all these things which must fail you and pass away, which you have perchance already gauged and found wanting,— why will you put them in the place of heaven, to which you go to live forever; in the place of God, whose love knows no variableness nor shadow of turning? It is not I who undervalue them; it is you who overestimate them. Measure them rightly, and I shall no longer be to you a prophet of woe or a sorrowful comforter. Love them without sacrificing yourself to them. Make them the rivers that water your life, and also the rivers that bear you to the infinite sea into which they shall be merged. Then shall this life cease to be for you a vale of tears walled about with tombs, and become the pathway to your abiding country. Its beauties shall not satiate, if you see behind them the world of spiritual beauty. What will it matter to you that its fetters chafe, that the soul discovers it is imprisoned, when that end, in which every beauty of flesh and color is engulfed, is not an end but a beginning? ‹ Verily, verily, I say unto you, whoso loseth his life for My sake shall find it! › »

« For My sake,» thought Stéphanie.

And Father Le Blanc, who had not seen this listener,— who, having sown the seed, had left it humbly to God,— was thus himself permitted to water it.



THOMAS HARDY.

THOMAS HARDY

(1840–)

BY ANNA McCLURE SHOLL

Thomas Hardy is of that rare fellowship of novel-writers who are actuated in their portrayal of life by a spirit as disinterested and as seemingly unsympathetic as the spirit of nature itself. His realism is indeed less the realism of art than of the raw material of every-day existence. His straightforward account of the changes and chances of this mortal state is unsoftened by optimistic prejudice. But precisely how far his creations are true to the facts of human experience, is a matter of individual rather than of general judgment. An analysis of his most characteristic novels may show that their realism is after all one-sided, and that they are closer exponents of a Hardy theory regarding life, than of life itself.

What is this theory? and how is it embodied in Hardy's novels? Stating it briefly, it is that the law which governs human events is rendered just beyond calculation by an admixture of luck. There is just enough of chance in the moral order to warrant the implication of jugglery in the Ten Commandments. Acknowledging no creed, this most modern of modern novelists is eminently Calvinistic in his portrayal of men and women as predestined to misfortune or failure; as pulled about or tossed about at the impish pleasure of the god Circumstance. The keynote of his work indeed is the effect of circumstance — of luck — upon man's war with the lower elements in his nature. Some foreordained event for which he is in no wise responsible turns the tide of the battle against him; yet he is held accountable for his defeat. He reaps where he has not sown. He is overwhelmed with punishments for sins committed by others. He is literally badgered through life by the modern devil of ill luck. In ‘A Pair of Blue Eyes’ the heroine Elfride is victimized by circumstances. The adverse star is already risen above her brow when the book opens. She goes artlessly as a child into the hopeless labyrinth of mischance from which death alone can release her. Tess is an innocent sinner, browbeaten by bad luck into a guilty one. So persistent is this evil fortune, this malign spell which might be broken by a word more or less, that Tess becomes well-nigh an irresponsible being, a mere bruised flower floating on an irresistible current of doom.

Between these two heroines, the one of Hardy's earliest, the other of his latest day, is a long sequence of men and women, all more or less handicapped by fortune. Their humanity is traceable with greater distinctness in their failures than in their successes. Hardy is perhaps the first novelist except George Eliot who has had the courage to portray failure. What he himself calls «the optimistic grin which ends a story happily» is never present in his work. His stories end much as the little dramas of real life end: in compromise, in the tacit acknowledgment that it is better to make the best of a bad bargain and so to live on in a semblance of security, than to die for the impossible.

Hardy himself began to undergo life in 1840. At the age of sixteen he entered upon the study of architecture. For several years he vacillated between literary pursuits and his chosen profession. His first novel, ‹Desperate Remedies,› published in 1870, showed at least that he was a good story-teller. Characteristically, the persons of the book are all engaged more or less in a tussle with adverse circumstances; but the melodramatic elements in the intricate plot remove it from the sphere of great art. ‹Under the Greenwood Tree› followed fast upon ‹Desperate Remedies.› In this woodland story, Hardy first exhibits the fairest qualities of his genius. It is free from the taint of the battledore-and-shuttlecock conception of man and the almighty Something in the clutch of which he wriggles. It is an idyl of the fields. That wonderful grasp of rural life which marks Hardy out from his contemporaries and links him at times with Shakespeare, is here shown in its fullness; the smell of the primeval earth is here; between Hardy and the rustic there is a living bond. Few authors have been able to do as he has done, to depict Hodge in his native fields in such a manner that the humorous aspect of the picture will be most apparent.

Hardy's peasantry say nothing which is consciously witty. His art has discovered the unconscious humor of their homely talk. The serenade of the church choir in ‹Under the Greenwood Tree,› the gossip of the rustics opening a vault in ‹A Pair of Blue Eyes,› are rich in this elemental humor. So talk the clowns of Shakespeare; Grandfer Cantle is linked with Dogberry. Yet the clowns of Hardy have a worldly wisdom of their own. In ‹The Return of the Native› the question of the advisability of church-going is discussed by the natives of Egdon Heath. «I ha'n't been these three years,» said Humphrey; «for I'm so mortal sleepy of a Sunday, and 'tis so mortal far to get there, and when you do get there 'tis such a mortal poor chance that you'll be chose for up above, when so many bain't, that I bide at home and don't go at all.» Here are a few observations on dancing:—

«You be bound to dance at Christmas, because 'tis the time of the year: you must dance at weddings, because it is the time of life. At christenings folks will even smuggle in a reel or two, if 'tis no further on than the first or second chiel. And this is not naming the songs you've got to sing. For my part, I like a good hearty funeral as well as anything. You've as splendid victuals and drink as at other parties, and even better, and it don't wear your legs to stumps in talking over a poor feller's ways as it do to stand up in hornpipes.»

In ‘A Pair of Blue Eyes,’ Hardy's third novel, he passes under the domination of the one aspect of life which has impressed him most forcibly. Little Elfride, the blue-eyed heroine, the dainty child of the hills, formed by nature for tenderness and joy, is unlucky enough to have been beloved, before the story opens, by a village youth in her father's parish. She was not altogether unconscious of his far-off worship. She led him on a little. Through that slight girlish concession to a passing coquetry she blights her life. Her punishment is out of all proportion to her offense. The youth pines away and dies. His mother becomes the active enemy of Elfride. She blackens a thoughtless adventure of the girl's with a subsequent lover into a sin, and by means of this scandal alienates forever the one man above all others whom Elfride really loves. She in her turn tightens the miserable tangle of affairs by an over-exaggeration of her imprudence. She makes the mistakes of a schoolgirl, and is punished for the sins of a woman.

In ‘The Return of the Native’ it is the hero who plays this uneven game with chance; and chance, as so often happens in Hardy's novels, takes the form of a woman. It is Eustacia Vye, «with pagan eyes full of nocturnal mysteries,» who leads Clym Yeobright into the wilderness of love, stripped of his ambitions. «Throw a woman into this bargaining matter of life, and its intricacies are increased tenfold,» might be Hardy's motto in the treatment of his «dainty heroines.» And here a word may be said concerning these heroines. Hardy's women are even more real than his men. He understands woman nature, or rather the nature of the eternal woman as opposed to the woman who is an artificial product of a period or of a system. Sue in ‘Jude the Obscure’ is the one striking exception to this rule. She is the type of the over-civilized, neurotic female who has unholy shivers over nature's pure ordinance of marriage. Happily she has no predecessors. She has little in common with the warm, bright Bathsheba, with the tender, fair Lady Constantine, with demure little Anne, with the quaint and gentle Elizabeth Jane, with Elfride, or with the frankly human ‘Group of Noble Dames.’ Hardy's women are always lovable; and because they are so they make men more or less irresponsible, and thus add to the confusion, the moral disorder, of which Hardy sees so much in the working out of character. In 'Two on a Tower' Lady Constantine draws the eyes of the boy astronomer from the stars to gaze into her own. She enters his life only to render his primitive austere devotion to science forever impossible. Eustacia Vye leads Clym Yeobright a devious dance in the direction of nowhere. Jude is purloined from a possible Oxford career, first by Arabella, then by Sue. But women are not altogether to blame for the mischief which is always brewing in Hardy's novels. 'The Mayor of Casterbridge' is the story of a man hampered by himself. In a fit of drunkenness, he sells his wife and child to the highest bidder. For his hour of dissipation he pays a lifetime of struggle and remorse.

The irony of circumstance is ever present in Hardy's portrayal of the ambitions and good intentions of men and women. Their "hopes and fears, so blind and yet so sweet," have always death about them to Hardy: the trickery of death, its hideous surprises, its untimely interventions. In 'Life's Little Ironies,' a middle-aged man, laboring under the delusion that marriage can patch up a wrong done to a woman, heroically resolves to take this step after many years of cowardice. His melodramatic self-sacrifice to the woman once sacrificed to him is turned by the irony of circumstance into mere clumsiness, since his appearance in the neglected little family ruins the chances of his daughter to make a match of smug respectability. In 'Fellow-Townsmen,' one of the 'Wessex Tales,' Lucy Saville, a middle-aged widow, says no to the man who has loved her and waited for her through many years, because she does not think it good form to say yes at once. She sends a note after him, however, asking him to call again; but he has taken her at her word, and has left the town forever. Such an incident has a marked resemblance to certain incidents of real life. Hardy has the courage always to tell a thing as it really happened, not as weak-hearted humanity would like it to happen.

In 'Tess' Hardy has written the modern classic of misfortune; in 'Tess' the finest and most characteristic qualities of his art are focused. In the portrayal of this primitive tragedy, this spirit-rending story of a girl's struggle with destiny, Hardy has put forth his consummate effort. In 'Tess' the Calvinistic idea of fate, predestination, the treacherous power outside of ourselves which makes for confusion, as opposed to the rational Greek idea of pursuing punishment for sins committed,—in 'Tess' this Calvinistic idea receives its finished embodiment. The subtle poison of the book lies in the false theory which actuated its production, not in the working out of the theory. Tess is a pure woman; the defiant sub-title is unnecessary. Only the inexperienced would wag their heads dubiously over it as they read the tale in sheltered and respectable parlors. Hardy to the contrary, it is society, not the Almighty, which is to blame for the moral *gaucherie*, for the malignant blunders which entrap Tess. Nature is non-moral. She herself would have put no obstacles in the way of the recuperation of this fair-souled, high-minded country lass, knocked into the mud by a lustful hoof. The virginal spirit of the maiden would have regained the birthright violently snatched from her, if conventional opinion in the form of Angel Clare had not intervened. This young man, half seraph, half prig, meets Tess at a dairy, miles away from the scene of her trouble. He is a gentleman's son, and the gentle nature in him is drawn to this rare wild flower sprung from the forgotten graves of the D'Urberville knights. He loves the maiden Tess. On their marriage day he confesses a certain folly of his, a three-days' unholy fever for an unworthy woman. Tess gives back confession for confession. Clare, under the spell of false tradition, throws her from the heights which she has regained back into the limbo of the hopeless. He cannot separate her body from her soul. He the deliberate sinner passes judgment on her, the sinned against. Rejected by love itself as unclean, Tess drifts on to her tragic doom. The mercifulness of nature and of God are alike unknown to her. Her case is against man. In ‹Tess› Hardy has perhaps unconsciously stigmatized the man-made moral order.

The soil which smells of grass and flowers in ‹Under the Greenwood Tree,› in ‹Jude the Obscure› sends up a sour odor to the nostrils. If ‹Tess› is the classic of the unlucky, ‹Jude› is the classic of the neurotic woman. The hero has after all little to do with the working out of the story. His part is to a great degree passive. Like certain other heroes of Hardy, he is born under an evil star. His boyish ambition to become a student at Oxford is thwarted continually by the assertions of his lower nature; but — and this again is essentially in the spirit of Hardy — accident, chance, take sides with his baser elements. He is tricked into marriage with the sensual Arabella. He has the misfortune to run across his cousin Sue at a time when it is most necessary for the accomplishment of his purpose that he should enter into the sexless temper of the scholar. Sue is intellectual, pseudo-passionate, morbidly pure. She is a type of the modern woman, whose intellect is developed at the expense of her earthy nature. The awful innocence of Sue throughout the book is the innocence of the bold thinker whose flights of fancy reach to Mars, but who knows nothing of the soil underfoot. It is futile to call the actions of the two bewildered children Jude and Sue immoral; a new adjective will have to be evolved to meet their essentially modern case. ‹Jude› is the book of an era where between one and one there is always a shadowy third.

Hardy's novels of rustic life will give probably the most pleasure to coming generations. The chapters of the dairy life in ‘Tess,’ the idyl of the lush green meadows, will save her tragedy from oblivion. ‘Far from the Madding Crowd,’ with its troop of men and maidens of the fields, will give solace when ‘A Laodicean’ is well-nigh forgotten. ‘The Trumpet-Major’ and ‘The Return of the Native’ are revivingly sweet and clean with the breath of the sea and with the heather-scented wind of the moors. In Hardy's stories of his beloved Wessex country there is the perennial refreshment of nature. His peasantry are primitive. Their quaint humor, their wise saws, their hold upon Mother Earth, might have been characteristic of the homely parents of the race in the first dawn of the world. They are «representative of a magnificent antiquity.»

Hardy is as much in sympathy with the natural world as he is with those men and women who seem a part of the soil on which they live. He has the love of genius for the open air. Nature is the perpetual background for the scenes of his novels; and as in Shakespeare, the aspect of nature reflects the moral atmosphere of the scene. The happiest time of Tess's life begins in the flowery months of May and June. Her desolate existence, after she has been forsaken by her husband, coincides with the bitter, barren wintertime upon the upland moors. Elfride's love story seems well-nigh a part of the processes of nature in its interchange of storm and sunshine. The majority of Hardy's people are near to nature: sensitive, passionate lovers of the sea, and of the heath. His genius comprehends at once the natural, primitive man, and man the product of modern hypercultivation. In this wideness of human view lies perhaps his surest claim to greatness.

Anna McClure Sholl

THE MELLSTOCK «WAITS»

From ‘Under the Greenwood Tree’

Shortly after ten o'clock the singing-boys arrived at the tranter's house, which was invariably the place of meeting, and preparations were made for the start. The older men and musicians wore thick coats, with stiff perpendicular collars, and colored handkerchiefs wound round and round the neck till the end came to hand, over all which they just showed their ears and noses like people looking over a wall. The remainder,—stalwart, ruddy men and boys,—were mainly dressed in snow-white smock-frocks, embroidered upon the shoulders and breasts in ornamental forms of hearts, diamonds, and zigzags. The cider mug was emptied for the ninth time, the music-books were arranged, and the pieces finally decided upon. The boys in the mean time put the old horn lanterns in order, cut candles into short lengths to fit the lanterns, and a thin fleece of snow having fallen since the early part of the evening, those who had no leggings went to the stable and wound wisps of hay round their ankles to keep the insidious flakes from the interior of their boots.

Mellstock was a parish of considerable acreage, the hamlets composing it lying at a much greater distance from each other than is ordinarily the case. Hence several hours were consumed in playing and singing within hearing of every family, even if but a single air were bestowed on each. There was East Mellstock, the main village; half a mile from this were the church and the vicarage, called West Mellstock, and originally the most thickly populated portion. A mile northeast lay the hamlet of Lewgate, where the tranter lived; and at other points knots of cottages, besides solitary farmsteads and dairies.

Old William Dewy, with the violoncello, played the bass; his grandson Dick, the treble violin; and Reuben and Michael Mail, the tenor and second violins respectively. The singers consisted of four men and seven boys, upon whom devolved the task of carrying and attending to the lanterns, and holding the books open for the players. Directly music was the theme, old William ever and instinctively came to the front.

«Now mind, naibors,» he said, as they all went out one by one at the door, he himself holding it ajar and regarding them with a critical face as they passed, like a shepherd counting out his sheep. «You two counter-boys, keep your ears open to Michael's fingering, and don't ye go straying into the treble part along o' Dick and his set, as ye did last year; and mind this especially when we be in 'Arise, and hail.' Billy Chimlen, don't you sing quite so raving mad as you fain would; and all o' ye, whatever ye do, keep from making a great scuffle on the ground when we go in at people's gates; but go quietly, so as to strik' up all of a sudden, like spirits.»

«Farmer Ledlow's first?»

«Farmer Ledlow's first; the rest as usual.»

«And Voss,» said the tranter terminatively, «you keep house here till about half-past two; then heat the metheglin and cider in the warmer you'll find turned up upon the copper; and bring it wi' the victuals to church porch, as th'st know.»

Just before the clock struck twelve, they lighted the lanterns and started. The moon, in her third quarter, had risen since the snow-storm; but the dense accumulation of snow-cloud weakened her power to a faint twilight, which was rather pervasive of the landscape than traceable to the sky. The breeze had gone down, and the rustle of their feet and tones of their speech echoed with an alert rebound from every post, boundary stone, and ancient wall they passed, even where the distance of the echo's origin was less than a few yards. Beyond their own slight noises nothing was to be heard, save the occasional howl of foxes in the direction of Yalbury Wood, or the brush of a rabbit among the grass now and then, as it scampered out of their way.

Most of the outlying homesteads and hamlets had been visited by about two o'clock; they then passed across the Home Plantation toward the main village. Pursuing no recognized track, great care was necessary in walking lest their faces should come in contact with the low-hanging boughs of the old trees, which in many spots formed dense overgrowths of interlaced branches.

«Times have changed from the times they used to be,» said Mail, regarding nobody can tell what interesting old panoramas with an inward eye, and letting his outward glance rest on the ground, because it was as convenient a position as any. «People don't care much about us now! I've been thinking we must be almost the last left in the country of the old string players. Barrel organs, and they next door to 'em that you blow wi' your foot, have come in terribly of late years.»

«Ah!» said Bowman, shaking his head; and old William, on seeing him, did the same thing.

«More's the pity,» replied another. «Time was—long and merry ago now!—when not one of the varmints was to be heard of; but it served some of the choirs right. They should have stuck to strings as we did, and kept out clar'nets, and done away with serpents. If you'd thrive in musical religion, stick to strings, says I.»

«Strings are well enough, as far as that goes,» said Mr. Spinks.

«There's worse things than serpents,» said Mr. Penny. «Old things pass away, 'tis true: but a serpent was a good old note; a deep, rich note was the serpent.»

«Clar'nets however be bad at all times,» said Michael Mail. «One Christmas — years agone now, years — I went the rounds wi' the Dibbeach choir. 'Twas a hard frosty night, and the keys of all the clar'nets froze — ah, they did freeze! — so that 'twas like drawing a cork every time a key was opened; the players o' 'em had to go into a hedger's and ditcher's chimley-corner, and thaw their clar'nets every now and then. An icicle o' spet hung down from the end of every man's clar'net a span long; and as to fingers — well, there, if ye'll believe me, we had no fingers at all, to our knowledge.»

«I can well bring back to my mind,» said Mr. Penny, «what I said to poor Joseph Ryme (who took the tribble part in High-Story Church for two-and-forty year) when they thought of having clar'nets there. 'Joseph,' I said, says I, 'depend upon't, if so be you have them tooting clar'nets you'll spoil the whole set-out. Clar'nets were not made for the service of Providence; you can see it by looking at 'em,' I said. And what cam o't? Why, my dear souls, the parson set up a barrel organ on his own account within two years o' the time I spoke, and the old choir went to nothing.»

«As far as look is concerned,» said the tranter, «I don't for my part see that a fiddle is much nearer heaven than a clar'net. 'Tis farther off. There's always a rakish, skampish countenance about a fiddle that seems to say the Wicked One had a hand in making o' en; while angels be supposed to play clar'nets in heaven, or some'at like 'em, if ye may believe picters.»

«Robert Penny, you were in the right,» broke in the eldest Dewy. «They should ha' stuck to strings. Your brass-man is brass — well and good; your reed-man is reed — well and good; your percussion-man is percussion — good again. But I don't care who hears me say it, nothing will speak to your heart wi' the sweetness of the man of strings!»

«Strings forever!» said little Jimmy.

«Strings alone would have held their ground against all the new-comers in creation.» («True, true!» said Bowman.) «But clar'nets was death.» («Death they was!» said Mr. Penny.) «And harmoniums,» William continued in a louder voice, and getting excited by these signs of approval, «harmoniums and barrel organs» («Ah!» and groans from Spinks) «be miserable—what shall I call 'em?—miserable—»

«Sinners,» suggested Jimmy, who made large strides like the men, and did not lag behind like the other little boys.

«Miserable machines for such a divine thing as music!»

«Right, William, and so they be!» said the choir with earnest unanimity.

By this time they were crossing to a wicket in the direction of the school, which, standing on a slight eminence on the opposite side of a cross-lane, now rose in unvarying and dark flatness against the sky. The instruments were retuned, and all the band entered the inclosure, enjoined by old William to keep upon the grass.

«Number seventy-eight,» he softly gave out, as they formed round in a semicircle, the boys opening the lanterns to get clearer light and directing their rays on the books.

Then passed forth into the quiet night an ancient and well-worn hymn, embodying Christianity in words peculiarly befitting the simple and honest hearts of the quaint characters who sang them so earnestly:—

«Remember Adam's fall,
O thou man:
Remember Adam's fall
From heaven to hell.
Remember Adam's fall;
How he hath condemn'd all
In hell perpetual
Therefore to dwell.

«Remember God's goodnesse,
O thou man,
Remember God's goodnesse,
His promise made.
Remember God's goodnesse;
He sent his Son sinlesse
Our ails for to redress,
Our hearts to aid.

«In Bethlehem he was born,
O thou man:
In Bethlehem he was born,
For mankind's sake.

In Bethlehem he was born,
Christmas-day i' the morn,
Our Saviour did not scorn
Our faults to take.

«Give thanks to God alway,
O thou man:
Give thanks to God alway
With heartfelt joy.
Give thanks to God alway
On this our joyful day:
Let all men sing and say,
Holy, Holy!»

Having concluded the last note, they listened for a minute or two, but found that no sound issued from the schoolhouse.

«Forty breaths, and then, 'O what unbounded goodness!' number fifty-nine,» said William.

This was duly gone through, and no notice whatever seemed to be taken of the performance.

«Surely, 'tisn't an empty house, as befell us in the year thirty-nine and forty-three!» said old Dewy, with much disappointment.

«Perhaps she's jist come from some noble city, and sneers at our doings,» the tranter whispered.

«'Od rabbit her!» said Mr. Penny, with an annihilating look at a corner of the school chimney; «I don't quite stomach her, if this is it. Your plain music well done is as worthy as your other sort done bad, a' b'lieve souls; so say I.»

«Forty breaths, and then the last,» said the leader authoritatively. «'Rejoice, ye tenants of the earth'; number sixty-four.»

At the close, waiting yet another minute, he said in a clear loud voice, as he had said in the village at that hour and season for the previous forty years:—

«A merry Christmas to ye!»

When the expectant stillness consequent upon the exclamation had nearly died out of them all, an increasing light made itself visible in one of the windows of the upper floor. It came so close to the blind that the exact position of the flame could be perceived from the outside. Remaining steady for an instant, the blind went upward from before it, revealing to thirty concentrated eyes a young girl, framed as a picture by the window architrave, and unconsciously illuminating her countenance to a vivid brightness by a candle she held in her left hand, close to her face, her right hand being extended to the side of the window. She was wrapped in a white robe of some kind, while down her shoulders fell a twining profusion of marvelously rich hair, in a wild disorder which proclaimed it to be only during the invisible hours of the night that such a condition was discoverable. Her bright eyes were looking into the gray world outside with an uncertain expression, oscillating between courage and shyness, which, as she recognized the semicircular group of dark forms gathered before her, transformed itself into pleasant resolution.

Opening the window, she said, lightly and warmly:—

"Thank you, singers, thank you!"

Together went the window quickly and quietly, and the blind started downward on its return to its place. Her fair forehead and eyes vanished; her little mouth; her neck and shoulders; all of her. Then the spot of candle-light shone nebulously as before; then it moved away.

"How pretty!" exclaimed Dick Dewy.

"If she'd been rale wexwork she couldn't ha' been comelier," said Michael Mail.

"As near a thing to a spiritual vision as ever I wish to see!" said tranter Dewy fervently.

"Oh, sich I never, never see!" said Leaf.

All the rest, after clearing their throats and adjusting their hats, agreed that such a sight was worth singing for.

"Now to Farmer Shinar's, and then replenish our insides, father," said the tranter.

"Wi' all my heart," said old William, shouldering his bass-viol.

Farmer Shinar's was a queer lump of a house, standing at the corner of a lane that ran obliquely into the principal thoroughfare. The upper windows were much wider than they were high, and this feature, together with a broad bay-window where the door might have been expected, gave it by day the aspect of a human countenance turned askance, and wearing a sly and wicked leer. To-night nothing was visible but the outline of the roof upon the sky.

The front of this building was reached, and the preliminaries arranged as usual.

« Forty breaths, and number thirty-two,—‘Behold the morning star,’ » said old William.

They had reached the end of the second verse, and the fiddlers were doing the up bow-stroke previously to pouring forth the opening chord of the third verse, when without a light appearing or any signal being given, a roaring voice exclaimed:—

« Shut up! Don't make your blaring row here. A feller wi' a headache enough to split, likes a quiet night.»

Slam went the window.

« Hullo, that's an ugly blow for we artists! » said the tranter in a keenly appreciative voice, and turning to his companions.

« Finish the carrel, all who be friends of harmony! » said old William commandingly; and they continued to the end.

« Forty breaths, and number nineteen! » said William firmly. « Give it him well; the choir can't be insulted in this manner! »

A light now flashed into existence, the window opened, and the farmer stood revealed as one in a terrific passion.

« Drown en! drown en! » the tranter cried, fiddling frantically. « Play fortissimy, and drown his spaking! »

« Fortissimy! » said Michael Mail, and the music and singing waxed so loud that it was impossible to know what Mr. Shinar had said, was saying, or was about to say; but wildly flinging his arms and body about in the form of capital X's and Y's, he appeared to utter enough invectives to consign the whole parish to perdition.

« Very unseemly, very! » said old William, as they retired. « Never such a dreadful scene in the whole round o' my carrel practice, never! And he a churchwarden! »

« Only a drap o' drink got into his head,» said the tranter. « Man's well enough when he's in his religious frame. He's in his worldly frame now. Must ask en to our bit of a party tomorrer night, I suppose, and so put en in track again. We bear no martel man ill-will.»

They now crossed Twenty-acres to proceed to the lower village, and met Voss with the hot mead and bread and cheese as they were crossing the church-yard. This determined them to eat and drink before proceeding further, and they entered the belfry. The lanterns were opened, and the whole body sat round against the walls on benches and whatever else was available, and made a hearty meal. In the pauses of conversation could be heard through the floor overhead a little world of undertones and creaks from the halting clockwork, which never spread farther than the tower they were born in, and raised in the more meditative minds a fancy that here lay the direct pathway of Time.

Having done eating and drinking, the instruments were again tuned, and once more the party emerged into the night air. . . .

The gallery of Mellstock Church had a status and sentiment of its own. A stranger there was regarded with a feeling altogether differing from that entertained towards him by the congregation below. Banished from the nave as an intruder whom no originality could make interesting, he was received above as a curiosity that no unfitness could render dull. The gallery, too, looked down upon and knew the habits of the nave to its remotest peculiarity, and had an extensive stock of exclusive information about it; while the nave knew nothing of the gallery people, beyond their loud-sounding minims and chest notes. Such topics as that the clerk was always chewing tobacco except at the moment of crying Amen; that he had a dust-hole in his pew; that during the sermon certain young daughters of the village had left off caring to read anything so mild as the marriage service for some years, and now regularly studied the one which chronologically follows it; that a pair of lovers touched fingers through a knot-hole between their pews in the manner ordained by their great exemplars, Pyramus and Thisbe; that Mrs. Ledlow, the farmer's wife, counted her money and reckoned her week's marketing expenses during the first lesson,— all news to those below,— were stale subjects here.

Old William sat in the centre of the front row, his violoncello between his knees, and two singers on each hand. Behind him, on the left, came the treble singers and Dick; and on the right the tranter and the tenors. Farther back was old Mail, with the altos and supernumeraries.

But before they had taken their places, and while they were standing in a circle at the back of the gallery practicing a psalm or two, Dick cast his eyes over his grandfather's shoulder, and saw the vision of the past night enter the porch door as methodically as if she had never been a vision at all. A new atmosphere seemed suddenly to be puffed into the ancient edifice by her movement, which made Dick's body and soul tingle with novel sensations. Directed by Shinar the churchwarden she proceeded to the short aisle on the north side of the chancel, a spot now allotted to a throng of Sunday-school girls, and distinctly visible from the gallery front by looking under the curve of the furthermost arch on that side.

Before this moment the church had seemed comparatively empty—now it was thronged; and as Miss Fancy rose from her knees and looked around her for a permanent place in which to deposit herself, finally choosing the remotest corner, Dick began to breathe more freely the warm new air she had brought with her; to feel rushings of blood, and to have impressions that there was a tie between her and himself visible to all the congregation.

Ever afterwards the young man could recollect individually each part of the service of that bright Christmas morning, and the minute occurrences which took place as its hours slowly drew along: the duties of that day dividing themselves by a complete line from the service of other times. The tunes they that morning essayed remained with him for years, apart from all others; also the text; also the appearance of the layer of dust upon the capitals of the piers; that the holly-bough in the chancel archway was hung a little out of the centre,—all the ideas, in short, that creep into the mind when reason is only exercising its lowest activity through the eye.

By chance or by fate, another young man who attended Mellstock Church on that Christmas morning had towards the end of the service the same instinctive perception of an interesting presence in the shape of the same bright maiden, though his emotion reached a far less developed stage. And there was this difference, too: that the person in question was surprised at his condition, and sedulously endeavored to reduce himself to his normal state of mind. He was the young vicar, Mr. Maybold.

SOCIABILITY IN THE MALT-HOUSE

From 'Far from the Madding Crowd'

GABRIEL'S nose was greeted by an atmosphere laden with the sweet smell of new malt. The conversation (which seemed to have been concerning the origin of the fire) immediately ceased, and every one ocularly criticized him to the degree expressed by contracting the flesh of their foreheads and looking at him with narrow eyelids, as if he had been a light too strong for their sight. Several exclaimed meditatively, after this operation had been completed:—

«Oh, 'tis the new shepherd, 'a b'lieve.»

«We thought we heard a hand pawing about the door for the bobbin, but weren't sure 'twere not a dead leaf blowed across,» said another. «Come in, shepherd; sure, ye be welcome, though we don't know yer name.»

«Gabriel Oak, that's my name, neighbors.»

The ancient maltster sitting in the midst turned at this—his turning being as the turning of a rusty crane.

«That's never Gable Oak's grandson over at Norcombe—never!» he said, as a formula expressive of surprise, which nobody was supposed for a moment to take literally.

«My father and my grandfather were old men of the name of Gabriel,» said the shepherd placidly.

«Thought I knowed the man's face as I seed him on the rick! thought I did! And where be ye trading o't to now, shepherd?»

«I'm thinking of biding here,» said Mr. Oak.

«Knowed yer grandfather for years and years!» continued the maltster, the words coming forth of their own accord as if the momentum previously imparted had been sufficient.

«Ah, and did you!»

«Knowed yer grandmother.»

«And her too!»

«Likewise knowed yer father when he was a child. Why, my boy Jacob there and your father were sworn brothers—that they were, sure, weren't ye, Jacob?»

«Ay, sure,» said his son, a young man about sixty-five, with a semi-bald head and one tooth in the left centre of his upper jaw, which made much of itself by standing prominent, like a milestone in a bank. «But 'twas Joe had most to do with him. However, my son William must have knowed the very man afore us, didn't ye, Billy, afore ye left Norcombe?»

«No, 'twas Andrew,» said Jacob's son Billy, a child of forty or thereabouts, who manifested the peculiarity of possessing a cheerful soul in a gloomy body, and whose whiskers were assuming a chinchilla shade here and there.

«I can mind Andrew,» said Oak, «as being a man in the place when I was quite a child.»

“Ay; the other day I and my youngest daughter Liddy were over at my grandson’s christening,” continued Billy. “We were talking about this very family, and ’twas only last Purification Day in this very world, when the use-money is gi’ed away to the second-best poor folk, you know, shepherd, and I can mind the day because they all had to traypse up to the vestry—yes, this very man’s family.”

“Come, shepherd, and drink. ’Tis gape and swaller with us—a drap of sommit, but not of much account,” said the maltster, removing from the fire his eyes, which were vermilion red and bleared by gazing into it for so many years. “Take up the God-forgive-me, Jacob. See if ’tis warm, Jacob.”

Jacob stooped to the God-forgive-me, which was a two-handled tall mug standing in the ashes, cracked and charred with heat: it was rather furred with extraneous matter about the outside, especially in the crevices of the handles, the innermost curves of which may not have seen daylight for several years by reason of this incrustation thereon—formed of ashes accidentally wetted with cider and baked hard; but to the mind of any sensible drinker the cup was no worse for that, being incontestably clean on the inside and about the rim. It may be observed that such a class of mug is called a God-forgive-me in Weatherbury and its vicinity for uncertain reasons; probably because its size makes any given toper feel ashamed of himself when he sees its bottom in drinking it empty.

Jacob, on receiving the order to see if the liquor was warm enough, placidly dipped his forefinger into it by way of thermometer, and having pronounced it nearly of the proper degree, raised the cup and very civilly attempted to dust some of the ashes from the bottom with the skirt of his smock-frock, because shepherd Oak was a stranger.

“A clane cup for the shepherd,” said the maltster commandingly.

“No, not at all,” said Gabriel, in a reproving tone of considerateness. “I never fuss about dirt in its pure state, and when I know what sort it is.” Taking the mug, he drank an inch or more from the depths of its contents and duly passed it to the next man. “I wouldn’t think of giving such trouble to neighbors in washing up when there is so much work to be done in the world already,” continued Oak in a moister tone, after recovering from the stoppage of breath which is occasioned by pulls at large mugs.

«A right sensible man,» said Jacob.

«True, true; it can't be gainsaid!» observed a brisk young man — Mark Clark by name, a genial and pleasant gentleman, whom to meet anywhere in your travels was to know, to know was to drink with, and to drink with was, unfortunately, to pay for.

«And here's a mouthful of bread and bacon that mis'ess have sent, shepherd. The cider will go down better with a bit of victuals. Don't ye chaw quite close, shepherd, for I let the bacon fall in the road outside as I was bringing it along, and maybe 'tis rather gritty. There, 'tis clane dirt; and we all know what that is, as you say, and you bain't a particular man, we see, shepherd.»

«True, true; not at all,» said the friendly Oak.

«Don't let your teeth quite meet, and you won't feel the sandiness at all. Ah! 'tis wonderful what can be done by contrivance!»

«My own mind exactly, neighbor.»

«Ah, he's his granfer's own grandson! his grandfer were just such a nice unparticular man!» said the maltster.

«Drink, Henry Fray, drink,» magnanimously said Jan Coggan, a person who held Saint-Simonian notions of share and share alike where liquor was concerned, as the vessel showed signs of approaching him in its gradual revolution among them.

Having at this moment reached the end of a wistful gaze into mid-air, Henry did not refuse. He was a man of more than middle age, with eyebrows high up in his forehead, who laid it down that the law of the world was bad, with a long-suffering look through his listeners at the world alluded to, as it presented itself to his imagination. He always signed his name «Henery» — strenuously insisting upon that spelling; and if any passing schoolmaster ventured to remark that the second «e» was superfluous and old-fashioned, he received the reply that «H-e-n-e-r-y» was the name he was christened and the name he would stick to — in the tone of one to whom orthographical differences were matters which had a great deal to do with personal character.

Mr. Jan Coggan, who had passed the cup to Henery, was a crimson man with a spacious countenance and private glimmer in his eye, whose name had appeared on the marriage register of Weatherbury and neighboring parishes as best man and chief witness in countless unions of the previous twenty years; he also very frequently filled the post of head godfather in baptisms of the subtly jovial kind.

« Come, Mark Clark, come. Ther's plenty more in the barrel,» said Jan.

« Ay, that I will; 'tis my only doctor,» replied Mr. Clark, who, twenty years younger than Jan Coggan, revolved in the same orbit. He secreted mirth on all occasions for special discharge at popular parties.

« Why, Joseph Poorgrass, ye han't had a drop! » said Mr. Coggan to a self-conscious man in the background, thrusting the cup towards him.

« Such a modest man as he is! » said Jacob Smallbury. « Why, ye've hardly had strength of eye enough to look in our young mis'ess's face, so I hear, Joseph ? »

All looked at Joseph Poorgrass with pitying reproach.

« No, I've hardly looked at her at all,» simpered Joseph, reducing his body smaller whilst talking, apparently from a meek sense of undue prominence. «And when I seed her, 'twas nothing but blushes with me! »

« Poor feller,» said Mr. Clark.

« 'Tis a curious nature for a man,» said Jan Coggan.

« Yes,» continued Joseph Poorgrass; his shyness, which was so painful as a defect, filling him with a mild complacency now that it was regarded as an interesting study. « 'Twere blush, blush, blush with me every minute of the time when she was speaking to me.»

« I believe ye, Joseph Poorgrass, for we all know ye to be a very bashful man.»

« 'Tis a' awkward gift for a man, poor soul,» said the maltster. «And how long have ye suffered from it, Joseph ? »

« Oh, ever since I was a boy. Yes, mother was concerned to her heart about it — yes. But 'twas all naught.»

« Did ye ever go into the world to try and stop it, Joseph Poorgrass ? »

« Oh ay, tried all sorts o' company. They took me to Greenhill Fair, and into a great large jerry-go-nimble show, where there were women-folk riding round — standing upon horses with hardly anything on but their smocks; but it didn't cure me a morsel. And then I was put errand-man at the Woman's Skittle Alley at the back of the Tailor's Arms in Casterbridge. 'Twas a horrible evil situation, and a very curious place for a good man.

I had to stand and look ba'dy people in the face from morning till night; but 'twas no use — I was just as bad as ever after all. Blushes hev been in the family for generations. There, 'tis a happy Providence that I be no worse, and I feel the blessing."

"True," said Jacob Smallbury, deepening his thoughts to a profounder view of the subject. "'Tis a thought to look at, that ye might have been worse; but even as you be, 'tis a very bad affliction for ye, Joseph. For ye see, shepherd, though 'tis very well for a woman, dang it all, 'tis awkward for a man like him, poor feller." He appealed to the shepherd by a feeling glance.

"'Tis, 'tis," said Gabriel, recovering from a meditation. "Yes, very awkward for the man."

"Ay, and he's very timid, too," observed Jan Coggan. "Once he had been working late at Yalbury Bottom, and had had a drap of drink, and lost his way as he was coming home along through Yalbury Wood, didn't ye, Master Poorgrass?"

"No, no, no; not that story!" expostulated the modest man, forcing a laugh to bury his concern.

"And so 'a lost himself quite," continued Mr. Coggan with an impassive face, implying that a true narrative, like time and tide, must run its course and would respect no man. "And as he was coming along in the middle of the night, much afeared, and not able to find his way out of the trees nohow, 'a cried out, 'Man-a-lost! man-a-lost!' A owl in a tree happened to be crying 'Whoo-whoo-whoo!' as owls do, you know, shepherd" (Gabriel nodded), "and Joseph all in a tremble said, 'Joseph Poorgrass of Weatherbury, sir!'"

"No, no, now — that's too much!" said the timid man, becoming a man of brazen courage all of a sudden. "I didn't say *sir*. I'll take my oath I didn't say 'Joseph Poorgrass o' Weatherbury, sir.' No, no; what's right is right, and I never said sir to the bird, knowing very well that no man of a gentleman's rank would be hollering there at that time o' night. 'Joseph Poorgrass of Weatherbury,' — that's every word I said, and I shouldn't ha' said that if 't hadn't been for Keeper Day's metheglin. . . . There, 'twas a merciful thing it ended where it did."

The question of which was right being tacitly waived by the company, Jan went on meditatively: —

"And he's the fearfullest man, bain't ye, Joseph? Ay, another time ye were lost by Lambing-Down Gate, weren't ye, Joseph?"

"I was," replied Poorgrass, as if there were some conditions too serious even for modesty to remember itself under, this being one.

"Yes; that were the middle of the night, too. The gate would not open, try how he would, and knowing there was the Devil's hand in it, he kneeled down."

"Ay," said Joseph, acquiring confidence from the warmth of the fire, the cider, and a perception of the narrative capabilities of the experience alluded to. "My heart died within me, that time; but I kneeled down and said the Lord's Prayer, and then the Belief right through, and then the Ten Commandments, in earnest prayer. But no, the gate wouldn't open; and then I went on with *Dearly Beloved Brethren*, and thinks I, this makes four, and 'tis all I know out of book, and if this don't do it nothing will, and I'm a lost man. Well, when I got to *Saying After Me*, I rose from my knees and found the gate would open,—yes, neighbors, the gate opened the same as ever."

A meditation on the obvious inference was indulged in by all, and during its continuance each directed his vision into the ash-pit, which glowed like a desert in the tropics under a vertical sun, shaping their eyes long and liny, partly because of the light, partly from the depth of the subject discussed.

Gabriel broke the silence. "What sort of a place is this to live at, and what sort of a mis'ess is she to work under?" Gabriel's bosom thrilled gently as he thus slipped under the notice of the assembly the innermost subject of his heart.

"We d' know little of her—nothing. She only showed herself a few days ago. Her uncle was took bad, and the doctor was called with his world-wide skill; but he couldn't save the man. As I take it, she's going to keep on the farm."

"That's about the shape o't, 'a b'lieve," said Jan Coggan. "Ay, 'tis a very good family. I'd as soon be under 'em as under one here and there. Her uncle was a very fair sort of man. Did ye know en, shepherd—a bachelor man?"

"Not at all."

"I used to go to his house a-courting my first wife Charlotte, who was his dairymaid. Well, a very good-hearted man were farmer Everdene, and I being a respectable young fellow was allowed to call and see her and drink as much ale as I liked, but not to carry away any—outside my skin I mane, of course."

"Ay, ay, Jan Coggan; we know yer maning."

«And so, you see, 'twas beautiful ale, and I wished to value his kindness as much as I could, and not to be so ill-mannered as to drink only a thimbleful, which would have been insulting the man's generosity — »

« True, Master Coggan, 'twould so,» corroborated Mark Clark.

« — And so I used to eat a lot of salt fish afore going, and then by the time I got there I were as dry as a lime-basket — so thorough dry that that ale would slip down — ah, 'twould slip down sweet! Happy times! heavenly times! Such lovely drunks as I used to have at that house! You can mind, Jacob? You used to go wi' me sometimes.»

« I can, I can,» said Jacob. « That one, too, that we had at Buck's Head on a White Monday was a pretty tipple.»

« 'Twas. But for a drunk of really a noble class, that brought you no nearer to the Dark Man than you were afore you begun, there was none like those in farmer Everdene's kitchen. Not a single damn allowed; no, not a bare poor one, even at the most cheerful moment when all were blindest, though the good old word of sin thrown in here and there at such times is a great relief to a merry soul.»

« True,» said the maltster. « Nater requires her swearing at the regular times, or she's not herself; and unholy exclamations is a necessity of life.» . . .

Gabriel thought fit to change the subject. « You must be a very aged man, malter, to have sons growed up so old and ancient,» he remarked.

« Father's so old that 'a can't mind his age, can ye, father?» interposed Jacob. «And he's growed terrible crooked, too, lately,» Jacob continued, surveying his father's figure, which was rather more bowed than his own. « Really, one may say that father there is three-double.»

« Crooked folk will last a long while,» said the maltster grimly, and not in the best humor.

« Shepherd would like to hear the pedigree of yer life, father — would'nt ye, shepherd?»

«Ay, that I should,» said Gabriel, with the heartiness of a man who had longed to hear it for several months. « What may your age be, malter?»

The maltster cleared his throat in an exaggerated form for emphasis, and elongating his gaze to the remotest point of the ash-pit said, in the slow speech justifiable when the importance of a subject is so generally felt that any mannerism must be tolerated in getting at it:—

« Well, I don't mind the year I were born in, but perhaps I can reckon up the places I've lived at, and so get it that way. I bode at Upper Longpuddle across there » (nodding to the north) « till I were eleven. I bode seven at Kingsbere » (nodding to the east), « where I took to malting. I went therefrom to Norcombe, and malted there two-and-twenty years, and two-and-twenty years I was there turnip-hoeing and harvesting. Ah, I knowed that old place Norcombe, years afore you were thought of, Master Oak » (Oak smiled a corroboration of the fact). « Then I malted at Durnover four year, and four year turnip-hoeing; and I was fourteen times eleven months at Millpond St. Jude's » (nodding north-west-by-north). « Old Twills wouldn't hire me for more than eleven months at a time, to keep me from being chargeable to the parish if so be I was disabled. Then I was three year at Mellstock, and I've been here one-and-thirty year come Candlemas. How much is that? »

« Hundred and seventeen, » chuckled another old gentleman, given to mental arithmetic and little conversation, who had hitherto sat unobserved in a corner.

« Well then, that's my age, » said the maltster emphatically.

« Oh no, father! » said Jacob. « Your turnip-hoeing were in the summer and your malting in the winter of the same years, and ye don't ought to count both halves, father. »

« Chok' it all! I lived through the summers, didn't I? That's my question. I suppose ye'll say next I be no age at all to speak of? »

« Sure we shan't, » said Gabriel soothingly.

« Ye be a very old aged person, malter, » attested Jan Coggan, also soothingly. « We all know that, and ye must have a wonderful talented constitution to be able to live so long, mustn't he, neighbors? »

« True, true; ye must, malter, wonderful, » said the meeting unanimously.

The maltster, being now pacified, was even generous enough to voluntarily disparage in a slight degree the virtue of having lived a great many years, by mentioning that the cup they were drinking out of was three years older than he.

While the cup was being examined, the end of Gabriel Oak's flute became visible over his smock-frock pocket, and Henery

Fray exclaimed, « Surely, shepherd, I seed you blowing into a great flute by now at Casterbridge? »

« You did, » said Gabriel, blushing faintly. « I've been in great trouble, neighbors, and was driven to it. I used not to be so poor as I be now. »

« Never mind, heart! » said Mark Clark. « You should take it careless-like, shepherd, and your time will come. But we could thank ye for a tune, if ye bain't too tired. »

« Neither drum nor trumpet have I heard this Christmas, » said Jan Coggan. « Come, raise a tune, Master Oak! »

« Ay, that I will, » said Gabriel readily, pulling out his flute and putting it together. « A poor tool, neighbors; but such as I can do ye shall have and welcome. »

Oak then struck up 'Jockey to the Fair,' and played that sparkling melody three times through, accenting the notes in the third round in a most artistic and lively manner by bending his body in small jerks and tapping with his foot to beat time.

« He can blow the flute very well, that 'a can, » said a young married man, who, having no individuality worth mentioning, was known as « Susan Tall's husband. » He continued admiringly, « I'd as lief as not be able to blow into a flute as well as that. »

« He's a clever man, and 'tis a true comfort for us to have such a shepherd, » murmured Joseph Poorgrass in a soft cadence. « We ought to feel real thanksgiving that he's not a player of ba'dy songs instead of these merry tunes; for 'twould have been just as easy for God to have made the shepherd a loose low man — a man of iniquity, so to speak it — as what he is. Yes, for our wives' and daughters' sakes we should feel real thanksgiving. »

« True, true, — real thanksgiving! » dashed in Mark Clark conclusively, not feeling it to be of any consequence to his opinion that he had only heard about a word and three-quarters of what Joseph had said.

« Yes, » added Joseph, beginning to feel like a man in the Bible; « for evil do thrive so in these times, that ye may be as much deceived in the clanest shaved and whitest shirted man as in the raggedest tramp upon the turnpike, if I may term it so. »

« Ay, I can mind yer face now, shepherd, » said Henery Fray, criticizing Gabriel with misty eyes as he entered upon his second tune. « Yes, now I see ye blowing into the flute I know ye to be the same man I see play at Casterbridge, for yer mouth were scrimped up and yer eyes a-staring out like a strangled man's—just as they be now.»

«'Tis a pity that playing the flute should make a man look such a scarecrow,» observed Mr. Mark Clark, with additional criticism of Gabriel's countenance, the latter person jerking out, with the ghastly grimace required by the instrument, the chorus of ‹Dame Durden›:—

«'Twas Moll' and Bet', and Doll' and Kate',
And Dor'-othy Drag'-gle-Tail'.»

«I hope you don't mind that young man Mark Clark's bad manners in naming your features?» whispered Joseph to Gabriel privately.

«Not at all,» said Mr. Oak.

«For by nature ye be a very handsome man, shepherd,» continued Joseph Poorgrass, with winning suavity.

«Ay, that ye be, shepherd,» said the company.

«Thank you very much,» said Oak, in the modest tone good manners demanded; thinking, however, that he would never let Bathsheba see him playing the flute.

THE GRAVE-DIGGERS

From ‹A Pair of Blue Eyes›

All eyes were turned to the entrance as Stephen spoke, and the ancient-mannered conclave scrutinized him inquiringly.

«Why, 'tis our Stephen!» said his father, rising from his seat; and still retaining the frothy mug in his left hand, he swung forward his right for a grasp. «Your mother is expecting ye—thought you would have come afore dark. But you'll wait and go home with me? I have all but done for the day, and was going directly.»

«Yes, 'tis Master Stephy, sure enough. Glad to see you so soon again, Master Smith,» said Martin Cannister, chastening the gladness expressed in his words by a strict neutrality of countenance, in order to harmonize the feeling as much as possible with the solemnity of a family vault.

«The same to you, Martin; and you, William,» said Stephen, nodding around to the rest, who, having their mouths full of bread and cheese, were of necessity compelled to reply merely by compressing their eyes to friendly lines and wrinkles.

«And who is dead?» Stephen repeated.

«Lady Luxellian, poor gentlewoman, as we all shall,» said the under-mason. «Ay, and we be going to enlarge the vault to make room for her.»

«When did she die?»

«Early this morning,» his father replied, with an appearance of recurring to a chronic thought. «Yes, this morning. Martin hev been tolling ever since, almost. There, 'twas expected. She was very limber.»

«Ay, poor soul, this morning,» resumed the under-mason, a marvelously old man, whose skin seemed so much too large for his body that it would not stay in position. «She must know by this time whether she's to go up or down, poor woman.»

«What was her age?»

«Not more than seven or eight and twenty by candle-light. But, Lord! by day 'a was forty if 'a were an hour.»

«Ay, night-time or daytime makes a difference of twenty years to rich feymels,» observed Martin.

«She was one-and-thirty really,» said John Smith. «I had it from them that know.»

«Not more than that!»

«'A looked very bad, poor lady. In faith, ye might say she was dead for years afore 'a would own it.»

«As my old father used to say,—‹dead, but wouldn't drop down.›»

«I seed her, poor soul,» said a laborer from behind some removed coffins, «only but last Valentine's Day of all the world. 'A was arm in crook wi' my lord. I says to myself, ‹You be ticketed «church-yard,» my noble lady, although you don't dream on't.›»

«I suppose my lord will write to all the other lords anointed in the nation, to let 'em know that she that was is now no more?»

«'Tis done and past. I see a bundle of letters go off an hour after the death. Sich wonderful black rims as they letters had—half an inch wide, at the very least.»

«Too much,» observed Martin. «In short, 'tis out of the question that a human being can be so mournful as black edges half an inch wide. I'm sure people don't feel more than a very narrow border when they feels most of all.»

«And there are two little girls, are there not?» said Stephen.

«Nice clane little faces!—left motherless now.»

«They used to come to Parson Swancourt's to play with Miss Elfride when I were there,» said William Worm. «Ah, they did so's!» The latter sentence was introduced to add the necessary melancholy to a remark which intrinsically could hardly be made to possess enough for the occasion. «Yes,» continued Worm, «they'd run upstairs, they'd run down; flitting about with her everywhere. Very fond of her, they were. Ah well!»

«Fonder than ever they were of their mother, so 'tis said here and there,» added a laborer.

«Well, you see, 'tis natural. Lady Luxellian stood aloof from 'em so—was so drowsy-like, that they couldn't love her in the jolly-companion way children want to like folks. Only last winter I seed Miss Elfride talking to my lady and the two children, and Miss Elfride wiped their noses for 'em *so* careful, my lady never once seeing that it wanted doing; and naturally children take to people that's their best friend.»

«Be as 'twill, the woman is dead and gone, and we must make a place for her,» said John. «Come, lads, drink up your ale, and we'll just rid this corner, so as to have all clear for beginning at the wall as soon as 'tis light to-morrow.»

Stephen then asked where Lady Luxellian was to lie.

«Here,» said his father. «We are going to set back this wall and make a recess; and 'tis enough for us to do before the funeral. When my lord's mother died, she said, ‹John, the place must be enlarged before another can be put in.› But 'a never expected 'twould be wanted so soon. Better move Lord George first, I suppose, Simeon?»

He pointed with his foot to a heavy coffin, covered with what had originally been red velvet, the color of which could only just be distinguished now.

«Just as ye think best, Master John,» replied the shriveled mason. «Ah, poor Lord George!» he continued, looking contemplatively at the huge coffin; «he and I were as bitter enemies once as any could be, when one is a lord and t'other only a mortal man. Poor fellow! He'd clap his hand upon my shoulder and cuss me as familiar and neighborly as if he'd been a common chap. Ay, 'a cussed me up hill and 'a cussed me down, and then 'a would rave out again, and the goold clamps of his fine new teeth would glisten in the sun like fetters of brass, while I, being a small man and poor, was fain to say nothing at all. Such a strappen fine gentleman as he was too! Yes, I rather liked en sometimes. But once now and then, when I looked at his towering height, I'd think in my inside, 'What a weight you'll be, my lord, for our arms to lower under the aisle of Endelstow Church some day!'"

"And was he?" inquired a young laborer.

"He was. He was five hundredweight if 'a were a pound. What with his lead, and his oak, and his handles, and his one thing and t'other"—here the ancient man slapped his hand upon the cover with a force that caused a rattle among the bones inside—"he half broke my back when I took his feet to lower en down the steps there. 'Ah,' saith I to John there—didn't I, John?—'that ever one man's glory should be such a weight upon another man!' But there, I liked my Lord George sometimes."

"'Tis a strange thought," said another, "that while they be all here under one roof, a snug united family o' Luxellians, they be really scattered miles away from one another in the form of good sheep and wicked goats, isn't it?"

"True; 'tis a thought to look at."

"And that one, if he's gone upward, don't know what his wife is doing no more than the man in the moon, if she's gone downward. And that some unfortunate one in the hot place is a-hollering across to a lucky one up in the clouds, and quite forgetting their bodies be boxed close together all the time."

"Ay, 'tis a thought to look at, too, that I can say 'Hullo!' close to fiery Lord George, and 'a can't hear me."

"And that I be eating my onion close to dainty Lady Jane's nose, and she can't smell me."

"What do 'em put all their heads one way for?" inquired a young man.

"Because 'tis church-yard law, you simple. The law of the living is, that a man shall be upright and downright; and the law of the dead is, that a man shall be east and west. Every state of society have its laws."

"We must break the law wi' a few of the poor souls, however. Come, buckle to," said the master mason.

And they set to work anew.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

(1848–)

ONE evening recently the lady whom Uncle Remus calls ‹Miss Sally› missed her little seven-year-old. Making search for him through the house and through the yard, she heard the sound of voices in the old man's cabin; and looking through the window she saw the child sitting by Uncle Remus. His head rested against the old man's arm, and he was gazing with an expression of the most intense interest into the rough weather-beaten face that beamed so kindly on him.»

Joel Chandler Harris

With this charming picture Mr. Joel Chandler Harris opens the historic adventures of that Ulysses of the fields, Brer Rabbit. Uncle Remus, the raconteur of the adventures, has a prototype on every Southern plantation, and his stories are familiar to all Southerners. The art of Mr. Harris lies in the way he has transferred their impalpable charm to canvas.

Before the appearance of ‹Uncle Remus, His Songs and Sayings› (New York, 1880), the negro had figured in literature; but he had figured for a purpose, either to illustrate a principle as in Mrs. Stowe's great novels ‹Uncle Tom's Cabin› and ‹Dred,› or he was the stage negro of the minstrel show — an intolerable misrepresentation. Perhaps he was too familiar a feature in the landscape of the Southern author for him to appreciate his artistic value; and as for the foreigner's conception of him, what Dr. Johnson said of the descriptive poems of the blind poet Blacklock may very well be applied to these efforts. «If,» said Johnson, «you found that a paralytic had left his room, you would conclude he had been carried,» meaning that the blind man had described what he had read, not what he had seen.

No such charge can be brought to the author of these inimitable sketches. Like his own hero Brer Rabbit «he was born and bred in a brier patch,» in middle Georgia, in the town of Eatonton, December 8th, 1848, and his happy and adventurous youth, pleasantly commemorated in his ‹On the Plantation,› was passed in the society he has made famous the world over. Uncle Remus, Mink, Sis Tempy, Daddy Jake, were not more real personages to him than «de creeters» they taught him to know and admire. In true American fashion, he passed from the printer's case to the bar, but forsook law for literature,—his first love,—became a member of the staff and later an editor of the Atlanta Constitution, and the author of many books, of which ‹Uncle Remus› is the initial. ‹Nights with Uncle Remus,› ‹Rainy Days with Uncle Remus,› ‹Mingo and Other Sketches,› ‹Daddy Jake the Runaway,› and ‹On the Plantation,› belong to the same series. Mr. Harris has written other books of plantation romance and actualities, that betray the charm of which he is a master, but to the volumes we have named he owes his high and permanent place in American literature.

Those who are familiar with the subject know that when Mr. Harris chose the plantation negro, he had a character of some subtlety to deal with. Like the Celt, he is a creature of extremes, carelessly happy one day and despairing the next; but saved from revolt by a pathetic philosophy born of his helplessness, and also by a sense of humor that restores his equilibrium. These peculiarities are not so evident from his actions—for he has been suppressed by his surroundings—as in his songs and stories, which display his poetical temperament and his picturesque imagination. With the self-confidence of the artist, Mr. Harris in portraying his character chooses the most difficult, that is, the dramatic form. Uncle Remus, the seer of the plantation, sits before his lightwood fire making «shuck» horse-collars, with the «little boy» for audience, varied by occasional visits from his satellite «Sis Tempy,» or his enemy the incomparable, the irrepressible «Tildy»; and as he works at his self-imposed task, levies on the whole community for illustrations of weakness and folly. Or like a child watching his elders, he imitates their manners and customs, makes his shrewd comments, gives his hard thrusts, and dispenses his deep philosophy. Only when Mr. Harris drops the dramatic form, as in ‹On the Plantation,› ‹Mingo and Other Sketches,› and ‹Daddy Jake the Runaway,› does he permit himself the luxury of pathos, so obvious in the negro's life. When Uncle Remus or any of his confrères is speaking in *propria persona*, he shows the same reserve in displaying his deepest emotions as the wounded animal who seeks his lair.

Nor is it strange that the life of the plantation negro should have developed his mystical side. Much of it is spent alone, with only the «creeters,» between whom and the white man he occupies a middle distance, for companions. Nor strange that like St. Francis of Assisi, each living thing becomes a brother and sister to him, endowed with personality and a sentient nature. St. Francis preached to the birds and the «four-footed felons,» the «ferocissimo lupo d'Agobis»; and Uncle Remus, though he considers them far too wise to learn from so poor a creature as man, endows them with all our vices and virtues. Did not the mystics Æsop and La Fontaine the same? But the old darky in a dim fashion does more: through them he expresses a revolt from his own condition, and the not unnatural desire to circumvent the master who has so long controlled him. Not to the swift in these stories is the race, nor to the strong the battle. The weakest, the most helpless of all the animals, the rabbit, is the hero and the champion, and in every contest is victorious over the wolf, the fox, the bear. Not virtue but weakness triumphs when Brer Rabbit milks the cow, fools the fox, and scalds the wolf; not passion but mischievousness.

With a view to edification which cannot be too sternly deprecated, etymologists have claimed ‹Uncle Remus and his Songs› as a contribution to the Folk-Lore Society. Better can we spare him to the natural-history societies, to which he may contribute the chapters on ‹How Mr. Rabbit Lost his Fine Bushy Tail,› ‹Why Mr. Rabbit Whipped his Young Ones,› ‹Why the Negro is Black,› and ‹The Use Miss Goose Put her Hands to.› But Mr. Harris has a higher motive in letters than utility, we believe. His province is to charm and to amuse.

WHY BROTHER WOLF DIDN'T EAT THE LITTLE RABBITS

From ‹Uncle Remus and his Friends.› Copyright 1892 by Joel Chandler Harris, and reprinted here by permission of and special arrangement with Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers, Boston.

«Uncle Remus,» said the little boy one day, «why don't you come up to the big house sometimes, and tell me stories?»

«Shoo, honey, de spoon hatter go ter de bowl's house. Ef I wuz atter you ter tell me tales, I'd come up dar en set in de back porch en lissen at you eve'y day, en sometimes eve'y night. But when de spoon want anything, it hatter go ter de bowl. Hit bleedz ter be dat-a-way.»

«Well, you used to come.»

«Des so!» exclaimed Uncle Remus. «But whar wuz you 'bout dat time? Right flat er yo' back, dat's whar you wuz. You laid dar en swaller'd dat doctor-truck, twel I be blest ef you had mo' heft dan a pa'tridge egg wid' de innerds blow'd out. En dar wuz Miss Sally a-cryin' en gwine on constant. Ef she wan't cryin' 'bout you, she wuz quoilin' at me en Marse John.

'Oman tongue ain't got no Sunday. Co'se, when I git dar whar you wuz, I hatter set down en tell tales fer ter make you fergit 'bout de fuss dat wuz gwine on. I 'member one time," Uncle Remus went on, laughing, "I wuz settin' dar by yo' bed, tellin' some great tale er nudder, en de fus' news I know'd I woke up and foun' myse'f fast asleep, en you woke up en foun' yo'se'f in de land er Nod. Dar we wuz,—me in de cheer, en you in de bed; en I'd nod at you, en you'd sno' back at me; en dar wuz de old torty-shell cat settin' by de h'ath, runnin' dat ar buzz-wheel what cats has got somewhars in der innerds; en de clock wuz a-clockin' en de candle a-splutterin'; en des 'bout dat time Miss Sally come in en rap me 'pon topper de naked place on my head wid er thimble; en I kotch my breff like a cow a-coughin', en den Miss Sally start in ter quoilin', en Marse John ax 'er what she doin', en she 'low she des whisperin' ter me; en Marse John say ef she call dat whisperin', he dunner what she call squallin'; en den I up en groanded one er deze yer meetin'-house groans.

"Dem wuz great times, mon," continued the old man, after pausing to recover his breath. "Dey mos' sholy wuz. Hit look like ter me 'bout dem days dat you wan't no bigger dan a young rabbit atter de hide been tuck off. You cert'nly wuz spare-made den. I sot dar by yo' bed, en I say ter myse'f dat ef I wuz de ole Brer Wolf en you wuz a young rabbit, I wouldn't git hongry nuff fer ter eat you, caze you wuz too bony."

"When did Brother Wolf want to eat the young rabbit, Uncle Remus?" inquired the little boy, thinking that he saw the suggestion of a story here.

He was not mistaken. The old man regarded him with well-feigned astonishment.

"Ain't I done tole you 'bout dat, honey? Des run over in yo' min', en see ef I ain't."

The youngster shook his head most emphatically.

"Well," said Uncle Remus, "ole Brer Wolf want ter eat de little Rabs all de time, but dey wuz one time in 'tickeler dat dey make his mouf water, en dat wuz de time when him en Brer Fox wuz visitin' at Brer Rabbit's house. De times wuz hard, but de little Rabs wuz slick en fat, en des ez frisky ez kittens. Ole Brer Rabbit wuz off som'ers, en Brer Wolf en Brer Fox wuz waitin' fer 'im. De little Rabs wuz playin' 'roun', en dough dey wuz little dey kep' der years open. Brer Wolf look at um out'n de cornder uv his eyes, en lick his chops en wink at Brer Fox, en Brer Fox wunk back at 'im. Brer Wolf cross his legs, en den Brer Fox cross his'n. De little Rabs, dey frisk en dey frolic.

«Brer Wolf ho'd his head to'rds um en 'low, 'Dey er mighty fat.'

«Brer Fox grin, en say, 'Man, hush yo' mouf!'

«De little Rabs frisk en frolic, en play furder off, but dey keep der years primed.

«Brer Wolf look at um en 'low, 'Ain't dey slick en purty?'

«Brer Fox chuckle, en say, 'Oh, I wish you'd hush!'

«De little Rabs play off furder en furder, but dey keep der years open.

«Brer Wolf smack his mouf, en 'low, 'Dey er joosy en tender.'

«Brer Fox roll his eye en say, 'Man, ain't you gwine ter hush up, 'fo' you gi' me de fidgets?'

«De little Rabs dey frisk en dey frolic, but dey hear eve'y-thing dat pass.

«Brer Wolf lick out his tongue quick, en 'low, 'Less us whirl in en eat um.'

«Brer Fox say, 'Man, you make me hongry! Please hush up!'

«De little Rabs play off furder en furder, but dey know 'zackly what gwine on. Dey frisk en dey frolic, but dey got der years wide open.

«Den Brer Wolf make a bargain wid Brer Fox dat when Brer Rabbit git home, one un um ud git 'im wropped up in a 'spute 'bout fust one thing en den anudder, whiles tudder one ud go out en ketch de little Rabs.

«Brer Fox 'low, 'You better do de talkin', Brer Wolf, en lemme coax de little Rabs off. I got mo' winnin' ways wid chilluns dan what you is.'

«Brer Wolf say, 'You can't make gourd out'n punkin, Brer Fox. I ain't no talker. Yo' tongue lots slicker dan mine. I kin bite lots better'n I kin talk. Dem little Rabs don't want no coaxin'; dey wants ketchin'—dat what dey wants. You keep ole Brer Rabbit busy, en I'll ten' ter de little Rabs.'

«Bofe un um know'd dat whichever cotch de little Rabs, de tudder one ain't gwine smell hide ner hair un um, en dey flew up en got ter 'sputin, en whiles dey was 'sputin' en gwine on dat-a-way, de little Rabs put off down de road, *blickety-blickety*, for ter meet der daddy. Kase dey know'd ef dey stayed dar dey'd git in big trouble.

«Dey went off down de road, de little Rabs did, en dey ain't gone so mighty fur 'fo' dey meet der daddy comin' 'long home. He had his walkin' cane in one han' en a jug in de udder, en he look ez big ez life en twice ez natchul.

«De little Rabs run to'rds 'im en holler, 'What you got, daddy? What you got, daddy?'

«Brer Rabbit say, 'Nothin' but er jug er 'lasses.'

«De little Rabs holler, 'Lemme tas'e, daddy! Lemme tas'e, daddy!'

«Den ole Brer Rabbit sot de jug down in de road en let um lick de stopper a time er two, en atter dey done get der win' back, dey up'n tell 'im 'bout de 'greement dat Brer Wolf en Brer Fox done make, en 'bout de 'spute what dey had. Ole Brer Rabbit sorter laugh ter hisse'f, en den he pick up his jug en jog on to'rds home. When he git mos' dar he stop en tell de little Rabs fer stay back dar out er sight, en wait twel he call um 'fo' dey come. Dey wuz mighty glad ter do des like dis, kaze dey'd done seed Brer Wolf tushes, en Brer Fox red tongue, en dey huddle up in de broom-sage ez still ez a mouse in de flour-bar'l.

«Brer Rabbit went on home, en sho 'nuff, he fin' Brer Wolf en Brer Fox waitin' fer 'im. Dey 'd done settle der 'spute, en dey wuz settin' dar des ez smilin' ez a basket er chips. Dey pass de time er day wid Brer Rabbit, en den dey ax 'im what he got in de jug. Brer Rabbit hummed en haw'd, en looked sorter sollum.

«Brer Wolf look like he wuz bleedz ter fin' out what wuz in de jug, en he keep a pesterin' Brer Rabbit 'bout it; but Brer Rabbit des shake his head en look sollum, en talk 'bout de wedder, en de craps, en one thing en anudder. Bimeby Brer Fox make out he wuz gwine atter a drink er water, en he slip out, he did, fer ter ketch de little Rabs. Time he git out de house, Brer Rabbit look all 'roun' ter see ef he lis'nen, en den he went ter de jug en pull out de stopper.

«He han' it ter Brer Wolf en say, 'Tas'e dat.'

«Brer Wolf tas'e de 'lasses, en smack his mouf. He 'low, 'What kinder truck dat? Hit sho is good.'

«Brer Rabbit git up close ter Brer Wolf en say, 'Don't tell nobody. Hit's Fox-blood.'

«Brer Wolf look 'stonish'. He 'low, 'How you know?'

«Brer Rabbit say, 'I knows what I knows!'

«Brer Wolf say, 'Gimme some mo'!'

«Brer Rabbit say, ‹You kin git some mo' fer yo'se'f easy 'nuff; en de fresher 'tis, de better.›

«Brer Wolf 'low, ‹How you know?›

«Brer Rabbit say, ‹I knows what I knows!›

«Wid dat Brer Wolf stepped out, en start to'rds Brer Fox. Brer Fox seed 'im comin', en he sorter back off. Brer Wolf got little closer, en bimeby he make a dash at Brer Fox. Brer Fox dodge, he did, en den he put out fer de woods wid Brer Wolf right at his heels.

«Den atter so long a time, atter Brer Rabbit got done laughin', he call up de little Rabs, gi' um some 'lasses fer supper, en spanked um en sont um ter bed.»

«Well, what did he spank 'em for, Uncle Remus?» asked the little boy.

«Ter make um grow, honey,—des ter make um grow! Young creeturs is got ter have der hide loosen'd dat-a-way, same ez young chilluns.»

«Did Brother Wolf catch Brother Fox?»

«How I know, honey? Much ez I kin do ter foller de tale when it keeps in de big road, let 'lone ter keep up wid dem creeturs whiles dey gone sailin' thoo de woods. De tale ain't persoo on atter um no furder dan de place whar dey make der disappear'nce. I tell you now, when I goes in de woods, I got ter know whar I'm gwine.»

BROTHER MUD TURTLE'S TRICKERY

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«I DON'T like deze yer tales 'bout folks, no how you kin fix um,» said Uncle Remus after an unusually long pause, during which he rubbed his left hand with the right, in order to run the rheumatism out. «No, suh, I don't like um, kaze folks can't play no tricks, ner git even wid der neighbors, widout hurtin' somebody's feelin's, er breakin' some law er 'nudder, er gwine 'ginst what de preacher say.

«Look at dat man what I des been tellin' you 'bout. He let de udder man fool 'im en ketch 'im, en mo' dan dat, he let um tote 'im off de calaboose. He oughter been tuck dar; I ain't 'sputin' dat; yit ef dat had been some er de creeturs, dey'd er sholy got loose fum dar.

"When it comes ter talkin' 'bout gittin' loose," Uncle Remus continued, settling himself comfortably in his chair, "I git ter runnin' on in my min' 'bout ole Brer Fox en ole Brer Mud Turkle. Dey had some kinder fallin' out once 'pon a time—I dunner what. I speck hit's got a tale hung on it, but de tale done switch itself out'n my min'. Yit dey'd done had a fallin' out, en dey wa'nt no love los' betwixt um. Well, suh, one day Brer Fox wuz gwine down de creek fishin'. Little ez you may think un it, Brer Fox wuz monst'us fon' er fishes, so eve'y chance he got he'd go fishin'."

"On Sunday, too?" inquired the little boy. He had been lectured on that subject not long before.

"Well, I tell you now," replied Uncle Remus laughing, "Brer Fox is like 'oman's tongue; he ain't got no Sunday."

"What kind of bait did he have?" the youngster asked.

"What he want wid bait, honey? He ain't got no bait, en no pole, en no hook. He des went down de creek, en when he come ter a good place, he'd wade in en feel und' de rocks en und' de bank. Sometimes he'd ketch a horny-head, en den ag'in he'd ketch a peerch. Well, suh, he went on en went on, en he had bad luck. Look like de fishes wuz all gone fum home, but he kep' on en kep' on. He 'low ter hisse'f dat he bleedz ter have some fish fer dinner. One time he put his han' in a craw-fish nes' en got nipt, en anudder time he tetched a eel, en it made de col' chills run 'cross 'im. Yit he kep' on.

"Bimeby Brer Fox come ter whar ole Brer Mud Turkle live at. I dunner what make ole Brer Mud Turkle live in such a damp place like dat. Look like him en his folks 'ud have a bad col' de whole blessid time. But dar he wuz in de water und' de bank, layin' dar fas' asleep, dreamin' 'bout de good times he'd have when de freshet come. He 'uz layin' dar wid his eyes shot, when de fus' news he know he feel sump'n 'nudder fumblin' 'roun' his head. 'Twan't nobody but ole Brer Fox feelin' 'roun' und' de bank fer fishes.

"Brer Mud Turkle move his head, he did, but de fumblin' kep' on, en bimeby he open his mouf en Brer Fox fumble en fumble, twel bimeby he got 'is han' in dar, en time he do dat, ole Brer Mud Turkle shet down on it. En I let you know," continued Uncle Remus, shaking his head slowly from side to side as if to add emphasis to the statement, «I let you know when ole Brer Mud Turkle shet down on yo' han', you got ter cut off his head en den wait twel it thunder, 'fo' he turn loose.

«Well, suh, he shet down on ole Brer Fox, en ef you'd 'a' been anywhars in dat settlement you'd 'a' heard squallin' den ef you ain't never hear none befo'.

«Brer Fox des hilt his head back en holler 'Ouch! Ouch! What dis got me? Ouch! Turn me aloose! Ouch! Somebody better run here quick! Laws a massy! Ouch!'

«But Brer Mud Turkle he helt on, en he feel so much comfort dat he'd er in about went ter asleep ag'in ef Brer Fox hadn't er snatched en jerked so hard en a-holler'd so loud.

«Brer Fox holler, en Brer Mud Turkle hol' on; Brer Fox holler, en Brer Mud Turkle hol' on. Dar dey wuz, nip en tug, holler en hol' fas'! Bimeby it hurt so bad dat Brer Fox des fetched one loud squall en made one big pull, en out come ole Brer Mud Turkle, a-hangin' ter his han'.

«Well, suh, when dey got out on de bank en Brer Mud Turkle sorter woke up, he tuck'n turn Brer Fox loose widout waitin' fer de thunder. He ax Brer Fox pardon, but Brer Fox he ain't got no pardon fer ter gi' 'im.

«Brer Mud Turkle make like he skeer'd. He 'low: 'I 'clar' ter gracious, Brer Fox! ef I'd a know'd 'twuz you, I'd 'a' never shet down on you in de roun' worl'; kaze I know what a dangersome man you is. I know'd yo' daddy befo' you, en he wuz a dangersome man.'

«But Brer Fox 'fuse ter lissen ter dat kinder talk. He say: 'I been wantin' you a long time, en now I got you. I got you right where I want you, en when I get thoo wid you, yo' own folks wouldn't know you ef dey wuz ter meet you in de middle er de road.'

«Brer Mud Turkle cry on one side his face en laugh on tudder. He 'low, 'Please, suh, Brer Fox, des let me off dis time, en I'll be good friend 'long wid you all de balance er de time. Please, suh, Brer Fox, let me off dis time!'

«Brer Fox say, 'Oh, yes! I'll let you off; I'm all de time a-lettin' off folks what bite me ter de bone! Oh yes! I'll let you off, but I'll take en skin you fust.'

«Brer Mud Turkle 'low, 'Spozen I ain't got no hide on me; den what you gwine to do?'

"Brer Fox grit his tushes. He say, 'Ef you ain't got no hide, I'll fin' de place whar de hide oughter be—dat's what!'

"Wid dat he make a grab at Brer Mud Turkle's neck, but Brer Mud Turkle draw his head en his foots und' his shell, en quile up his tail, en dar he wuz. He so ole en tough he got moss on his shell. Brer Fox fool wid 'im, en gnyaw en gouge at de shell, but he des might ez well gnyaw en gouge at a flint rock. He work en he work, but 'tain't do no good; he can't git Brer Mud Turkle out er his house no way he kin fix it.

"Ole Brer Mud Turkle talk at 'im. He 'low, 'Hard ain't no name fer it, Brer Fox! You'll be jimber-jaw'd long 'fo' you gnyaw thoo my hide!'

"Brer Fox gnyaw en gouge, en gouge en gnyaw.

"Brer Mud Turkle 'low, 'Dey ain't but one way fer ter git dat shell off, Brer Fox!'

"Brer Fox 'fuse ter make answer. He gouge en gnyaw, en gnyaw en gouge.

"Brer Mud Turkle 'low, 'Tushes ain't gwine git it off! Claws ain't gwine git it off! Yit mud en water will do de work. Now I'm gwine ter sleep.'

"Brer Fox gnyaw en gouge, en gouge en gnyaw, en bimeby he git tired, mo' speshually when he hear ole Brer Mud Turkle layin' in dar snorin' des like somebody sawin' gourds. Den he sot down en watch Brer Mud Turkle, but he ain't move. He do des like he sleep.

"Den Brer Fox git de idee dat he'll play a trick on Brer Mud Turkle. He holler out, 'Good-by, Brer Mud Turkle! You er too much fer me dis time. My han' hurt me so bad I got ter go home en git a poultice on it. But I'll pay you back ef hit's de las' ac'!'

"Brer Fox make like he gwine off, but he des run 'roun' en hid in de bushes. Yit does you speck he gwine fool Brer Mud Turkle? Shoo, honey! Dat creetur got moss on his back, en he got so much sense in his head his eyes look red. He des lay dar, ole Brer Mud Turkle did, en sun hisse'f same as ef he wuz on a rock in de creek. He lay dar so still dat Brer Fox got his impatients stirred up, en he come out de bushes en went ter Brer Mud Turkle en shuck 'im up en ax'd 'im how he gwine git de shell off.

"Brer Mud Turkle 'low, 'Tushes ain't gwine git it off! Claws ain't gwine git it off! Yit mud en water will do de work!'

« Brer Fox say, ‹ Don't riddle me no riddles. Up en tell me like a man how I gwine ter git yo' shell off! ›

« Brer Mud Turkle 'low, ‹ Put me in de mud en rub my back hard ez you kin. Den de shell bleedz ter come off. Dat de reason dey calls me Brer Mud Turkle. ›

« Well, suh,» said Uncle Remus, laughing heartily, « Brer Fox ain't got no better sense dan ter b'lieve all dat truck, so he tuck en shove Brer Mud Turkle 'long twel he got 'im in de mud, en den he 'gun ter rub on his back like somebody curryin' a hoss. What happen den? Well, dey ain't nothin' 't all happen, 'ceppin' what bleedz ter happen. De mo' he rub on de back, de deeper Brer Mud Turkle go in de mud. Bimeby, whiles Brer Fox wuz rubbin' right hard, Brer Mud Turkle sorter gun hisse'f a flirt en went down out er reach. Co'se dis make Brer Fox splunge in de water, en a little mo' en he'd a drown'ded right den en dar. He went out on de bank, he did, en whiles he settin' dar dryin' hisse'f he know'd dat Brer Mud Turkle wuz laughin' at 'im, kaze he kin see de signs un it.»

The little boy laughed, but he shook his head incredulously.

« Well,» said Uncle Remus, « ef you gwine ter 'spute dat, you des ez well ter stan' up en face me down 'bout de whole tale. Kaze when Brer Fox see bubbles risin' on de water en follerin' atter one anudder, he bleedz ter know dat Brer Mud Turkle down under dar laughin' fit ter kill hisse'f.»

This settled the matter. The child was convinced.

UNCLE REMUS AT THE TELEPHONE

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One night recently, as Uncle Remus's Miss Sally was sitting by the fire sewing and singing softly to herself, she heard the old man come into the back yard and enter the dining-room, where a bright fire was still burning in the grate. Everything had been cleared away. The cook had gone, and the house-girl had disappeared, and the little boy was asleep. Uncle Remus had many privileges in the house of the daughter of his old mistress and master, and one of these was to warm himself by the dining-room fire whenever he felt lonely, especially at night. To the lady there was a whimsical suggestion of pathos in everything the old negro said and did; and yet her attitude toward Uncle Remus was one of bustling criticism and depreciation. By leaning back in her chair a little, she could see him as he sat before the fire enjoying the warmth.

«I should think it was time for you to be in bed,» she exclaimed.

«No'm, 'tain't,» responded Uncle Remus. «I year tell dat w'en ole folks git ter bed soon, dey feelin's bin hurted; en goodness knows dey ain't nobody hurted my feelin's dis day.»

«Well, there isn't anything in there that you can pick up. I've had everything put under lock and key.»

«Yessum, dey is sump'n n'er in yer, too, kaze yer Mars John supper settin' right down yer 'fo' de fier, en little mo' hit 'ud a bin dry spang up, if I hadn't 'a' drapt in des w'en I did. I year Mars John tell dat ar nigger 'oman w'at you call yo' cook fer ter have 'im some fried aigs fer supper, en ef deze ain't fried en dried I ain't never see none w'at is. W'en Mars John come, you kin set plum' in dar en year 'im crack um up in his mouf, same lak cow chawin' fodder. Las' Sat'd'y night Mars John fotch some fried isters home, en ef dish yer nigger 'oman stay on dis hill many mo' days, he ull git all his vittles cooked down town en fetch it home in a baskit. Whar Mars John now?»

Just then there was a call at the telephone. The little gong rattled away like a house on fire. As the lady went to answer it, Uncle Remus rose from his chair and crept on his tiptoes to the door that opened into the sitting-room. He heard his Miss Sally talking:

«Well, what's wanted? . . . Oh—is that you? Well, I couldn't imagine . . . No . . . Fast asleep too long ago to talk about . . . Why of course! No! . . . Why should I be frightened! . . . I declare! you ought to be ashamed . . . Remus is here . . . Two hours! I think you are horrid mean! . . . By-by!»

Uncle Remus stood looking suspiciously at the telephone after his Miss Sally had turned away.

«Miss Sally,» he said presently, «wuz you talkin' ter Mars John?»

«Certainly. Who did you suppose it was?»

«Wharbouts wuz Mars John?»

«At his office.»

«Way down yan on Yallerbamer street?»

«Yes.»

At this piece of information Uncle Remus emitted a groan that was full of doubt and pity, and went into the dining-room. His Miss Sally laughed, and then an idea seemed to strike her. She called him back, and went again to the telephone.

«Is that you, Central? . . . Please connect eleven-forty with fourteen-sixty.» There was a fluttering sound in the instrument, and then the lady said: «Yes, it's me! . . . Here's Remus. . . . Yes, but he wants to talk to you.»

«Here, Remus, take this and put it to your ear. Here, simpleton! it won't hurt you.»

Uncle Remus took the ear-piece and handled it as though it had been a loaded pistol. He tried to look in at both ends, and then he placed it to his ear and grinned sheepishly. He heard a thin, sepulchral, but familiar voice calling out, «Hello, Remus!» and his sheepish grin gave place to an expression of uneasy astonishment.

«Hello, Remus! Hello-ello-ello-ello-o-o!»

«Is dat you, Mars John?»

«Of course it is, you bandy-legged old villain. I have no time to be standing here. What do you want?»

«How in de name er God you git in dar, Mars John?»

«In where?»

«In dish yer—in dish yer appleratus.»

«Oh, you be fiddlestick! What do you want?»

«Mars John, kin you see me—er is she all dark in dar?»

«Are you crazy? Where is your Miss Sally?»

«She in yer, hollun en laughin'. Mars John, how you gwine git out'n dar?»

«Dry up! Good-night!»

«Yer 'tis, Miss Sally,» said Uncle Remus, after listening a moment. «Dey's a mighty zoonin' gwine on in dar, en I dunner whe'er Mars John tryin' ter scramble out, er whe'er he des tryin' fer ter make hisse'f comfertuble in dar.»

«What did he say, Remus?»

«He up en 'low'd dat one un us wuz a vilyun, but dey wuz such a buzzin' gwine on in dar dat I couldn't 'zactly ketch de rights un it.»

Uncle Remus went back to his place by the dining-room fire, and after a while began to mutter and talk to himself.

«What's the matter now?» his Miss Sally asked.

«I 'uz des a-sayin' dat I know Mars John mus' be suffun some'rs.»

«Why?»

«Oh, I des knows it; kaze' ef he ain't, w'at make he talk so weak? He bleedz ter be in trouble. I'm a-tellin' you de Lord's trufe: dat w'ite man talk like he ain't bigger den one er deze yer little teenchy chany dolls. I boun' you,» he continued, «ef I 'uz a w'ite 'oman en Mars John wuz my ole man, I'd snatch up my bonnet en I'd natally sail 'roun' dish yer town twel I fine out w'at de matter wid 'im. I would dat.»

The old man's Miss Sally laughed until the tears came in her eyes, and then she said:—

«There's a piece of pie on the sideboard. Do get it, and hush so much talking.»

«Thanky, mistiss, thanky!» exclaimed Uncle Remus, shuffling across the room. He got the pie and returned to his chair. «Dish yer pie,» he continued, holding it up between his eyes and the fire, «dish yer pie come in good time, kaze Mars John talk so weak en fur off it make me feel right empty. I speck he be well time he git home, en ef he 'uz ter git holt er dish yer pie, hit mought make 'im have bad dreams.»

In a few moments the pie had disappeared, and when his Miss Sally looked at him a little later he was fast asleep.

FREDERIC HARRISON

(1838–)

Frederic Harrison is a man of striking personality, whose activity has been varied. He is a brilliant essay-writer and controversialist, whose literary work is full of life and savor. He is a student and writer of history, especially in its modern and socialistic aspects. And he is a thinker who, in England, is the most stalwart champion of the Positivist philosophy of Comte.

He has himself told the story of his education and early life. Born in London, October 18th, 1838, of good family, with both English and Irish blood in his veins, he went to King's College School, and then to Oxford, where he was a scholar at Wadham College and displayed a talent for the classics. His student days fell at the turn of the half-century (1848–1852); a time when instead of dealing with abstract themes in true sophomoric fashion, he was, as he says, absorbed in current affairs, «impressed with the tumultuous succession of events that surged across Europe.» He felt the complexity of modern society and desired to study it. His sympathy for the popular cause was deep, and grew deeper with the years. On being graduated, Mr. Harrison taught for some years in the Working-Men's College, associated with such men as F. D. Maurice and Thomas Hughes. He also served on the Trades-Union Commission for three years. These positions brought him into touch with leading economists and humanitarians. Gradually the idea of teaching the principles of Positivism took possession of him; and having private fortune enough for independence, his chief aim for five-and-twenty years has been to do this work. This devotion to philosophic exposition leads him to disclaim any other profession. He asserts that he has never studied literature as an art, nor has he been a great reader, even in his historical studies, always preferring to talk with men and see things for the forming of an opinion. This trait and training give to Harrison's writing an incisive vigor that is marked.

By the time he was thirty-five, Mr. Harrison had come to an acceptance of the cardinal tenets of Comte: successively he was convinced of the truth of that French philosopher's views on history, education, society, politics, philosophy, and religion. The English disciple preaches the brotherhood of man, the Divineness of humanity, the hope of that altruistic immortality desired by George Eliot, which comes from living in the lives of those made better by our presence. This modern faith, so sharply opposed to all supernatural religious conceptions, finds few followers, as he frankly confesses. But he defends and expounds it in all honesty, and is never more trenchant and individual than when writing about it. A good example of his polemical power is the book in which he and Herbert Spencer took up a lance for their opposing religious views. The controversy appeared first in the Nineteenth Century in 1884, and the wide attention it attracted showed that the disputants were regarded as authoritative exponents of their respective creeds.

Mr. Harrison has translated Comte's ‹Social Statics.› In history his views are modern and liberal, while his style makes the expression of exceptional interest. Works in this field are,—‹The Meaning of History› (1862), ‹Oliver Cromwell› (1888), ‹Annals of an Old Manor-House› (1893), and ‹The Study of History› (1895). Other books are—‹Order and Progress› (1875), and ‹The Choice of Books, and Other Literary Pieces› (1886). The essay on ‹The Choice of Books› has always been popular, and is distinguished by a fine culture, independence of judgment, good sense, and happy presentation.

THE USE AND SELECTION OF BOOKS

From ‹The Choice of Books, and Other Literary Pieces›

It is most right that in the great republic of letters there should be freedom of intercourse and a spirit of equality. Every reader who holds a book in his hand is free of the inmost minds of men past and present; their lives both within and without the pale of their uttered thoughts are unveiled to him; he needs no introduction to the greatest; he stands on no ceremony with them; he may, if he be so minded, scribble «doggerel» on his Shelley, or he may kick Lord Byron, if he please, into a corner. He hears Burke perorate, and Johnson dogmatize, and Scott tell his border tales, and Wordsworth muse on the hillside, without the leave of any man or the payment of any toll. In the republic of letters there are no privileged orders or places reserved. Every man who has written a book, even the diligent Mr. Whitaker, is in one sense an author; «a book's a book although there's nothing in't;» and every man who can decipher a penny journal is in one sense a reader. And your «general reader,» like the grave-digger in Hamlet, is hail-fellow with all the mighty dead: he pats the skull of the jester, batters the cheek of lord, lady, or courtier, and uses «imperious Cæsar» to teach boys the Latin declensions.

But this noble equality of all writers—of all writers and of all readers—has a perilous side to it. It is apt to make us indiscriminate in the books we read, and somewhat contemptuous of the mighty men of the past. Men who are most observant as to the friends they make or the conversation they share, are carelessness itself as to the books to whom they intrust themselves and the printed language with which they saturate their minds. Yet can any friendship or society be more important to us than that of the books which form so large a part of our minds, and even of our characters? Do we in real life take any pleasant fellow to our homes and chat with some agreeable rascal by our firesides,—we who will take up any pleasant fellow's printed memoirs, we who delight in the agreeable rascal when he is cut up into pages and bound in calf?

If any person given to reading were honestly to keep a register of all the printed stuff that he or she consumes in a year,—all the idle tales of which the very names and the story are forgotten in a week, the bookmaker's prattle about nothing at so much a sheet, the fugitive trifling about silly things and empty people, the memoirs of the unmemorable, and lives of those who never really lived at all,—of what a mountain of rubbish would it be the catalogue! Exercises for the eye and the memory, as mechanical as if we set ourselves to learn the names, ages, and family histories of every one who lives in our street; the flirtations of their maiden aunts; and the circumstances surrounding the birth of their grandmother's first baby.

It is impossible to give any method to our reading till we get nerve enough to reject. The most exclusive and careful amongst us will (in literature) take boon companions out of the street, as easily as an idler in a tavern. «I came across such-and-such a book that I never heard mentioned,» says one, «and found it curious, though entirely worthless.»—«I strayed on a volume by I know not whom, on a subject for which I never cared.» And so on. There are curious and worthless creatures enough in any pot-house all day long; and there is incessant talk in omnibus, train, or street by we know not whom, about we care not what. Yet if a printer and a bookseller can be induced to make this gabble as immortal as print and publication can make it, then it straightway is literature, and in due time it becomes «curious.»

I have no intention to moralize or to indulge in a homily against the reading of what is deliberately evil. There is not so much need for this now, and I am not discoursing on the whole duty of man. I take that part of our reading which by itself is no doubt harmless, entertaining, and even gently instructive. But of this enormous mass of literature how much deserves to be chosen out, to be preferred to all the great books of the world, to be set apart for those precious hours which are all that the most of us can give to solid reading? The vast proportion of books are books that we shall never be able to read. A serious percentage of books are not worth reading at all. The really vital books for us we also know to be a very trifling portion of the whole. And yet we act as if every book were as good as any other, as if it were merely a question of order which we take up first, as if any book were good enough for us, and as if all were alike honorable, precious, and satisfying. Alas! books cannot be more than the men who write them; and as a fair proportion of the human race now write books, with motives and objects as various as human activity, books as books are entitled *à priori*, until their value is proved, to the same attention and respect as houses, steam-engines, pictures, fiddles, bonnets, and other products of human industry. In the shelves of those libraries which are our pride, libraries public or private, circulating or very stationary, are to be found those great books of the world *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*, those books which are truly «the precious life-blood of a master spirit.» But the very familiarity which their mighty fame has bred in us makes us indifferent; we grow weary of what every one is supposed to have read; and we take down something which looks a little eccentric, some worthless book, on the mere ground that we never heard of it before.

Thus the difficulties of literature are in their way as great as those of the world; the obstacles to finding the right friends are as great, the peril is as great of being lost in a Babel of voices and an ever-changing mass of beings. Books are not wiser than men; the true books are not easier to find than the true men; the bad books or the vulgar books are not less obtrusive and not less ubiquitous than the bad or vulgar men are everywhere; the art of right reading is as long and difficult to learn as the art of right living. Those who are on good terms with the first author they meet, run as much risk as men who surrender their time to the first passer in the street; for to be open to every book is for the most part to gain as little as possible from any. A man aimlessly wandering about in a crowded city is of all men the most lonely· so he who takes up only the books that he «comes across» is pretty certain to meet but few that are worth knowing.

Now this danger is one to which we are specially exposed in this age. Our high-pressure life of emergencies, our whirling industrial organization or disorganization, have brought us in this (as in most things) their peculiar difficulties and drawbacks. In almost everything, vast opportunities and gigantic means of multiplying our products bring with them new perils and troubles which are often at first neglected. Our huge cities, where wealth is piled up and the requirements and appliances of life extended beyond the dreams of our forefathers, seem to breed in themselves new forms of squalor, disease, blights, or risks to life, such as we are yet unable to master. So the enormous multiplicity of modern books is not altogether favorable to the knowing of the best. I listen with mixed satisfaction to the pæans that they chant over the works which issue from the press each day: how the books poured forth from Paternoster Row might in a few years be built into a pyramid that would fill the dome of St. Paul's. How in this mountain of literature am I to find the really useful book? How, when I have found it and found its value, am I to get others to read it? How am I to keep my head clear in the torrent and din of works, all of which distract my attention, most of which promise me something, whilst so few fulfill that promise? The Nile is the source of the Egyptian's bread, and without it he perishes of hunger. But the Nile may be rather too liberal in his flood, and then the Egyptian runs imminent risk of drowning.

And thus there never was a time, at least during the last two hundred years, when the difficulties in the way of making an efficient use of books were greater than they are to-day, when the obstacles were more real between readers and the right books to read, when it was practically so troublesome to find out that which it is of vital importance to know; and that not by the dearth, but by the plethora of printed matter. For it comes to nearly the same thing, whether we are actually debarred by physical impossibility from getting the right book into our hand, or whether we are choked off from the right book by the obtrusive crowd of the wrong books: so that it needs a strong character and a resolute system of reading to keep the head cool in the storm of literature around us. We read nowadays in the market-place; I should rather say in some large steam factory of letter-press, where damp sheets of new print whirl round us perpetually; if it be not rather some noisy book fair where literary showmen tempt us with performing dolls, and the gongs of rival booths are stunning our ears from morn till night. Contrast with this pandemonium of Leipsic and Paternoster Row the sublime picture of our Milton in his early retirement at Horton, when, musing over his coming flight to the epic heaven, practicing his pinions, as he tells Diodati, he consumed five years of solitude in reading the ancient writers—

«Et totum rapiunt me, mea vita, libri.»

Who now reads the ancient writers? Who systematically reads the great writers, be they ancient or modern, whom the consent of ages has marked out as classics: typical, immortal, peculiar teachers of our race? Alas! the ‘Paradise Lost’ is lost again to us beneath an inundation of graceful academic verse, sugary stanzas of ladylike prettiness, and ceaseless explanations in more or less readable prose of what John Milton meant or did not mean, or what he saw or did not see, who married his great-aunt, and why Adam or Satan is like that or unlike the other. We read a perfect library about the ‘Paradise Lost,’ but the ‘Paradise Lost’ itself we do not read.

I am not presumptuous enough to assert that the larger part of modern literature is not worth reading in itself, that the prose is not readable, entertaining, one may say highly instructive. Nor do I pretend that the verses which we read so zealously in place of Milton's are not good verses. On the contrary, I think them sweetly conceived, as musical and as graceful as the verse of any age in our history. A great deal of our modern literature is such that it is exceedingly difficult to resist it, and it is undeniable that it gives us real information. It seems perhaps unreasonable to many to assert that a decent readable book which gives us actual instruction can be otherwise than a useful companion and a solid gain. Possibly many people are ready to cry out upon me as an obscurantist for venturing to doubt a genial confidence in all literature simply as such. But the question which weighs upon me with such really crushing urgency is this:

What are the books that in our little remnant of reading-time it is most vital for us to know? For the true use of books is of such sacred value to us that to be simply entertained is to cease to be taught, elevated, inspired by books; merely to gather information of a chance kind is to close the mind to knowledge of the urgent kind.

Every book that we take up without a purpose is an opportunity lost of taking up a book with a purpose; every bit of stray information which we cram into our heads without any sense of its importance, is for the most part a bit of the most useful information driven out of our heads and choked off from our minds. It is so certain that information—*i. e.*, the knowledge, the stored thoughts and observations of mankind—is now grown to proportions so utterly incalculable and prodigious, that even the learned whose lives are given to study can but pick up some crumbs that fall from the table of truth. They delve and tend but a plot in that vast and teeming kingdom, whilst those whom active life leaves with but a few cramped hours of study can hardly come to know the very vastness of the field before them, or how infinitesimally small is the corner they can traverse at the best. We know all is not of equal value. We know that books differ in value as much as diamonds differ from the sand on the sea-shore, as much as our living friend differs from a dead rat. We know that much in the myriad-peopled world of books—very much in all kinds—is trivial, enervating, inane, even noxious. And thus, where we have infinite opportunities of wasting our efforts to no end, of fatiguing our minds without enriching them, of clogging the spirit without satisfying it,—there, I cannot but think, the very infinity of opportunities is robbing us of the actual power of using them. And thus I come often, in my less hopeful moods, to watch the remorseless cataract of daily literature which thunders over the remnants of the past, as if it were a fresh impediment to the men of our day in the way of systematic knowledge and consistent powers of thought; as if it were destined one day to overwhelm the great inheritance of mankind in prose and verse. . . .

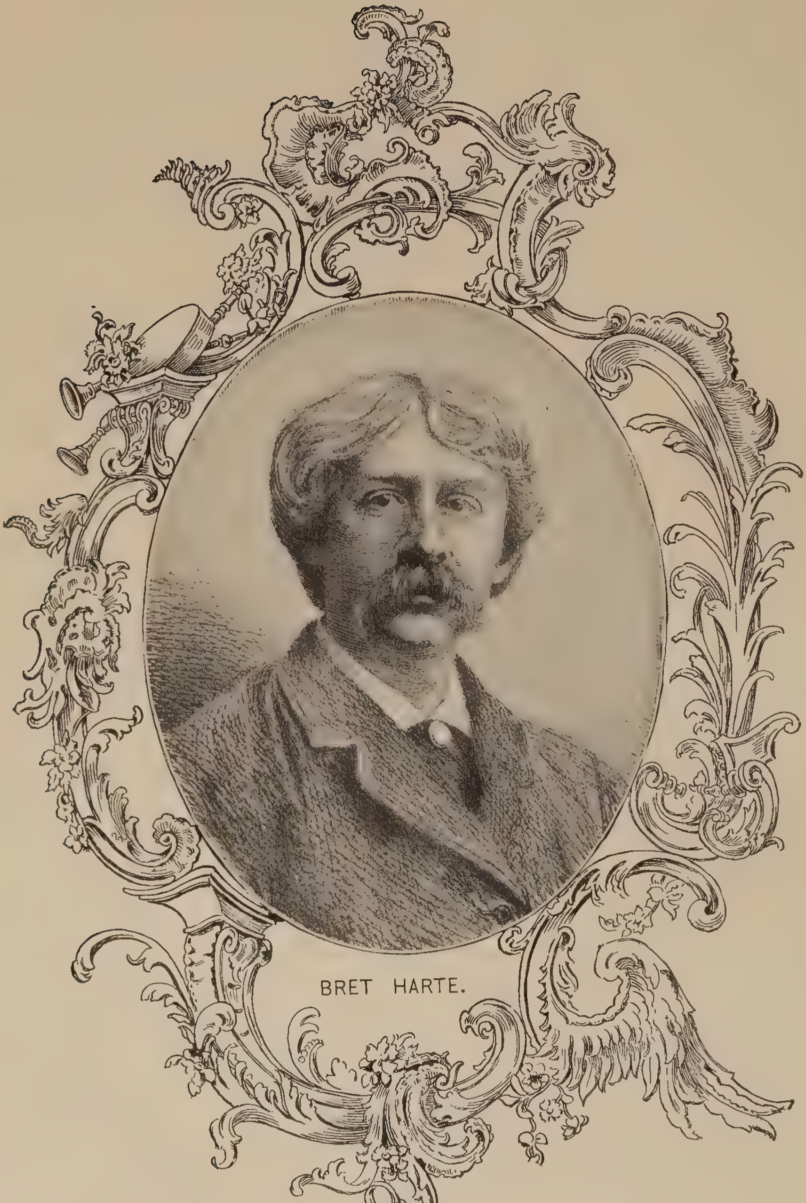
And so,—I say it most confidently,—the first intellectual task of our age is rightly to order and make serviceable the vast realm of printed material which four centuries have swept across our path. To organize our knowledge, to systematize our reading, to save out of the relentless cataract of ink the immortal thoughts of the greatest,—this is a necessity, unless the productive ingenuity of man is to lead us at last to a measureless and pathless chaos. To know anything that turns up is, in the infinity of knowledge, to know nothing. To read the first book we come across, in the wilderness of books, is to learn nothing. To turn over the pages of ten thousand volumes is to be practically indifferent to all that is good. . . .

But how are we to know the best; how are we to gain this definite idea of the vast world of letters? There are some who appear to suppose that the «best» are known only to experts in an esoteric way, who may reveal to inquirers what schoolboys and betting men describe as «tips.» There are no «tips» in literature; the «best» authors are never dark horses; we need no «crammers» and «coaches» to thrust us into the presence of the great writers of all time. «Crammers» will only lead us wrong. It is a thing far easier and more common than many imagine, to discover the best. It needs no research, no learning, and is only misguided by recondite information. The world has long ago closed the great assize of letters, and judged the first places everywhere. In such a matter the judgment of the world, guided and informed by a long succession of accomplished critics, is almost unerring. When some Zoïlus finds blemishes in Homer, and prefers, it may be, the work of some Apollonius of his own discovering, we only laugh. There may be doubts about the third and the fourth rank; but the first and the second are hardly open to discussion. The gates which lead to the Elysian Fields may slowly wheel back on their adamantine hinges to admit now and then some new and chosen modern. But the company of the masters of those who know, and in especial degree of the great poets, is a roll long closed and complete, and they who are of it hold ever peaceful converse together.

Hence we may find it a useful maxim that if our reading be utterly closed to the great poems of the world, there is something amiss with our reading. If you find Milton, Dante, Calderon, Goethe, so much «Hebrew-Greek» to you; if your Homer and Virgil, your Molière and Scott, rest year after year undisturbed on their shelves beside your school trigonometry and your old college text-books; if you have never opened the ‘Cid,’ the ‘Nibelungen,’ ‘Crusoe,’ and ‘Don Quixote’ since you were a boy, and are wont to leave the Bible and the ‘Imitation’ for some wet Sunday afternoon—know, friend, that your reading can do you little real good. Your mental digestion is ruined or sadly out of order. No doubt, to thousands of intelligent, educated men who call themselves readers, the reading through a canto of the 'Purgatorio' or a book of the 'Paradise Lost' is a task as irksome as it would be to decipher an ill-written manuscript in a language that is almost forgotten. But although we are not to be always reading epics, and are chiefly in the mood for slighter things, to be absolutely unable to read Milton or Dante with enjoyment is to be in a very bad way. Aristophanes, Theocritus, Boccaccio, Cervantes, Molière, are often as light as the driven foam; but they are not light enough for the general reader. Their humor is too bright and lovely for the groundlings. They are, alas! «classics,» somewhat apart from our every-day ways; they are not banal enough for us: and so for us they slumber «unknown in a long night,» just *because* they are immortal poets and are not scribblers of to-day.

When will men understand that the reading of great books is a faculty to be acquired, not a natural gift, at least not to those who are spoiled by our current education and habits of life? *Ceci tuera cela*, the last great poet might have said of the first circulating library. An insatiable appetite for new novels makes it as hard to read a masterpiece as it seems to a Parisian boulevardier to live in a quiet country. Until a man can truly enjoy a draught of clear water bubbling from a mountain-side, his taste is in an unwholesome state. And so he who finds the Heliconian spring insipid should look to the state of his nerves. Putting aside the iced air of the difficult mountain-tops of epic, tragedy, or psalm, there are some simple pieces which may serve as an unerring test of a healthy or a vicious taste for imaginative work. If the 'Cid,' the 'Vita Nuova,' the 'Canterbury Tales,' Shakespeare's 'Sonnets,' and 'Lycidas' pall on a man; if he care not for Malory's 'Morte d'Arthur' and the 'Red Cross Knight'; if he thinks 'Crusoe' and the 'Vicar' books for the young; if he thrill not with the 'Ode to the West Wind' and the 'Ode to a Grecian Urn'; if he have no stomach for 'Christabel' or the lines written on 'The Wye above Tintern Abbey,'—he should fall on his knees and pray for a cleanlier and quieter spirit.

The intellectual system of most of us in these days needs «to purge and to live cleanly.» Only by such a course of treatment shall we bring our minds to feel at peace with the grand pure works of the world. Something we ought all to know of the masterpieces of antiquity, and of the other nations of Europe. To understand a great national poet such as Dante, Calderon, Corneille, or Goethe, is to know other types of human civilization in ways which a library of histories does not sufficiently teach. The great masterpieces of the world are thus, quite apart from the charm and solace they give us, the master instruments of a solid education.



BRET HARTE.

BRET HARTE

(1839–)

BY WILLIAM HENRY HUDSON

Francis Bret Harte (from whose name, so far as pen purposes are concerned, the Francis was long since dropped) was born in Albany, New York, August 25th, 1839. After an ordinary school education he went in 1854 to California,—drawn thither, like so many other ambitious youths, by the gold excitement and the prospects of fortune. At first he tried his hand at teaching and mining, and had ample opportunity to study in close contact the wild frontier life which he was afterwards to portray. Unsuccessful in both lines of experiment, he presently entered a printing-office, and in 1857 was in San Francisco as compositor on the Golden Era. Unsigned sketches from his pen soon after this began to attract notice, and he was invited to join the staff of the Californian, to which he contributed a series of clever parodies on the styles and methods of famous contemporary writers of fiction, subsequently published in volume form under the title 'Condensed Novels.' Meanwhile, in 1864, Mr. Harte had been made secretary of the U. S. Branch Mint; and during his six-years' tenure of office he produced some of his best known poems, —'John Burns of Gettysburg,' 'The Pliocene Skull,' and 'The Society upon the Stanislaus' among the number. In 1868 the Overland Monthly was started, with Mr. Harte as editor. It was now that he began in a systematic way to work up the material furnished by his earlier frontier life. The first result was 'The Luck of Roaring Camp,' which upon its appearance in the second number of the magazine instantly made its mark, and was accepted as heralding the rise of a new star in the literary heavens. No other prose production of its author has enjoyed greater popularity, though as a work of art it will hardly bear comparison with such stories as 'Miggles,' 'Tennessee's Partner,' and 'The Outcasts of Poker Flat,' which followed in rapid succession, and the last-named of which is generally considered the most perfect of his works. In 1871 Mr. Harte settled in New York, and became a regular contributor to the Atlantic Monthly. In 1878 he was appointed United States consul in Crefeld, Germany, whence in 1880 he was removed to the more lucrative post in Glasgow. Since then he has resided abroad, principally in England, where his books have enjoyed wide popularity. His pen has remained active; but despite long absence from the land out of whose life his initial successes were wrought, he has continued for the most part to deal with the old California themes, remaining *facile princeps* in a field in which he now has many imitators. That he has ever done anything quite so good as his first group of stories and poems cannot be said, for he has undoubtedly paid the penalty of working an exhausted soil, and his later volumes are marked as a whole by the repetition of well-worn motives and by declining spontaneity and power. Hence it is by his earlier writings that he will always be known. Still, the average quality of his output has remained unusually high; and when the circumstances of its production are borne in mind, it may perhaps seem remarkable that it should have preserved so many traces of the writer's youthful freshness and vigor.

In estimating Mr. Harte's work, allowance has of course to be made for the fact that it was his rare good fortune to break new ground, and to become the first literary interpreter of a life which with its primitive breadth and freedom, its unconventionality and picturesqueness, its striking contrasts of circumstance and character, offered singular opportunities to the novelist. But appreciation of this point must not lead us to underrate the strength and certainty with which the chance of the moment was seized on and turned to use. In the last analysis the secret of Mr. Harte's success will be found to inhere not so much in the novelty of the people and incidents described, as in the sterling qualities of his own genius and art.

Among such qualities, those which perhaps most constantly impress the critical reader of his total work are his splendid dramatic instinct, his keen insight into character, his broad sympathy, and his subtle and pervasive humor. In his handling of certain of the more commonplace comic types, he frequently reveals the strong early influence of Dickens, whose familiar method is to be detected for instance in Sal, Mrs. Markle, and even Colonel Starbottle of 'Gabriel Conroy,' and of whom we are often unexpectedly reminded here and there in the author's more distinctive studies. But at his best, and in his own particular field,— in such characters as the gamblers Hamlin and Oakhurst, Tennessee's Partner, Kentuck, Miggles, M'liss, Olly, and many others, from his earlier stories especially,— Mr. Harte is altogether himself. Dealing for the most part with large, strongly marked, elemental types, as these develop and express themselves under conditions which give free play to instinct and passion, he does not indulge in lengthy analyses or detailed descriptions. His men and women are sketched with a few bold firm strokes, and are left to work out their own personalities in speech and deed; and yet, such is the skill with which this is accomplished that they stand out before us as creatures of real flesh and blood, whom we unquestioningly, even if sometimes against our cooler judgment, accept and believe in. Mr. Harte does not purposely soften the shadows in his pictures; the baseness and extravagance, the sin and wretchedness, of frontier life are frankly portrayed, as well as its rough chivalry and its crude romance. None the less, there can be little doubt that consciously or unconsciously he has contrived to throw an idealizing glamor over the fret and fever, the squalor and misery, of the mine and the camp, and that many of his most lifelike and successful characters are wrought in the imagination, though out of the stuff of fact. His place is emphatically not among the realists, realistic as much of his work undoubtedly is; for the shaping power of dramatic genius molds and fashions the raw material furnished by experience and observation. That — to take a single example — the reprobate Hamlin had no counterpart or original in actual life, is altogether improbable; yet it is certain that in the picture as we have it, much, perhaps very much, is attributable to the cunning and delicacy of the artist's hand. Thus what he gives us is something very different from a photograph. But it is just here that we touch upon what is perhaps one of the finest qualities of his work,— a quality not to be separated from his tendency towards idealization. Rarely falling into the didactic, and dwelling habitually upon life's unexplained and inexplicable tragic complexities, he nevertheless suffuses his stories with an atmosphere of charity, eminently clear, sweet, and wholesome. His characteristic men and women, products of rude conditions, are generally rough and often positively vicious; but he succeeds in convincing his readers of their common humanity, and in showing the keen responsiveness to nobler influences still possessed by hearts which, superficially considered, might well seem hopelessly callous and dead. And he does this simply and naturally, without maudlin sentiment or forced rhetoric — without, in a word, playing to the gallery.

The weakness of Mr. Harte's writing is closely connected with some of its main elements of strength. A master of condensed and rapid narration, he has produced many stories which are too episodical in character and sketchy in method to be completely satisfactory from the artistic point of view; while in his desire to achieve terseness, he occasionally sacrifices clearness of plot. This is particularly the case with his more ambitious efforts, especially with his long novel ‘Gabriel Conroy,’ an elaborate study of the culture conditions of early California civilization. The book has many admirable points. It abounds in memorable descriptions, vivid and humorous character sketches, and separate scenes of remarkable power. But it lacks wholeness, proportion, lucidity. It is a bundle of episodes, and these episodes do not hang together; its plot is unduly intricate; while the conduct of the story everywhere shows the author's inability to hold in hand and weave into definite pattern the multitudinous threads indispensable to his design. Undoubtedly written under the influence of the huge novels of Dickens, the contrast that it presents on the structural side with such an orderly and well-sustained work as 'Bleak House' is almost painful.

As a writer of verse Mr. Harte is unequal. Some of his humorous poetry is too racy and original to be lost; much on the other hand is too temporary and extravagant to find an abiding place in literature. His best verse, artistically considered, is perhaps to be sought in his wonderfully dramatic monologues in dialect. 'Jim' and 'In the Tunnel' are masterpieces of this kind; while 'Plain Language from Truthful James' (currently known as 'The Heathen Chinee'), though it owed much of its original vogue to local and accidental circumstances, must remain secure of a distinct place in American verse.

William Henry Hudson

The following poems are all taken from 'The Poetical Works of Bret Harte,' copyright 1882 by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, and are reprinted by special arrangement with the publishers.

JIM

SAY there! P'r'aps
Some on you chaps
Might know Jim Wild?
Well,—no offense:
Thar ain't no sense
In gittin' riled!

Jim was my chum
Up on the Bar:
That's why I come
Down from up yar,
Lookin' for Jim.
Thank ye, sir! *You*
Ain't of that crew,—
Blest if you are!

Money? Not much:
That ain't my kind:

I ain't no such.
   Rum?—I don't mind,
Seein' it's you.

Well, this yer Jim,
Did you know him?—
Jess 'bout your size;
Same kind of eyes;—
Well, that is strange:
   Why, it's two year
   Since he came here,
Sick, for a change.

Well, here's to us:
      Eh?
The h— you say!
      Dead?
That little cuss?

What makes you star',
You over thar?
Can't a man drop
'S glass in yer shop
But you must rar'?
   It wouldn't take
   D— much to break
You and your bar.

      Dead!
Poor—little—Jim!
  Why, thar was me,
  Jones, and Bob Lee,
  Harry and Ben,—
  No-account men:
Then to take *him!*

Well, thar, good-by—
No more, sir—I—
      Eh?
What's that you say?
Why, dern it!—sho!—
No? Yes! By Joe!
      Sold!
Sold! Why, you limb,
You ornery,
      Derned old
Long-legged Jim!

DOW'S FLAT

(1856)

Dow's Flat. That's its name;
And I reckon that you
Are a stranger? The same?
Well, I thought it was true,—
For thar isn't a man on the river as can't spot the place at first view.

It was called after Dow,
Which the same was an ass;
And as to the how
Thet the thing kem to pass,—
Jest tie up your hoss to that buckeye, and sit ye down here in the grass.

You see this yer Dow
Hed the worst kind of luck;
He slipped up somehow
On each thing thet he struck.
Why, ef he'd a-straddled thet fence-rail, the derned thing 'ud get up and buck.

He mined on the bar
Till he couldn't pay rates;
He was smashed by a car
When he tunneled with Bates;
And right on the top of his trouble kem his wife and five kids from the States.

It was rough, mighty rough;
But the boys they stood by,
And they brought him the stuff
For a house, on the sly;
And the old woman,—well, she did washing, and took on when no one was nigh.

But this yer luck of Dow's
Was so powerful mean
That the spring near his house
Dried right up on the green;
And he sunk forty feet down for water, but nary a drop to be seen.

Then the bar petered out,
And the boys wouldn't stay;

And the chills got about,
And his wife fell away;
But Dow in his well kept a-peggin' in his usual ridikilous way.

One day—it was June,
And a year ago, jest—
This Dow kem at noon
To his work like the rest,
With a shovel and pick on his shoulder, and a derringer hid in his breast.

He goes to the well,
And he stands on the brink,
And stops for a spell
Jest to listen and think:
For the sun in his eyes (jest like this, sir!), you see, kinder made the cuss blink.

His two ragged gals
In the gulch were at play,
And a gownd that was Sal's
Kinder flapped on a bay:
Not much for a man to be leavin', but his all,—as I've heer'd the folks say.

And— That's a peart hoss
Thet you've got, ain't it now?
What might be her cost?
Eh? Oh!— Well, then, Dow—
Let's see,—well, that forty-foot grave wasn't his, sir, that day, anyhow.

For a blow of his pick
Sorter caved in the side,
And he looked and turned sick,
Then he trembled and cried.
For you see the dern cuss had struck—«Water?» Beg your parding, young man,—there you lied!

It was *gold*,—in the quartz,
And it ran all alike;
And I reckon five oughts
Was the worth of that strike;
And that house with the coopilow's his'n,—which the same isn't bad for a Pike.

Thet's why it's Dow's Flat;
And the thing of it is

That he kinder got that
Through sheer contrairiness:
For 'twas *water* the derned cuss was seekin', and his luck made him certain to miss.

Thet's so! Thar's your way,
To the left of yon tree;
But—a—look h'yur, say?
Won't you come up to tea?
No? Well then, the next time you're passin'; and ask after Dow—and thet's *me*.

IN THE TUNNEL

Didn't know Flynn,—
Flynn of Virginia,—
Long as he's been yar?
Look'ee here, stranger,
Whar *hev* you been?

Here in this tunnel
He was my pardner,
That same Tom Flynn,—
Working together,
In wind and weather,
Day out and in.

Didn't know Flynn!
Well, that *is* queer;
Why, it's a sin
To think of Tom Flynn,—
Tom with his cheer,
Tom without fear,—
Stranger, look yar!

Thar in the drift,
Back to the wall,
He held the timbers
Ready to fall;
Then in the darkness
I heard him call:
«Run for your life, Jake!
Run for your wife's sake!
Don't wait for me.»

And that was all
   Heard in the din,
   Heard of Tom Flynn,—
Flynn of Virginia.

That's all about
   Flynn of Virginia.
That lets me out.
   Here in the damp,
Out of the sun,
   That 'ar derned lamp
Makes my eyes run.
Well, there,—I'm done!

But, sir, when you'll
Hear the next fool
   Asking of Flynn,
Flynn of Virginia,
   Just you chip in,
   Say you knew Flynn;
Say that you've been yar.

THE SOCIETY UPON THE STANISLAUS

I RESIDE at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James;
I am not up to small deceit or any sinful games;
And I'll tell in simple language what I know about the row
That broke up our Society upon the Stanislow.

But first I would remark that it is not a proper plan
For any scientific gent to whale his fellow-man,
And if a member don't agree with his peculiar whim,
To lay for that same member for to «put a head» on him.

Now, nothing could be finer or more beautiful to see
Than the first six months' proceedings of that same Society,
Till Brown of Calaveras brought a lot of fossil bones
That he found within a tunnel near the tenement of Jones.

Then Brown he read a paper, and he reconstructed there,
From those same bones, an animal that was extremely rare;
And Jones then asked the Chair for a suspension of the rules,
Till he could prove that those same bones was one of his lost mules.

Then Brown he smiled a bitter smile, and said he was at fault,—
It seemed he had been trespassing on Jones's family vault.
He was a most sarcastic man, this quiet Mr. Brown,
And on several occasions he had cleaned out the town.

Now, I hold it is not decent for a scientific gent
To say another is an ass,—at least, to all intent;
Nor should the individual who happens to be meant
Reply by heaving rocks at him, to any great extent.

Then Abner Dean of Angel's raised a point of order, when
A chunk of old red sandstone took him in the abdomen,
And he smiled a kind of sickly smile, and curled up on the floor,
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.

For in less time than I write it, every member did engage
In a warfare with the remnants of a palæozoic age;
And the way they heaved those fossils in their anger was a sin,
Till the skull of an old mammoth caved the head of Thompson in.

And this is all I have to say of these improper games,
For I live at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James;
And I've told in simple language what I knew about the row
That broke up our Society upon the Stanislow.

THOMPSON OF ANGEL'S

It is the story of Thompson—of Thompson, the hero of Angel's.
Frequently drunk was Thompson, but always polite to the stranger;
Light and free was the touch of Thompson upon his revolver;
Great the mortality incident on that lightness and freedom.

Yet not happy or gay was Thompson, the hero of Angel's;
Often spoke to himself in accents of anguish and sorrow:—
«Why do I make the graves of the frivolous youth who in folly
Thoughtlessly pass my revolver, forgetting its lightness and freedom?

«Why in my daily walks does the surgeon drop his left eyelid,
The undertaker smile, and the sculptor of gravestone marbles
Lean on his chisel and gaze? I care not o'ermuch for attention;
Simple am I in my ways, save for this lightness and freedom.»

So spake that pensive man—this Thompson, the hero of Angel's;
Bitterly smiled to himself, as he strode through the chapparal musing.

«Why, O why?» echoed the pines in the dark-olive depth far resounding.
«Why, indeed?» whispered the sage-brush that bent 'neath his feet non-elastic.

Pleasant indeed was that morn that dawned o'er the bar-room at Angel's,
Where in their manhood's prime was gathered the pride of the hamlet.
Six «took sugar in theirs,» and nine to the barkeeper lightly
Smiled as they said, «Well, Jim, you can give us our regular fusil.»

Suddenly as the gray hawk swoops down on the barn-yard, alighting
Where, pensively picking their corn, the favorite pullets are gathered,
So in that festive bar-room dropped Thompson, the hero of Angel's,
Grasping his weapon dread with his pristine lightness and freedom.

Never a word he spoke; divesting himself of his garments,
Danced the war-dance of the playful yet truculent Modoc,
Uttered a single whoop, and then in the accents of challenge
Spake, «Oh, behold in me a Crested Jay Hawk of the mountain.»

Then rose a pallid man — a man sick with fever and ague;
Small was he, and his step was tremulous, weak, and uncertain;
Slowly a Derringer drew, and covered the person of Thompson;
Said in his feeblest pipe, «I'm a Bald-headed Snipe of the Valley.»

As on its native plains the kangaroo, startled by hunters,
Leaps with successive bounds, and hurries away to the thickets,
So leaped the Crested Hawk, and quietly hopping behind him
Ran, and occasionally shot, that Bald-headed Snipe of the Valley.

Vain at the festive bar still lingered the people of Angel's,
Hearing afar in the woods the petulant pop of the pistol;
Never again returned the Crested Jay Hawk of the mountains,
Never again was seen the Bald-headed Snipe of the Valley.

Yet in the hamlet of Angel's, when truculent speeches are uttered,
When bloodshed and life alone will atone for some trifling misstatement,
Maidens and men in their prime recall the last hero of Angel's,
Think of and vainly regret the Bald-headed Snipe of the Valley!

PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM TRUTHFUL JAMES

Table Mountain

Which I wish to remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name;
And I shall not deny,
In regard to the same,
What that name might imply;
But his smile it was pensive and childlike,
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third,
And quite soft was the skies;
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sin was likewise;
Yet he played it that day upon William
And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand;
It was euchre: the same
He did not understand;
But he smiled as he sat by the table
With a smile that was childlike and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
In a way that I grieve,
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve,
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinee,
And the points that he made,
Were quite frightful to see—
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me;
And he rose with a sigh,
And said, «Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor—»
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand,
But the floor it was strewed
Like the leaves on the strand
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,
In the game «he did not understand.»

In his sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-four packs,—
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts;
And we found on his nails, which were taper,
What is frequent in tapers—that's wax.

Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar—
Which the same I am free to maintain.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

ON A CONE OF THE BIG TREES

(SEQUOIA GIGANTEA)

BROWN foundling of the Western wood,
Babe of primeval wildernesses!
Long on my table thou hast stood
Encounters strange and rude caresses;
Perchance contented with thy lot,
Surroundings new and curious faces,
As though ten centuries were not
Imprisoned in thy shining cases.

Thou bring'st me back the halcyon days
Of grateful rest, the week of leisure,

The journey lapped in autumn haze,
   The sweet fatigue that seemed a pleasure,
The morning ride, the noonday halt,
   The blazing slopes, the red dust rising,
And then the dim, brown, columned vault,
   With its cool, damp, sepulchral spicing.

Once more I see the rocking masts
   That scrape the sky, their only tenant
The jay-bird, that in frolic casts
   From some high yard his broad blue pennant.
I see the Indian files that keep
   Their places in the dusty heather,
Their red trunks standing ankle-deep
   In moccasins of rusty leather.

I see all this, and marvel much
   That thou, sweet woodland waif, art able
To keep the company of such
   As throng thy friend's the poet's table:
The latest spawn the press hath cast,—
   The «modern Popes,» «the later Byrons,»—
Why, e'en the best may not outlast
   Thy poor relation *Sempervirens!*

Thy sire saw the light that shone
   On Mohammed's uplifted crescent,
On many a royal gilded throne
   And deed forgotten in the present;
He saw the age of sacred trees
   And Druid groves and mystic larches;
And saw from forest domes like these
   The builder bring his Gothic arches.

And must thou, foundling, still forego
   Thy heritage and high ambition,
To lie full lowly and full low,
   Adjusted to thy new condition?
Not hidden in the drifted snows,
   But under ink-drops idly spattered,
And leaves ephemeral as those
   That on thy woodland tomb were scattered?

DICKENS IN CAMP

Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
The river sang below;
The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humor, painted
The ruddy tints of health
On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted
In the fierce race for wealth;

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
A hoarded volume drew,
And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure
To hear the tale anew.

And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,
And as the firelight fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the Master
Had writ of «Little Nell.»

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy,—for the reader
Was youngest of them all,—
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
A silence seemed to fall;

The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
Listened in every spray,
While the whole camp, with «Nell» on English meadows
Wandered and lost their way.

And so in mountain solitudes, o'ertaken
As by some spell divine,
Their cares dropped from them like the needles shaken
From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp and wasted all its fire:
And he who wrought that spell?
Ah! towering pine and stately Kentish spire,
Ye have one tale to tell!

Lost is that camp; but let its fragrant story
Blend with the breath that thrills
With hop-vine's incense all the pensive glory
That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English oak and holly
And laurel wreaths entwine,
Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly,—
This spray of Western pine!

AN HEIRESS OF RED DOG

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THE first intimation given of the eccentricity of the testator was, I think, in the spring of 1854. He was at that time in possession of a considerable property, heavily mortgaged to one friend, and a wife of some attraction, on whose affections another friend held an incumbering lien. One day it was found that he had secretly dug, or caused to be dug, a deep trap before the front door of his dwelling, into which a few friends in the course of the evening casually and familiarly dropped. This circumstance, slight in itself, seemed to point to the existence of a certain humor in the man, which might eventually get into literature; although his wife's lover—a man of quick discernment, whose leg was broken by the fall—took other views. It was some weeks later that while dining with certain other friends of his wife, he excused himself from the table, to quietly reappear at the front window with a three-quarter-inch hydraulic pipe, and a stream of water projected at the assembled company. An attempt was made to take public cognizance of this; but a majority of the citizens of Red Dog who were not at dinner decided that a man had a right to choose his own methods of diverting his company. Nevertheless, there were some hints of his insanity: his wife recalled other acts clearly attributable to dementia; the crippled lover argued from his own experience that the integrity of her limbs could only be secured by leaving her husband's house; and the mortgagee, fearing a further damage to his property, foreclosed. But here the cause of all this anxiety took matters into his own hands and disappeared.

When we next heard from him, he had in some mysterious way been relieved alike of his wife and property and was living alone at Rockville, fifty miles away, and editing a newspaper. But that originality he had displayed when dealing with the problems of his own private life, when applied to politics in the columns of The Rockville Vanguard was singularly unsuccessful. An amusing exaggeration, purporting to be an exact account of the manner in which the opposing candidate had murdered his Chinese laundryman, was, I regret to say, answered only by assault and battery. A gratuitous and purely imaginative description of a great religious revival in Calaveras, in which the sheriff of the county — a notoriously profane skeptic — was alleged to have been the chief exhorter, resulted only in the withdrawal of the county advertising from the paper. In the midst of this practical confusion he suddenly died. It was then discovered, as a crowning proof of his absurdity, that he had left a will, bequeathing his entire effects to a freckle-faced maid-servant at the Rockville Hotel. But that absurdity became serious when it was also discovered that among these effects were a thousand shares in the Rising Sun Mining Company, which a day or two after his demise, and while people were still laughing at his grotesque benefaction, suddenly sprang into opulence and celebrity. Three millions of dollars was roughly estimated as the value of the estate thus wantonly sacrificed. For it is only fair to state, as a just tribute to the enterprise and energy of that young and thriving settlement, that there was not probably a single citizen who did not feel himself better able to control the deceased humorist's property. Some had expressed a doubt of their ability to support a family; others had felt perhaps too keenly the deep responsibility resting upon them when chosen from the panel as jurors, and had evaded their public duties; a few had declined office and a low salary: but no one shrank from the possibility of having been called upon to assume the functions of Peggy Moffat the heiress.

The will was contested, — first by the widow, who it now appeared had never been legally divorced from the deceased; next by four of his cousins, who awoke, only too late, to a consciousness of his moral and pecuniary worth. But the humble legatee — a singularly plain, unpretending, uneducated Western girl — exhibited a dogged pertinacity in claiming her rights. She rejected all compromises. A rough sense of justice in the community, while doubting her ability to take care of the whole fortune, suggested that she ought to be content with three hundred thousand dollars. "She's bound to throw even *that* away on some derned skunk of a man, natoorally; but three millions is too much to give a chap for makin' her onhappy. It's offerin' a temptation to cussedness." The only opposing voice to this counsel came from the sardonic lips of Mr. Jack Hamlin. "Suppose," suggested that gentleman, turning abruptly on the speaker, "suppose, when you won twenty thousand dollars of me last Friday night — suppose that instead of handing you over the money as I did — suppose I'd got up on my hind legs and said, 'Look yer, Bill Wethersbee, you're a d—d fool. If I give ye that twenty thousand you'll throw it away in the first skin game in 'Frisco, and hand it over to the first short card-sharp you'll meet. There's a thousand,— enough for you to fling away,— take it and get!' Suppose what I'd said to you was the frozen truth, and you knowed it, would that have been the square thing to play on you?" But here Wethersbee quickly pointed out the inefficiency of the comparison by stating that *he* had won the money fairly with a *stake.* "And how do you know," demanded Hamlin savagely, bending his black eyes on the astonished casuist, "how do you know that the gal hezn't put down a stake?" The man stammered an unintelligible reply. The gambler laid his white hand on Wetherbee's shoulder. "Look yer, old man," he said, "every gal stakes her *whole* pile,— you can bet your life on that,— whatever's her little game. If she took to keerds instead of her feelings, if she'd put up chips instead o' body and soul, she'd burst every bank 'twixt this and 'Frisco! You hear me?"

Somewhat of this idea was conveyed, I fear not quite as sentimentally, to Peggy Moffat herself. The best legal wisdom of San Francisco, retained by the widow and relatives, took occasion, in a private interview with Peggy, to point out that she stood in the quasi-criminal attitude of having unlawfully practiced upon the affections of an insane elderly gentleman, with a view of getting possession of his property; and suggested to her that no vestige of her moral character would remain after the trial, if she persisted in forcing her claims to that issue. It is said that Peggy, on hearing this, stopped washing the plate she had in her hands, and twisting the towel around her fingers, fixed her small pale blue eyes at the lawyer.

"And ez that the kind o' chirpin' these critters keep up?"

"I regret to say, my dear young lady," responded the lawyer, "that the world is censorious. I must add," he continued, with engaging frankness, "that we professional lawyers are apt to study the opinion of the world, and that such will be the theory of — our side.»

«Then,» said Peggy stoutly, «ez I allow I've got to go into court to defend my character, I might as well pack in them three millions too.»

There is hearsay evidence that Peg added to this speech a wish and desire to «bust the crust» of her traducers, and remarking that «that was the kind of hair-pin» she was, closed the conversation with an unfortunate accident to the plate, that left a severe contusion on the legal brow of her companion. But this story, popular in the bar-rooms and gulches, lacked confirmation in higher circles. Better authenticated was the legend related of an interview with her own lawyer. That gentleman had pointed out to her the advantage of being able to show some reasonable cause for the singular generosity of the testator.

«Although,» he continued, «the law does not go back of the will for reason or cause for its provisions, it would be a strong point with the judge and jury, particularly if the theory of insanity were set up, for us to show that the act was logical and natural. Of course you have — I speak confidently, Miss Moffat — certain ideas of your own why the late Mr. Byways was so singularly generous to you?»

«No, I haven't,» said Peg decidedly.

«Think again. Had he not expressed to you — you understand that this is confidential between us, although I protest, my dear young lady, that I see no reason why it should not be made public — had he not given utterance to sentiments of a nature consistent with some future matrimonial relations?» But here Miss Peg's large mouth, which had been slowly relaxing over her irregular teeth, stopped him.

«If you mean he wanted to marry me — no!»

«I see. But were there any conditions — of course you know the law takes no cognizance of any not expressed in the will; but still, for the sake of mere corroboration of the bequest, do you know of any conditions on which he gave you the property?»

«You mean did he want anything in return?»

«Exactly, my dear young lady.»

Peg's face on one side turned a deep magenta color, on the other a lighter cherry, while her nose was purple and her forehead an Indian red. To add to the effect of this awkward and discomposing dramatic exhibition of embarrassment, she began to wipe her hands on her dress, and sat silent.

«I understand,» said the lawyer hastily. «No matter; the conditions *were* fulfilled — »

«No!» said Peg amazedly. «How could they be until he was dead?»

It was the lawyer's turn to color and grow embarrassed.

«He *did* say something, and make some conditions,» continued Peg, with a certain firmness through her awkwardness; «but that's nobody's business but mine and his'n. And it's no call o' yours or theirs.»

«But, my dear Miss Moffat, if these very conditions were proofs of his right mind, you surely would not object to make them known, if only to enable you to put yourself in a condition to carry them out.»

«But,» said Peg cunningly, «s'pose you and the court didn't think 'em satisfactory? S'pose you thought 'em *queer?* Eh?»

With this helpless limitation on the part of the defense, the case came to trial. Everybody remembers it,—how for six weeks it was the daily food of Calaveras County; how for six weeks the intellectual and moral and spiritual competency of Mr. James Byways to dispose of his property was discussed with learned and formal obscurity in the court, and with unlettered and independent prejudice by camp-fires and in bar-rooms. At the end of that time, when it was logically established that at least nine-tenths of the population of Calaveras were harmless lunatics, and everybody else's reason seemed to totter on its throne, an exhausted jury succumbed one day to the presence of Peg in the court-room. It was not a prepossessing presence at any time; but the excitement, and an injudicious attempt to ornament herself, brought her defects into a glaring relief that was almost unreal. Every freckle on her face stood out and asserted itself singly; her pale blue eyes, that gave no indication of her force of character, were weak and wandering, or stared blankly at the judge; her over-sized head, broad at the base, terminating in the scantiest possible light-colored braid in the middle of her narrow shoulders, was as hard and uninteresting as the wooden spheres that topped the railing against which she sat. The jury, who for six weeks had had her described to them by the plaintiffs as an arch, wily enchantress, who had sapped the failing reason of Jim Byways, revolted to a man. There was something so appallingly gratuitous in her plainness, that it was felt that three millions was scarcely a compensation for it. « Ef that money was give to her, she earned it *sure*, boys; it wasn't no softness of the old man,» said the foreman. When the jury retired, it was felt that she had cleared her character; when they re-entered the room with their verdict, it was known that she had been awarded three millions damages for its defamation.

She got the money. But those who had confidently expected to see her squander it were disappointed: on the contrary, it was presently whispered that she was exceeding penurious. That admirable woman Mrs. Stiver of Red Dog, who accompanied her to San Francisco to assist her in making purchases, was loud in her indignation. « She cares more for two bits* than I do for five dollars. She wouldn't buy anything at the ‹ City of Paris › because it was ‹ too expensive, › and at last rigged herself out a perfect guy at some cheap slop-shops in Market Street. And after all the care Jane and me took of her, giving up our time and experience to her, she never so much as made Jane a single present.» Popular opinion, which regarded Mrs. Stiver's attention as purely speculative, was not shocked at this unprofitable denouement; but when Peg refused to give anything to clear the mortgage off the new Presbyterian church, and even declined to take shares in the Union Ditch, considered by many as an equally sacred and safe investment, she began to lose favor. Nevertheless, she seemed to be as regardless of public opinion as she had been before the trial; took a small house, in which she lived with an old woman who had once been a fellow-servant, on apparently terms of perfect equality, and looked after her money. I wish I could say that she did this discreetly; but the fact is, she blundered. The same dogged persistency she had displayed in claiming her rights was visible in her unsuccessful ventures. She sunk two hundred thousand dollars in a worn-out shaft originally projected by the deceased testator; she prolonged the miserable existence of The Rockville Vanguard long after it had ceased to interest even its enemies; she kept the doors of the Rockville Hotel open when its custom had departed; she lost the co-operation and favor of a fellow capitalist through a trifling misunderstanding in which she was derelict and impenitent; she had three lawsuits on her hands that could have been settled for a trifle. I note these defects to show that she was by no means a heroine. I quote her affair with Jack Folinsbee to show she was scarcely the average woman.

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* Twenty-five cents.

That handsome, graceless vagabond had struck the outskirts of Red Dog in a cyclone of dissipation, which left him a stranded but still rather interesting wreck in a ruinous cabin not far from Peg Moffat's virgin bower. Pale, crippled from excesses, with a voice quite tremulous from sympathetic emotion more or less developed by stimulants, he lingered languidly, with much time on his hands and only a few neighbors. In this fascinating kind of general *déshabille* of morals, dress, and the emotions, he appeared before Peg Moffat. More than that, he occasionally limped with her through the settlement. The critical eye of Red Dog took in the singular pair,—Jack voluble, suffering, apparently overcome by remorse, conscience, vituperation, and disease, and Peg open-mouthed, high-colored, awkward, yet delighted; and the critical eye of Red Dog, seeing this, winked meaningly at Rockville. No one knew what passed between them; but all observed that one summer day Jack drove down the main street of Red Dog in an open buggy, with the heiress of that town beside him. Jack, albeit a trifle shaky, held the reins with something of his old dash; and Mistress Peggy, in an enormous bonnet with pearl-colored ribbons a shade darker than her hair, holding in her short, pink-gloved fingers a bouquet of yellow roses, absolutely glowed crimson in distressful gratification over the dashboard. So these two fared on, out of the busy settlement, into the woods, against the rosy sunset. Possibly it was not a pretty picture: nevertheless, as the dim aisles of the solemn pines opened to receive them, miners leaned upon their spades, and mechanics stopped in their toil to look after them. The critical eye of Red Dog, perhaps from the sun, perhaps from the fact that it had itself once been young and dissipated, took on a kindly moisture as it gazed.

The moon was high when they returned. Those who had waited to congratulate Jack on this near prospect of a favorable change in his fortunes were chagrined to find that having seen the lady safe home, he had himself departed from Red Dog. Nothing was to be gained from Peg, who on the next day and ensuing days kept the even tenor of her way, sunk a thousand or two more in unsuccessful speculation, and made no change in her habits of personal economy. Weeks passed without any apparent sequel to this romantic idyl. Nothing was known definitely until Jack a month later turned up in Sacramento, with a billiard cue in his hand, and a heart overcharged with indignant emotion.

«I don't mind saying to you gentlemen in confidence,» said Jack to a circle of sympathizing players,—«I don't mind telling you regarding this thing, that I was as soft on that freckle-faced, red-eyed, tallow-haired gal as if she'd been—a—a—an actress. And I don't mind saying, gentlemen, that as far as I understand women, she was just as soft on me. You kin laugh; but it's so. One day I took her out buggy-riding,—in style too,—and out on the road I offered to do the square thing, just as if she'd been a lady,—offered to marry her then and there. And what did she do?» said Jack with a hysterical laugh. «Why, blank it all! *offered me twenty-five dollars a week allowance—pay to be stopped when I wasn't at home!*» The roar of laughter that greeted this frank confession was broken by a quiet voice asking, «And what did *you* say?» «Say?» screamed Jack, «I just told her to go to —— with her money.» «They say,» continued the quiet voice, «that you asked her for the loan of two hundred and fifty dollars to get you to Sacramento—and that you got it.» «Who says so?» roared Jack. «Show me the blank liar.» There was a dead silence. Then the possessor of the quiet voice, Mr. Jack Hamlin, languidly reached under the table, took the chalk, and rubbing the end of his billiard cue began with gentle gravity: «It was an old friend of mine in Sacramento, a man with a wooden leg, a game eye, three fingers on his right hand, and a consumptive cough. Being unable, naturally, to back himself, he leaves things to me. So, for the sake of argument,» continued Hamlin, suddenly laying down his cue and fixing his wicked black eyes on the speaker, «say it's *me!*»

I am afraid that this story, whether truthful or not, did not tend to increase Peg's popularity in a community where recklessness and generosity condoned for the absence of all the other virtues; and it is possible also that Red Dog was no more free from prejudice than other more civilized but equally disappointed match-makers. Likewise, during the following year she made several more foolish ventures and lost heavily. In fact, a feverish desire to increase her store at almost any risk seemed to possess her. At last it was announced that she intended to reopen the infelix Rockville Hotel, and keep it herself. Wild as this scheme appeared in theory, when put into practical operation there seemed to be some chance of success. Much doubtless was owing to her practical knowledge of hotel-keeping, but more to her rigid economy and untiring industry. The mistress of millions, she cooked, washed, waited on table, made the beds, and labored like a common menial. Visitors were attracted by this novel spectacle. The income of the house increased as their respect for the hostess lessened. No anecdote of her avarice was too extravagant for current belief. It was even alleged that she had been known to carry the luggage of guests to their rooms, that she might anticipate the usual porter's gratuity. She denied herself the ordinary necessaries of life. She was poorly clad, she was ill-fed — but the hotel was making money.

A few hinted of insanity; others shook their heads, and said a curse was entailed on the property. It was believed also from her appearance that she could not long survive this tax on her energies, and already there was discussion as to the probable final disposition of her property.

It was the particular fortune of Mr. Jack Hamlin to be able to set the world right on this and other questions regarding her.

A stormy December evening had set in when he chanced to be a guest of the Rockville Hotel. He had during the past week been engaged in the prosecution of his noble profession at Red Dog, and had in the graphic language of a coadjutor «cleared out the town, except his fare in the pockets of the stage-driver.» The Red Dog Standard had bewailed his departure in playful obituary verse, beginning, «Dearest Johnny, thou hast left us,» wherein the rhymes «bereft us» and «deplore» carried a vague allusion to «a thousand dollars more.» A quiet contentment naturally suffused his personality, and he was more than usually lazy and deliberate in his speech. At midnight, when he was about to retire, he was a little surprised however by a tap on his door, followed by the presence of Mistress Peg Moffat, heiress, and landlady of Rockville Hotel.

Mr. Hamlin, despite his previous defense of Peg, had no liking for her. His fastidious taste rejected her uncomeliness; his habits of thought and life were all antagonistic to what he had heard of her niggardliness and greed. As she stood there in a dirty calico wrapper, still redolent with the day's *cuisine*, crimson with embarrassment and the recent heat of the kitchen range, she certainly was not an alluring apparition. Happily for the lateness of the hour, her loneliness, and the infelix reputation of the man before her, she was at least a safe one. And I fear the very consciousness of this scarcely relieved her embarrassment.

«I wanted to say a few words to ye alone, Mr. Hamlin,» she began, taking an unoffered seat on the end of his portmanteau, «or I shouldn't hev intruded. But it's the only time I can ketch you, or you me; for I'm down in the kitchen from sun-up till now.»

She stopped awkwardly, as if to listen to the wind, which was rattling the windows and spreading a film of rain against the opaque darkness without. Then, smoothing her wrapper over her knees she remarked, as if opening a desultory conversation, «Thar's a power of rain outside.»

Mr. Hamlin's only response to this meteorological observation was a yawn, and a preliminary tug at his coat as he began to remove it.

«I thought ye couldn't mind doin' me a favor,» continued Peg, with a hard, awkward laugh, «partik'ly seein' ez folks allowed you'd sorter bin a friend o' mine, and hed stood up for me at times when you hedn't any partikler call to do it. I hevn't,» she continued, looking down at her lap and following with her finger and thumb a seam of her gown,—«I hevn't so many friends ez slings a kind word for me these times that I disremember them.» Her under lip quivered a little here; and after vainly hunting for a forgotten handkerchief, she finally lifted the hem of her gown, wiped her snub nose upon it, but left the tears still in her eyes as she raised them to the man.

Mr. Hamlin, who had by this time divested himself of his coat, stopped unbuttoning his waistcoat and looked at her.

«Like ez not thar'll be high water on the North Fork, ef this rain keeps on,» said Peg, as if apologetically, looking toward the window.

The other rain having ceased, Mr. Hamlin began to unbutton his waistcoat again.

«I wanted to ask ye a favor about Mr.—about—Jack Folinsbee,» began Peg again hurriedly. «He's ailin' agin, and is mighty low. And he's losin' a heap o' money here and thar, and mostly to *you*. You cleaned him out of two thousand dollars last night—all he had.»

«Well?» said the gambler coldly.

« Well, I thought as you woz a friend o' mine, I'd ask ye to let up a little on him,» said Peg with an affected laugh. « You kin do it. Don't let him play with ye.»

« Mistress Margaret Moffat,» said Jack with lazy deliberation, taking off his watch and beginning to wind it up, « ef you're that much stuck after Jack Folinsbee, *you* kin keep him off of me much easier than I kin. You're a rich woman. Give him enough money to break my bank, or break himself for good and all; but don't keep him forlin' round me in hopes to make a raise. It don't pay, Mistress Moffat — it don't pay!»

A finer nature than Peg's would have misunderstood or resented the gambler's slang, and the miserable truths that underlay it. But she comprehended him instantly, and sat hopelessly silent.

« Ef you'll take my advice,» continued Jack, placing his watch and chain under his pillow and quietly unloosing his cravat, « you'll quit this yer forlin', marry that chap, and hand over to him the money and the money-makin' that's killin' you. He'll get rid of it soon enough. I don't say this because *I* expect to git it; for when he's got that much of a raise, he'll make a break for 'Frisco, and lose it to some first-class sport *there*. I don't say, neither, that you mayn't be in luck enough to reform him. I don't say neither — and it's a derned sight more likely! — that you mayn't be luckier yet, and he'll up and die afore he gits rid of your money. But I do say you'll make him happy *now;* and ez I reckon you're about ez badly stuck after that chap ez I ever saw any woman, you won't be hurtin' your own feelin's either.»

The blood left Peg's face as she looked up. « But that's *why* I can't give him the money; and he won't marry me without it.»

Mr. Hamlin's hand dropped from the last button of his waistcoat. « Can't — give — him — the — money?» he repeated slowly.

« No.»

« Why?»

« Because — because I *love* him.»

Mr. Hamlin rebuttoned his waistcoat, and sat down patiently on the bed. Peg arose, and awkwardly drew the portmanteau a little nearer to him.

« When Jim Byways left me this yer property,» she began, looking cautiously around, « he left it to me on *conditions;* not conditions ez waz in his *written* will, but conditions ez waz *spoken*. A promise I made him in this very room, Mr. Hamlin, — this very room, and on that very bed you're sittin' on, in which he died.»

Like most gamblers, Mr. Hamlin was superstitious. He rose hastily from the bed, and took a chair beside the window. The wind shook it as if the discontented spirit of Mr. Byways were without, reinforcing his last injunction.

«I don't know if you remember him,» said Peg feverishly. «He was a man ez hed suffered. All that he loved — wife, fammerly, friends — had gone back on him. He tried to make light of it afore folks; but with me, being a poor gal, he let himself out. I never told anybody this. I don't know why he told *me;* I don't know,» continued Peg with a sniffle, «why he wanted to make me unhappy too. But he made me promise that if he left me his fortune, I'd *never*, *never*, — so help me God! — never share it with any man or woman that I *loved*. I didn't think it would be hard to keep that promise then, Mr. Hamlin, for I was very poor, and hedn't a friend nor a living bein' that was kind to me but *him*.»

«But you've as good as broken your promise already,» said Hamlin. «You've given Jack money, as I know.»

«Only what I made myself. Listen to me, Mr. Hamlin. When Jack proposed to me, I offered him about what I kalkilated I could earn myself. When he went away, and was sick and in trouble, I came here and took this hotel. I knew that by hard work I could make it pay. Don't laugh at me, please. I *did* work hard, and *did* make it pay — without takin' one cent of the fortin'. And all I made, workin' by night and day, I gave to him; I did, Mr. Hamlin. I ain't so hard to him as you think, though I might be kinder, I know.»

Mr. Hamlin rose, deliberately resumed his coat, watch, hat, and overcoat. When he was completely dressed again, he turned to Peg.

«Do you mean to say that you've been givin' all the money you made here to this A1 first-class cherubim?»

«Yes; but he didn't know where I got it. O Mr. Hamlin! he didn't know that.»

«Do I understand you, that he's been bucking agin faro with the money that you raised on hash? and *you* makin' the hash?»

«But he didn't know that. He wouldn't hev took it if I'd told him.»

«No, he'd hev died fust!» said Mr. Hamlin gravely. «Why, he's that sensitive, is Jack Folinsbee, that it nearly kills him to take money even of *me*. But where does this angel reside when he isn't fightin' the tiger, and is, so to speak, visible to the naked eye?»

«He — he — stops here,» said Peg, with an awkward blush.

«I see. Might I ask the number of his room; or should I be a — disturbing him in his meditations?» continued Jack Hamlin, with grave politeness.

«Oh! then you'll promise? And you'll talk to him, and make *him* promise?»

«Of course,» said Hamlin quietly.

«And you'll remember he's sick — very sick? His room's No. 44, at the end of the hall. Perhaps I'd better go with you?»

«I'll find it.»

«And you won't be too hard on him?»

«I'll be a father to him,» said Hamlin demurely, as he opened the door, and stepped into the hall. But he hesitated a moment, and then turned, and gravely held out his hand. Peg took it timidly. He did not seem quite in earnest; and his black eyes, vainly questioned, indicated nothing. But he shook her hand warmly, and the next moment was gone.

He found the room with no difficulty. A faint cough from within, and a querulous protest, answered his knock. Mr. Hamlin entered without further ceremony. A sickening smell of drugs, a palpable flavor of stale dissipation, and the wasted figure of Jack Folinsbee, half dressed, extended upon the bed, greeted him. Mr. Hamlin was for an instant startled. There were hollow circles round the sick man's eyes; there was palsy in his trembling limbs; there was dissolution in his feverish breath.

«What's up?» he asked huskily and nervously.

«I am, and I want *you* to get up too.»

«I can't, Jack. I'm regularly done up.» He reached his shaking hand towards a glass half filled with suspicious pungent-smelling liquid; but Mr. Hamlin stayed it.

«Do you want to get back that two thousand dollars you lost?»

«Yes.»

«Well, get up, and marry that woman down-stairs.»

Folinsbee laughed, half hysterically, half sardonically.

«She won't give it to me.»

«No; but *I* will.»

«*You?*»

«Yes.»

Folinsbee, with an attempt at a reckless laugh, rose, trembling and with difficulty, to his swollen feet. Hamlin eyed him narrowly, and then bade him lie down again. «To-morrow will do,» he said, «and then»—

«If I don't—»

«If you don't,» responded Hamlin, «why, I'll just wade in and *cut you out!*»

But on the morrow Mr. Hamlin was spared that possible act of disloyalty; for in the night, the already hesitating spirit of Mr. Jack Folinsbee took flight on the wings of the southeast storm. When or how it happened nobody knew. Whether this last excitement, and the near prospect of matrimony, or whether an overdose of anodyne, had hastened his end, was never known. I only know that when they came to awaken him the next morning, the best that was left of him—a face still beautiful and boy-like—looked up coldly at the tearful eyes of Peg Moffat. «It serves me right,—it's a judgment,» she said in a low whisper to Jack Hamlin; «for God knew that I'd broken my word, and willed all my property to him.»

She did not long survive him. Whether Mr. Hamlin ever clothed with action the suggestion indicated in his speech to the lamented Jack that night, is not of record. He was always her friend, and on her demise became her executor. But the bulk of her property was left to a distant relation of handsome Jack Folinsbee, and so passed out of the control of Red Dog forever.

WILHELM HAUFF

(1802–1827)

Wilhelm Hauff was born at Stuttgart, November 29th, 1802. His brief life was as happy as it was uneventful. He died at the age of twenty-five, and the period of his literary work was comprised within his last two years. This short time however sufficed to express his extraordinary genius, though the loss to literature by his early death cannot be estimated.

Wilhelm Hauff

He was the son of August Friedrich Hauff, Government Secretary of Foreign Affairs. His father died when he was but seven years of age, and the education of the children devolved upon the mother, a woman of great intelligence, whose influence over her sensitive son was the result of a perfect understanding of his emotional nature. As a lad, Wilhelm Hauff showed very little indication of talent. His school career was far from brilliant, and it was only in the family circle that he gave evidence of his real abilities. He had absorbed Goethe and Schiller into his inmost fibre, and with his mother and sisters for an indulgent audience, he declaimed long passages from ‘Egmont’ and ‘Wallenstein.’ He roved at liberty in the library of his grandfather, which appears to have been a large miscellaneous collection from various languages and literatures, and the fantastic character of his imagination was early manifested by his love for weird tales and stories of adventure. His education was necessarily somewhat desultory, as his constitution was delicate, and periodical attacks of illness precluded any systematic or rigorous course.

In 1820 he entered the University of Tübingen, where, following the wishes of his mother rather than his own inclinations, he studied theology and in 1824 received his degree. In 1826 appeared his first volume of tales, ‘Das Märchen-Almanach’ (The Story Almanac). Two other volumes of the ‘Märchen-Almanach’ followed. This first little collection of stories, although overshadowed by his later works, nevertheless strikes the keynote of his peculiar fancy. Nowhere are more strikingly shown his dramatic power and his delicious humor. The success of this first effort encouraged him to devote himself wholly to literature. The first volume of ‹Mittheilungen aus den Memoiren des Satan› (Communications from the Memoirs of Satan), a fragmentary production of much humor, published anonymously, appeared immediately after (1826), and in the same year followed ‹Der Mann im Mond, von H. Clauren› (The Man in the Moon, by H. Clauren). This was originally intended as a caricature of the sentimentality of Clauren; but what was meant as a parody became a distinct imitation. As it was published under the name of Clauren, that aggrieved author had grounds for legal redress, and won the suit which he brought against Hauff. To some extent, however, the tables were turned by the amusing controversy which ensued, and in the lists of wit and satire Hauff came off victor.

‹Lichtenstein: Romantische Sage aus der Württembergischen Geschichte› (Lichtenstein: A Romantic Tale from Würtemberg History: 1826), a so-called historical romance, none the worse from the fact that its history though always justified was pure fabrication, was received with great favor; and on the high tide of prosperity the young author set out for a tour through France, Belgium, and Germany. In 1827 he undertook the editorship of the Stuttgart Morgenblatt; and secure of the future through the powerful patronage of the publisher Cotta, he married a distant cousin of his own name, to whom he had long been attached. He spent the summer of 1827 in the Tyrol, where he was engaged upon another historical novel, which was to deal with the War of Freedom of 1809. This was never finished. In the autumn of the same year his health began to fail, and on October 18th, 1827, he died at Stuttgart.

Hauff's powers of work were enormous, and he produced his stories in rapid succession. ‹Das Bild des Kaisers› (The Portrait of the Emperor), a poetic piece of romance, and ‹Die Bettlerin vom Pont des Arts› (The Beggar of the Pont des Arts), are masterpieces of their kind. Among the best of his productions must be ranked ‹Phantasien im Bremer Rathskeller› (Phantasies in the Bremen Rathskeller: 1827). It is however most especially in the series of tales ‹The Caravan,› ‹The Sheik of Alexandria,› and ‹The Inn in Spessart,› that Hauff's high originality is best exemplified. He is pre-eminently a story-teller, and his pure and lucid style is the transparent medium for the expression of strikingly bold dramatic ideas. His wit is singularly delicate, yet penetrating, and he exercises a fascination over persons of all ages and conditions. The popularity which he at once attained is still unabated. His collected works continue to be issued in numerous editions, and his place in German literature seems now as assured as it has always been in the hearts of his countrymen.

THE STORY OF THE CALIPH STORK

From ‹The Caravan›

The Caliph Chasid of Bagdad was sitting, one fine summer afternoon, comfortably on his divan; he had slept a little, for it was a sultry day, and he looked quite refreshed after his nap. He smoked a long rosewood pipe, sipped now and then a little coffee which a slave poured out for him, and stroked his beard contentedly whenever he had enjoyed it: in short, it could be seen at a glance that the Caliph felt very comfortable. At such a time it was easy to approach him, as he was very good-tempered and affable; wherefore his Grand Vizier Mansor visited him every day about this time. This afternoon he came as usual, looking however very grave,—a rare thing for him. The Caliph took the pipe out of his mouth and said, «Why dost thou make so grave a face, Grand Vizier?» The Grand Vizier folded his arms across his breast, bowed to his master, and answered, «Master! whether I assume a grave appearance I know not, but down below in the palace stands a peddler who has such fine wares that it vexes me that I have no money to spare.»

The Caliph, who had long desired to rejoice the heart of his Grand Vizier, ordered his black slave to fetch the peddler. In a few moments the slave returned with him. He was a little stout man, swarthy in the face, and dressed in rags. He carried a box in which he had all sorts of wares: pearls and rings, pistols with richly inlaid stocks, goblets, and combs. The Caliph and his Vizier inspected everything, and the Caliph at last bought for himself and Vizier a pair of pistols, and for the Vizier's wife a comb. As the peddler was about to close his box again the Caliph caught sight of a little drawer, and asked whether that also contained some wares. The peddler pulled out the drawer, and exhibited a snuff-box containing a black powder and a piece of paper with peculiar writing on it, which neither the Caliph nor Mansor could read. «These things were given to me one day by a merchant who found them in the streets of Mecca,» said the peddler. «I know not what they are; but you may have them for a small sum, for they are of no use to me.»

The Caliph, who was very fond of having old manuscripts in his library, though unable to read them, bought both paper and box and dismissed the peddler. He thought however he would like to know what the writing meant, and asked the Vizier if he knew of no one who could decipher it.

« Most gracious lord and master,» answered the latter, « near the Great Mosque lives a man called Selim the Learned; he knows all languages. Send for him: perhaps he can explain these mysterious signs.»

The learned Selim soon arrived. « Selim,» said the Caliph to him, « Selim, it is said thou art very learned. Just look at this writing, whether thou canst read it: if thou canst read, thou gettest a new robe of honor from me; if thou canst not, thou gettest twelve boxes on the ears and twenty-five lashes on the soles of the feet, for having been called Selim the Learned without cause.»

Selim bowed and said, « Thy will be done, O master!» For a long time he looked at the writing; then suddenly he exclaimed, « That is Latin, O master, or let me be hung!»

« Say what it means,» demanded the Caliph, « if it is Latin.»

Selim began to translate:—« Man who findest this, praise Allah for his goodness. He who takes a pinch of this powder in this box and therewith says ‹Mutabor,› can change himself into any animal, and also understand the language of animals. If he afterwards wish to resume his human form, let him bow thrice to the East and say the same word. But beware when thou art changed that thou laughest not, or the magic word departeth from thy memory forever and thou remainest a beast.»

When Selim the Learned had read this, the Caliph was pleased beyond measure. He made the learned man swear not to reveal the secret to any one, presented him with a splendid robe, and dismissed him. Then turning to his Grand Vizier he said, « This I call getting a bargain, Mansor! How glad I am at being able to become an animal! Come thou to me to-morrow morning. We will then go together into the fields, take a pinch out of the box, and then listen to what is said in the air and the water, in wood and field.»

Next morning, scarcely had the Caliph Chasid breakfasted and dressed himself when the Grand Vizier appeared as ordered, to accompany him on his walk. The Caliph put the box with the magic powder in his girdle, and after having ordered his suite to remain behind, he and the Grand Vizier set out alone on the journey. They first passed through the large gardens of the Caliph, but looked in vain for any living thing on which to try the experiment. The Vizier at last proposed to pursue their journey to a pond where he had often seen many animals, especially storks, whose grave manners and clappings had always excited his attention.

The Caliph approved of the Vizier's proposal, and went with him towards the pond. Having arrived there, they saw a stork soberly pacing up and down, looking for frogs, and chattering something now and then to itself. At the same moment they saw far up in the sky another stork hovering in this direction.

«I wager my beard, most gracious master,» said the Grand Vizier, «this long-legged pair are now having a pleasant talk. How would it be if we turned into storks?»

«Wisely spoken,» replied the Caliph. «But first let us consider once more how we may become men again. It is easy enough! If we bow thrice to the east and say ‹Mutabor,› I shall be Caliph and thou Vizier again. But for heaven's sake, no laughing, or we are lost.»

While the Caliph spoke thus, he saw the other stork hovering over their heads, and slowly alighting on the ground. Quickly he snatched the box from his girdle, took a hearty pinch, gave the box to the Grand Vizier, who did the like, and both exclaimed «Mutabor!»

Then their legs shriveled and became thin and red, the beautiful yellow slippers of the Caliph and his Vizier changed into ugly storks' feet, their arms grew into wings, their necks shot up from their shoulders and reached a yard in length, their beards vanished, and soft feathers covered their bodies.

«You have a pretty beak, Grand Vizier,» said the Caliph after a long surprise. «By the beard of the Prophet, I have never seen such things in my life!» «Thanks humbly,» replied the Vizier bowing; «but if I might dare to say it, I should avow that your Highness looks almost handsomer as a stork than a Caliph. But come, if it pleases you, let us listen to our comrades yonder and hear if we really speak storkish.»

Meanwhile the other stork had reached the ground. It cleaned its feet with its beak, settled its feathers, and walked up to the first stork. The two new storks hastened to get near them, and to their surprise heard the following conversation:—

«Good-morning, Madam Longlegs! You are early on the meadows.»—«Thank you, dear Clapperbeak! I have been to get a little breakfast. Would you like to have a quarter of a lizard, or a little leg of a frog?» — «Much obliged; but I have no appetite this morning. Besides, I have come upon quite a different errand on the meadow. I am to dance before my father's guests to-day, and I want to practice a little quietly.»

Thereupon the young stork began to caper about the field in peculiar movements. The Caliph and Mansor watched her, very much surprised. But when she stood on one leg in a picturesque attitude, and fluttered her wings to increase the effect, neither of them could resist any longer; laughter without stopping burst from their beaks, from which they only recovered a long time afterwards. The Caliph was the first to recover self-possession. «That was a joke,» he exclaimed, «which cannot be bought for gold. What a pity the stupid animals should have been scared by our laughter; else they would also have sung, to be sure!»

But now it occurred to the Grand Vizier that laughing during the enchantment was forbidden. He therefore communicated his fears to the Caliph. «By Mecca and Medina, that would be a bad joke if I were to remain a stork! Do bethink thee of the stupid word: I cannot recall it.»

«Three times we must bow to the east and say ‹Mu — Mu — Mu —›»

They turned towards the east, and kept on bowing continually till their beaks nearly touched the ground. But alas! the magic word had escaped them; and often as the Caliph bowed, and however eagerly his Vizier added «Mu — Mu —,» yet every recollection of it had gone, and the poor Chasid and his Vizier were and remained storks.

Sadly wandered the enchanted ones through the fields, not knowing what they should do in their misery. They could not discard their stork plumage, nor could they return into the town and make themselves known; for who would have believed a stork that he was the Caliph? And even if one had believed it, would the inhabitants of Bagdad accept a stork for a Caliph?

Thus they wandered about for several days, living miserably on the fruits of the field, which however they could not swallow very well on account of their long beaks. As for lizards and frogs, their stomachs would not relish such food; besides, they were afraid of spoiling their appetite with such tidbits. Their only pleasure in their sad situation was that they could fly, and thus they flew often to the high roofs of Bagdad to see what was going on in the town.

During the first days they remarked great uneasiness and grief in the streets. But on the fourth day of their enchantment, while sitting on the roof of the Caliph's palace, they saw down below in the street a splendid array. The drums and fifes played; a man dressed in a gold-embroidered scarlet mantle rode a richly caparisoned horse, surrounded by a gaudy train of servants. Half Bagdad rushed about him, and everybody shouted, « Hail, Mizra! the ruler of Bagdad! »

Then the two storks upon the roof of the palace looked at each other, and the Caliph Chasid said: — « Do you guess now why I am enchanted, Grand Vizier? This Mizra is the son of my mortal enemy the mighty magician Kaschnur, who in an evil hour swore revenge on me. But still I do not despair. Come with me, thou faithful companion of my misery: we will betake ourselves to the grave of the Prophet; perhaps at that sacred shrine the magic may be dispelled. »

They arose from the roof of the palace and flew towards Medina.

They did not succeed very well in their flying, for the two storks had as yet very little practice. « O master! » sighed the Grand Vizier after a couple of hours' flight; « with your leave, I can hold out no longer: you fly too swiftly for me! Besides, it is dark already, and we should do well to seek shelter for the night. »

Chasid listened to the request of his servant; and seeing beneath them in the valley some ruins which promised a lodging, they flew towards it. The place where they had settled for the night seemed formerly to have been a castle. Splendid pillars rose from among the ruins; several chambers which were still tolerably preserved testified to the bygone splendor of the building. Chasid and his companion strolled through the passages in search of some dry nook, when suddenly the stork Mansor stopped. « Lord and master, » he whispered below his breath, « were it not foolish for a Grand Vizier, and still more so for a stork, to fear ghosts? I feel very uneasy, for close by some one sighed and groaned quite distinctly. »

The Caliph now also stopped, and heard quite plainly a low sob, which seemed rather to come from a man than an animal. Full of anxiety, he wanted to go towards the spot whence proceeded the sound of sorrow; but the Vizier seized him by the wing with his beak, and begged him entreatingly not to rush upon new and unknown perils. But all was of no avail. The

Caliph, who bore a brave heart beneath his stork plumage, tore himself away with the loss of some feathers, and ran toward a gloomy passage. Soon he came to a door which was ajar, and behind which he heard distinct sighs and moans. He pushed open the door with his beak, but stopped on the threshold in astonishment. In the ruined chamber, which was only dimly lighted by a little iron-barred window, he saw a great night-owl sitting on the ground. Heavy tears rolled out of its large round eyes, and with a hoarse voice it uttered its moans from its hooked beak. But when it saw the Caliph and his Vizier, who had also come up in the mean time, it gave a loud cry of joy. Elegantly it wiped the tears from its eye with its brown-flecked wings, and to the great amazement of both it cried in good human Arabic, «Welcome, ye storks: you are a good omen to me of my deliverance, for through storks I am to be lucky, as it was once foretold me.»

When the Caliph had recovered from his astonishment, he bowed with his long neck, set his thin legs in a graceful position, and said: «Night-owl! from thy words I believe that I see a fellow sufferer. But alas! thy hope of deliverance through us is in vain. Thou wilt recognize our helplessness in hearing our tale.»

The night-owl begged him to relate it, and the Caliph commenced to relate what we already know.

When the Caliph had related his story to the owl, she thanked him and said:—

«Now also listen to my tale, and learn how I am no less unlucky than thyself. My father is the King of the Indies; I his unhappy only daughter am called Lusa. That magician Kaschnur who has enchanted you has also brought misfortune upon me. One day he came to my father and asked me in marriage for his son Mizra. But my father, who is a fiery man, had him thrown down-stairs. The wretch knew how to approach me again under another shape, and one day, while I was taking some refreshments in my garden, he administered to me, disguised as a slave, a draught which changed me into this hideous shape. Fainting from fear, he brought me hither and shouted with a terrible voice into my ear: ‹Here shalt thou remain,—detestable, abhorred even by beasts, to thy end, or till some one, himself in this horrid form, voluntarily asks thee to be his wife. And thus I revenge myself on thee and on thy haughty father.› Since then many months have passed. Lonely and sad I live as a recluse within these ruins, shunned by the world, a scarecrow even to beasts; beautiful nature is hidden from me, for I am blind by daylight, and only when the moon pours her wan light over these ruins does the obscuring veil drop from my eyes."

When the owl had finished she again wiped her eyes with her wings, for the story of her woes had moved her to tears.

The Caliph was plunged into deep thought by the story of the princess. "If I am not mistaken," said he, "there is between our misfortunes a secret connection; but where can I find the key to this riddle?"

The owl answered him:—

"O master! such is also my belief; for once in my infancy a wise woman foretold of me that a stork should bring me a great fortune, and I know one way by which perhaps we may free ourselves."

The Caliph was very much surprised, and asked what way she meant.

"The enchanter who has made us both unhappy," said she, "comes once every month to these ruins. Not far from here is a hall where he holds orgies with numerous companions. Often have I spied them there. They then relate to one another their vile deeds. Perhaps he may pronounce the magic word which you have forgotten."

"O dearest princess!" exclaimed the Caliph; "say, when comes he, and where is the hall?"

The owl was silent a moment, and then said, "You must not take it ill, but only on one condition can I fulfill your wish."

"Speak out, speak out," cried Chasid. "Command all, everything of me."

"It is this: that I may also become free, which can only be if one of you offer me his hand."

The storks seemed somewhat taken aback at this proposition, and the Caliph beckoned to his servant to go out with him a little.

"Grand Vizier," said the Caliph outside, "this is a sorry bargain, but you might take her."

"Indeed!" answered the Grand Vizier: "that my wife when I come home may scratch out my eyes? Besides, I am an old man; while you are still young and single, and could better give your hand to a young and fair princess."

« That is just it,» sighed the Caliph, whilst sadly drooping his wings. « Who then has told thee that she is young and fair? That is buying a pig in a poke.»

They counseled one with the other for a long time. At last, however, when the Caliph saw that his Vizier would rather remain a stork than wed the owl, he resolved to fulfill the condition himself. The owl was immensely pleased. She confessed to them that they could not have come at a more favorable time, for the enchanters were very likely to assemble that night.

She quitted the chamber with the storks, to lead them to the hall. They went for a long time through a gloomy passage; at length, through a half-fallen wall, gleamed a bright light towards them. Having arrived there, the owl advised them to remain perfectly quiet. They could, through the gap near which they stood, overlook a great hall. It was supported all round by pillars, and splendidly decked. Many brilliant-colored lamps replaced the light of day. In the centre of the hall was a round table, covered with many and choicest meats. Round this table was a couch, on which sat eight men. In one of these men the stork recognized the peddler who had sold them the magic powder. His neighbor asked him to relate his latest deeds. Amongst others he also related the story of the Caliph and his Vizier.

« What sort of word hast thou given them?» asked another enchanter.

«A very difficult Latin one; namely, ‹ Mutabor.› »

When the storks heard this at their hole in the wall, they were nearly beside themselves with joy. They ran on their long legs so quickly to the threshold of the ruins that the owl could hardly follow them. There the Caliph addressed the owl with emotion: « Deliverer of my life and of the life of my friend, accept me for thy spouse in eternal gratitude for that which thou hast done for us.» He then turned to the east. Thrice the storks bowed their long necks to the sun, which just then was rising behind the mountains. « Mutabor!» they exclaimed; and straightway they were changed, and in the great joy of their new-sent life, master and servant fell into each other's arms laughing and crying.

But who can describe their astonishment on turning round? A lovely lady, grandly dressed, stood before them. Smiling, she gave her hand to the Caliph. « Do you no longer recognize your night-owl?» she said. It was she. The Caliph was so charmed with her beauty and grace that he exclaimed, «My greatest fortune was that of having been a stork.»

The three now traveled together towards Bagdad. The Caliph found in his clothes not only the box with the magic powder, but also his purse. He therefore bought in the nearest village what was needful for their journey, and so they soon came to the gates of Bagdad. But there the arrival of the Caliph caused much surprise. People had believed him dead, and they therefore were highly pleased to have again their beloved ruler.

All the more, however, burned their hatred towards the impostor Mizra. They entered the palace, and took prisoner the old enchanter and his son. The Caliph sent the old man to the same chamber in the ruins that the princess had lived in as an owl, and had him hanged there. But to the son, who knew nothing of his father's art, the Caliph gave the choice whether he would die or snuff. And when he chose the latter, the Grand Vizier handed him the box. A good strong pinch and the magic word of the Caliph changed him into a stork. The Caliph had him shut up in an iron cage and placed in his garden.

Long and happy lived the Caliph Chasid with his wife the princess. His most pleasant hours were always those when the Grand Vizier visited him during the afternoon. They then very frequently spoke of their stork adventures, and when the Caliph was very jovial, he amused himself with imitating the Grand Vizier when he was a stork: he strutted up and down the chamber with stiff legs, clapped, fluttered his arms as though they were wings, and showed how vainly the latter had turned to the east, crying all the while, «Mu — Mu —.» This entertainment was at all times a great pleasure to Madam Caliph and her children; but when the Caliph kept on clapping a little too long, and nodded, and cried «Mu — Mu,» then the Vizier threatened him, smiling, that he would communicate to Madam Caliph what had been discussed outside the door of the night-owl princess.

GERHART HAUPTMANN

(1861?–)

When Gerhart Hauptmann's first dramas were represented on the stage, it was generally assumed that the author had joined the ranks of those realists who delight in picturing only the most depraved side of human nature. Although a leader in that school whose chief tendency is socialism, it is said that Hauptmann is really an idealist, who hopes to redeem the social world by inspiring disgust with existing evils and thus awakening a desire for general reform. He was greatly disappointed at the class of spectators which his plays attracted. Instead of appealing to sympathetic audiences, the indifferent or coarser elements of society witnessed the performances, and it was not unusual that scenes of revolting degradation elicited applause.

With great skill and strength the author unfolds characters that reflect social degradation and the worst passions. The unavoidable consequences of heredity and environment, the sufferings of the lower working-classes, the brutality of their unclean lives, the terrors of starvation, are described with vivid force worthy of a better subject. These gruesome scenes are sometimes relieved by a rare bit of poetic feeling, which brings into bright contrast the beauty of a true and noble emotion. ‹Before Sunrise› is intensely morbid, and represents a succession of horrors. The climax is reached when the one innocent being, who has excited interest and sympathy, is swept away in the whirlpool of misfortune through no fault of her own. Even virtuous qualities have no chance of survival, and the curse of heredity falls upon the innocent and wicked alike, everywhere claiming untold victims.

Notwithstanding his choice of material, Hauptmann's early writings were replete with strong situations. At last his poetic nature asserted itself more forcibly, and an occasional gleam of light brightened the dark realism of his plays. In his more recent works there is no longer a general and hopeless destruction of character under adverse conditions. He sometimes permits the higher qualities of human nature to triumph over evil. In ‹Crampton College› there is a touch of grandeur, when the child Gertrude, with her generous little heart, bids defiance to the whole world. With her strong little arms about her father's neck, she sustains the weak, disgraced man, never failing in her love and devotion until she succeeds in redeeming him.

'The Weavers' is a socialistic play of intense dramatic power. It has passed over the great stages of the world, and everywhere has produced a profound impression. The play is founded on scenes that occurred during the uprising of the weavers in Silesia in 1844. On one side, Hauptmann shows the opulent employer who oppresses his starving workmen beyond their powers of endurance; on the other side are the poor weavers, driven to rage and desperation by the sufferings of poverty, with neither laws to protect them nor a mediator to speak the conciliatory word. A leading spirit among the weavers is Bäcker, who declares that it is all the same to him whether he starves at the loom or out in the ditch, and he bursts forth indignantly: "The right kind of employer can get along with three or four hundred workmen in the turning of his hand, and he leaves a few pickings for his men. But a man such as you has four bellies like a cow, and teeth like a wolf." 'The Weavers' has been criticized as representing only a succession of unconnected scenes. One German critic observes that if the Angel of Starvation is imagined hovering over each scene, the play will not be lacking in unity.

In the dream poem 'Hannele,' Hauptmann reveals his full poetic powers. The performance of this drama created a great sensation. In one of the great European cities the actors are said to have been so profoundly affected that they refused to repeat the representation. Hannele is the innocent victim of a brutal, drunken stepfather. Abused unto death, the poor child is carried to the hospital, where everything is done to alleviate the agony of her last hours. As her mind wanders, the misery of her short young life is revealed in a series of tableaux. In a vision the good teacher appears, to lead her gently by the hand to another life, free from sin and suffering. Heaven opens before her, and all the joys of a blessed future descend upon the innocent, abused child. It is a poem of heart-rending pathos, and the esteem in which the work is held as a literary production is shown by the fact that the Grillparzer Prize at Vienna was recently awarded to Hauptmann for this tender and poetic drama.

THE DEATH AND AWAKENING OF HANNELE

From ‹Hannele›

[Little Hannele Mattern, the starved and ill-used stepdaughter of a brutal workman, has been so cruelly treated by her father that the child has tried to drown herself. Rescued by the young village schoolmaster, her only friend among the villagers (a kind of allegorical type of Christ), she is brought to the squalid almshouse of the place to die. The child lies in a darkened room, watched by a Sister of Mercy. Terrible visions of her past suffering occur, and the early part of the drama largely represents what is passing in her tired and confused brain. Presently an angel enters the death chamber and soothes the child, giving her a «flower from heaven,»—a flower which none save herself can see,—and other kind spirits cheer her. After they have gone the little sufferer is left in happy surprise and expectancy.]

Everything is as it was before the appearance of the Angels. The Sister of Mercy *is seated beside the bed in which* Hannele *is lying. She relights the candle, and* Hannele *opens her eyes. Her inward vision seems still to be present to her. Her features still wear an expression of heavenly rapture. As soon as she recognizes the* Sister *she begins to speak with joyful eagerness.*

HANNELE—Sister! angels!—Sister Martha! angels! Do you know who have been here?

Sister—H'm! are you awake again already?

Hannele—Just guess! do! [*Unable to contain herself.*] Angels! angels! real angels! angels from heaven, Sister Martha! Angels, you know, with long wings.

Sister—Well then, if you've had such beautiful dreams—

Hannele—There now! She says I dreamt it! But look at what I've got here; just look at it! [*She makes a motion, as though she held a flower in her hand and were showing it to the Sister.*]

Sister—What is it?

Hannele—Just look at it!

Sister—H'm!

Hannele—Here it is; look at it!

Sister—Aha!

Hannele—Just smell it.

Sister [*pretending to smell a flower*]—H'm—lovely!

Hannele—Not so close to it! You'll break the stalk.

Sister—Oh, I'm very sorry. What sort of flower is it?

Hannele—Why, don't you know? The key-of-heaven.

Sister—Is it really?

Hannele—Why, surely you're— Do bring the light—quick, quick!

Sister [*holding up the candle*]—Ah yes, now I see it.

Hannele—Isn't it lovely?

Sister—But you're talking a great deal too much. We must keep quiet now, or the doctor will scold us. And here he has sent you your medicine. We must take it, as he bids us.

Hannele—O Sister, you're far too much troubled about me! You don't know what has happened. Do you? do you?—do tell me, if you know. Who gave me this? Well—the little golden key? Who? say! What is the little golden key meant to open? Well?

Sister—You'll tell me all about it to-morrow morning. Then, after a good night's rest, you'll be strong and well.

Hannele—But I am well. [*She sits up and puts her feet to the ground.*] You see, Sister, I'm quite, quite well!

Sister—Why, Hannele! No, you mustn't do that, you really mustn't.

Hannele [*rising and pushing the Sister away, makes a few steps forward.*]—You must let me. You must—let me. I must—go. [*She starts in terror and gazes fixedly at a certain point.*] O heavenly Savior!

A black-robed and black-winged Angel *becomes visible. He is great, strong, and beautiful, and bears a long serpentine sword, the hilt of which is draped in black gauze. Grave and silent, he sits beside the stove and gazes at* Hannele *calmly and immovably. A white dream-like light fills the room.*

Hannele—Who are you? [*No answer.*] Are you an angel? [*No answer.*] Is it to me you come? [*No answer.*] I am Hannele Mattern. Is it to me you come? [*No answer.*]

[*Sister Martha has stood by, with folded hands, devoutly and humbly. Now she moves slowly out of the room.*]

Hannele—Has God taken the gift of speech from your tongue? [*No answer.*] Are you a friend to me? Do you come as an enemy? [*No answer.*] Have you a sword in the folds of your garment? [*No answer.*] B-r-r-r! I am cold. Piercing frost spreads from your wings; cold breathes around you. [*No answer.*] Who are you? [*No answer. A sudden horror overcomes her. She turns with a scream as though some one stood behind her.*] Mother! little mother!

A Figure *in the dress of the* Sister of Mercy, *but younger and more beautiful, with long white pinions, comes in.*

Hannele [*shrinking close up to the Figure and seizing her hand*] — Mother! little mother! there is some one here.

Sister — Where?

Hannele — There, there!

Sister — Why are you trembling so?

Hannele — I'm frightened!

Sister — Fear nothing; I am with you.

Hannele — My teeth are chattering with terror. I can't help it. He makes me shudder!

Sister — Do not be frightened; he is your friend.

Hannele — Who is he, mother?

Sister — Do you not know him?

Hannele — Who is he?

Sister — Death.

Hannele — Death! [*She looks for a while at the black Angel in awe-stricken silence.*] Must it be, then?

Sister — It is the entrance, Hannele.

Hannele — Must every one pass through the entrance?

Sister — Every one.

Hannele — Will you grasp me hard, Death? — He is silent. He makes no answer, mother, to anything I say.

Sister — The words of God are loud within you.

Hannele — I have often longed for you from the depths of my heart; but now I am afraid.

Sister — Make you ready.

Hannele — To die?

Sister — Yes.

Hannele [*after a pause, timidly*] — Must I lie in the coffin in these rags and tatters?

Sister — God will clothe you.

She produces a small silver bell and rings it. Immediately there appears, moving noiselessly — as do all the succeeding apparitions — a little humpbacked Village Tailor, *carrying over his arm a bridal gown, veil, and wreath, and in his hands a pair of glass slippers. He has a comical, halting gait. He bows in silence to the* Angèl, *then to the* Sister, *and last and lowest to* Hannele.

The Tailor [*with a profusion of bows*] — Mistress Johanna Katharina Mattern [*he clears his throat*], his Serene Highness your most gracious Father has condescended to order your bridal dress of me.

Sister [*takes the gown from the Tailor and begins to dress Hannele*]—Come, I will put it on for you.

Hannele [*in joyful excitement*]—Oh, how it rustles!

Sister—White silk, Hannele.

Hannele [*looking down in rapture at the gown*]—Won't people be astonished to see me so beautifully dressed in my coffin?

Tailor—Mistress Johanna Katharina Mattern [*clears his throat*], the whole village is talking of nothing but [*clears his throat*] what good fortune death is bringing you, Mistress Hanna [*clears his throat*]. His Serene Highness [*clears his throat*] your most gracious Father [*clears his throat*] has been to the Overseer.

Sister [*placing the wreath on Hannele's head*]—Now bend thy head, thou bride of Heaven.

Hannele [*quivering with childish joy*]—Do you know, Sister Martha, I'm looking forward so to death. [*All of a sudden she looks dubiously at the Sister.*] It is you, isn't it?

Sister—Yes.

Hannele—You are really Sister Martha? Oh, no! you are my mother!

Sister—Yes.

Hannele—Are you both?

Sister—The children of heaven are as one in God.

Tailor—If I might be permitted, Princess Hannele! [*Kneeling before her with the slippers.*] These are the tiniest little slippers in the land. They have all too large feet—Hedwig, and Agnes, and Lisa, and Martha, and Minna, and Anna, and Kate, and Greta. [*He has put the slippers on her feet.*] They fit, they fit! The bride is found; Mistress Hannele has the smallest feet. When you have any further orders— Your servant, your servant! [*Goes off, bowing profusely.*]

Hannele—I can scarcely bear to wait, little mother.

Sister—Now you need not take any more medicine.

Hannele—No.

Sister—Now you'll soon be as fresh and sound as a mountain trout, Hannele! Come now, and lay you down on your death-bed.

[*She takes Hannele's hand and leads her gently to the bed, on which Hannele lies down.*]

Hannele—At last I shall know what it is to die.

Sister—Yes, you will, Hannele.

Hannele [*lying on her back with her hands as if they were holding a flower*]—I have a pledge.

Sister—Press it close to your breast.

Hannele [*with a renewal of dread, looking shrinkingly towards the Angel*]—Must it be, then?

Sister—It must.

[*From the far distance are heard the strains of a funeral march.*]

Hannele [*listening*]—Now they're playing for the burial—Meister Seyfried and the musicians. [*The Angel rises.*] Now he stands up. [*The storm without has increased. The Angel moves slowly and solemnly towards Hannele.*] Now he is coming to me. O Sister! mother! I can't see you! Where are you? [*To the Angel, imploringly.*] Quick, quick, thou dumb black spirit! [*As though groaning under an insupportable weight.*] It is crushing me—crushing me—like a—like a stone. [*The Angel slowly raises his great sword.*] He's going to—going to—destroy me utterly. [*In an agony of terror.*] Help! help, Sister!

Sister [*interposing with dignity between the Angel and Hannele, and laying both her hands in an attitude of protection upon Hannele's heart, speaking loftily, solemnly, and with authority*]—He dare not! I lay my consecrated hands upon thy heart!

The Black Angel *disappears. Silence. The* Sister *folds her hands and looks down upon* Hannele *with a gentle smile: then she becomes absorbed in thought, and moves her lips in silent prayer. The strains of the funeral march have in the mean time continued without interruption. A sound as of many lightly pattering feet is heard. Presently the figure of the schoolmaster* Gottwald *appears in the middle doorway. The funeral march ceases.* Gottwald *is dressed in black as though for a funeral, and carries in his hand a bunch of beautiful lilies of the valley. He has reverently taken off his hat, and while still on the threshold turns to those who follow him, with a gesture commanding silence. Behind him appear his* School-Children *—boys and girls in their best clothes. In obedience to his gesture they stop their whispering and remain quite silent. They do not venture to cross the threshold. With solemn mien* Gottwald *now approaches the* Sister, *who is still praying.*

Gottwald [*in a low voice*]—Good-day, Sister Martha!

Sister—Mr. Gottwald, God's greeting to you!

Gottwald [*looking at Hannele, shakes his head sadly and pityingly*]—Poor little thing!

Sister—Why are you so sad, Mr. Gottwald?

Gottwald—Because she is dead.

Sister—We will not grieve for that; she has found peace, and for her sake I am glad.

Gottwald [*sighing*]—Yes, it is well with her. Now she is free from all trouble and sorrow.

Sister [*sunk in contemplation*]—How beautiful she looks as she lies there.

Gottwald—Yes, beautiful. Now that you are dead, you bloom forth in all your loveliness!

Sister—God has made her so beautiful because she had faith in him.

Gottwald—Yes, she had faith and she was good. [*He heaves a deep sigh, opens his hymn-book and looks sadly into it.*]

Sister [*also looking into the hymn-book*]—We must not mourn. We must be still and patient.

Gottwald—Ah, my heart is heavy.

Sister—Because she is set free?

Gottwald—Because my two flowers are withered.

Sister—What flowers?

Gottwald—Two violets here in my book. They are the dead eyes of my dear Hannele.

Sister—In God's heaven they will bloom again far more sweetly!

Gottwald—O God! how much longer will our pilgrimage last through this vale of darkness and of tears? [*With a sudden change, briskly and busily, producing sheets of music.*] What do you think? I thought we might begin, here in the house, by singing the hymn 'Jesus, oh, I trust in thee.'

Sister—Yes, that is a beautiful hymn; and Hannele Mattern's heart was full of faith.

Gottwald—And then out in the church-yard we will sing 'Set me free.' [*He turns, goes to the school-children, and says:*] Number 62, 'Set me free.' [*He intones softly, beating time:*]

«Set me free, oh, set me free,
That I may Jesus see.»

[*The children have joined in softly.*] Children, are you all warmly dressed? It will be very cold out in the church-yard. Come in for a moment. Look at poor little Hannele once more. [*The children crowd in and range themselves solemnly round the bed.*] Just see how beautiful Death has made the poor little girl!

She was huddled in rags; now she wears silken raiment. She ran about barefoot; now she has glass slippers on her feet. Soon she will dwell in a golden palace and eat roast meat every day. Here she lived on cold potatoes, and often she had not enough of them. Here you always called her the beggar princess; now she will soon be a princess in very deed. So if any of you have anything that you want to beg her pardon for, do it now, or she will tell the dear God all about it, and then it will go ill with you.

A Little Boy [*stepping forward*] — Dear Princess Hannele, don't be angry with me, and don't tell the dear God that I always called you the beggar princess.

All the Children [*in a confused murmur*] — We are all so very, very sorry!

Gottwald — So! Now poor Hannele has already forgiven you. Now go into the other room and wait for me there.

Sister — Come, I'll take you into the back room, and there I'll tell you what you must do if you want to become beautiful angels, as beautiful as Hannele will soon be. [*She leads the way; the children follow her; the door is closed.*]

Gottwald [*now alone with Hannele. He lays the flowers at her feet, with emotion*] — Hannele dear, here I've brought you another bunch of beautiful lilies of the valley. [*Kneeling by her bed with trembling voice.*] Don't quite, quite forget me in your glory! [*He sobs, with his face buried in the folds of her dress.*] It breaks my heart to part from you.

[*Voices are heard; Gottwald rises and covers Hannele with a sheet. Two old women, dressed for a funeral, with handkerchiefs and gilt-edged hymn-books in their hands, enter softly.*]

First Woman [*looking around*] — I suppose we're the first.

Second Woman — No, the schoolmaster is here already. Good-day, Mr. Gottwald.

Gottwald — Good-day.

First Woman — Ah, this'll be a sore trouble to you, Mr. Gottwald! She was such a good pupil to you; always industrious, always busy.

Second Woman — Is it true what people are saying? Surely it can't be true: they say she took her own life.

A Third Woman [*who has entered*] — That would be a sin against the Holy Spirit.

Second Woman — A sin against the Holy Ghost.

Third Woman — And the pastor says such a sin can never be forgiven.

Gottwald — Have you forgotten what the Savior said? — « Suffer the little children to come unto me.»

A Fourth Woman [*who has entered*] — O good people, good people, what weather! It's enough to freeze the feet off you! I only hope the pastor won't be too long about it. The snow is lying a yard deep in the church-yard.

A Fifth Woman [*entering*] — The pastor is not going to bury her, good people! He's going to refuse her consecrated ground.

Pleschke [*also appearing*] — Have you heard? have you heard? A grand gentleman has been to see the pastor — has been to see the pastor — and has told him — yes, told him that Hannla Mattern is a blessed saint.

Hanke [*entering hastily*] — Do you know what they are bringing? a crystal coffin!

Several Voices — A crystal coffin! — A crystal coffin!

Hanke — O Lord! It must have cost a pretty penny!

Several Voices — A crystal coffin! — A crystal coffin!

Seidel [*who has appeared*] — We're going to see fine things, that we are! An angel has passed right through the village, as tall as a poplar-tree, if you'll believe me. And two others are sitting by the smithy pond; but they're small, like little children. The girl was more than a beggar-girl.

Several Voices — The girl was more than a beggar-girl. — They're bringing a crystal coffin. — An angel has passed through the village.

Four white-robed Youths *carry in a crystal coffin, which they set down near Hannele's bed. The mourners whisper to each other, full of curiosity and astonishment.*

Gottwald [*raising the sheet a little from Hannele's face*] — Look at the dead child too.

First Woman [*peering curiously under the sheet*] — Why, her hair is like gold.

Gottwald [*drawing the cloth right away from Hannele, who is illumined with a pale light*] — And she has silken garments and glass slippers. [*All shrink back as though dazzled, with exclamations of the utmost surprise.*]

Several Voices — Ah, how beautiful she is! — Who can it be? — Who can it be? — Little Hannla Mattern? — Hannla Mattern? — No, I don't believe it!

Pleschke — The girl — the girl — is a — a saint.

[*The four youths with tender care lay Hannele in the crystal coffin.*]

Hanke — They say she isn't to be buried at all.

First Woman — Her coffin is to be set up in the church.

Second Woman — I believe the girl isn't really dead. She looks as alive as ever she can be.

Pleschke — Just give me — just give me — a down feather. We'll try — we'll try — holding a down feather to her mouth, — yes, and we'll see — and we'll see if she's still — if she's still breathing, — we will. [*They give him a down feather and he holds it to Hannele's mouth.*] It doesn't stir. The girl is dead! She hasn't a breath of life in her!

Third Woman — I'll give her my bunch of rosemary. [*She lays it in the coffin.*]

Fourth Woman — She can take my bit of lavender with her too.

Fifth Woman — But where is Mattern?

First Woman — Yes, where is Mattern?

Second Woman — Oh, he! he's sitting over there in the alehouse.

First Woman — Most like he doesn't know a word of what has happened.

Second Woman — He cares for nothing so long as he has his dram. He knows nothing about it.

Pleschke — Haven't you — haven't you told him then — told him — that there's death — in his house?

Third Woman — He might know that without any telling.

Fourth Woman — I don't say anything, Heaven forbid! But every one knows who has killed the girl.

Seidel — You're right there! The whole village, as you might say, knows that. There's a lump on her as big as my fist.

Fifth Woman — No grass grows where that fellow sets his feet.

Seidel — I was there when they changed her wet clothes, and I saw it as plain as I see you. She has a lump on her as big as my fist — and that's what has killed her.

First Woman — It's Mattern must answer for her, and no one else.

All [*speaking all at once and vehemently, but in a whisper*]— No one else, no one else.

Second woman—He's a murderer, he is.

All [*full of fury, but in a low tone*]—A murderer, a murderer!

[*The harsh voice of the tipsy Mattern is heard:*]

"A con—science from all trou—ble free,
What so—ofter pil—low can there be?"

[*He appears in the doorway and shouts:*]

Hannele! Hannele! You brat! where are you hiding? [*He staggers in, leaning against the door-jamb.*] I'll count up to five, and I'll wait not a moment longer. One, two— Three and one are— I tell you, my girl, you'd better not make me wild. If I have to search for you and find you, you hussy, I'll pound you to a jelly, I will! [*Starts as he notices the others who are present, and who remain as still as death.*] What do you want here? [*No answer.*] How do you come here? Was it the Devil sent you, eh? Just clear out of this, now! Well, are you going to stop all night? [*He laughs to himself.*] Wait a minute— I know what it is. It's nothing but that. I have a little too much in my noddle— That's what brings 'em. [*He sings:*]

"A con—science from all trou—ouble free,
What so—ofter pil—low can there be?"

[*Starts in fear.*] Are you still there? [*In a sudden outburst of fury, looking around for something to attack them with.*] I'll take the first thing that comes handy—

A Man *has entered, wearing a threadbare brown cloak. He is about thirty, has long black hair, and a pale face with the features of the schoolmaster* Gottwald. *He has a slouch hat in his left hand and sandals on his feet. He appears weary and travel-stained. He touches* Mattern *lightly on the arm, interrupting his speech.* Mattern *turns sharply round. The stranger looks him straight in the face, gravely and quietly, and says humbly:*

Stranger—Mattern, God's greeting to you!

Mattern—How have you come here? What do you want?

Stranger [*in a tone of humble entreaty*]—I have walked till my feet are bleeding; give me water to wash them. The hot sun has parched me; give me wine to drink, and to refresh me.

I have not broken bread since I set forth in the morning; I am hungry.

Mattern—What's that to me? What brings you tramping round here? Go and work. I have to work too.

Stranger—I am a workman.

Mattern—You're a tramp, that's what you are. A workman need not go about begging.

Stranger—I am a workman without wages.

Mattern—You're a tramp, you are.

Stranger [*diffidently, submissively, but at the same time impressively*]—I am a physician. It may be that you have need of me.

Mattern—I'm all right; I don't need any doctor.

Stranger [*his voice trembling with inward emotion*]—Mattern, bethink you! You need give me no water, and yet I will heal you. You may give me no bread to eat, and yet, God helping me, I will make you whole.

Mattern—You get out of this! Go about your business. I have sound bones in my body; I need no doctor: do you understand?

Stranger—Mattern, bethink you! I will wash your feet for you; I will give you wine to drink; you shall eat white bread; tread me under foot, and yet, God helping me, I will make you whole and sound.

Mattern—Now, will you go or will you not? If you won't get out of this, I tell you I'll—

Stranger [*in a tone of earnest admonition*]—Mattern, do you know what you have in your house?

Mattern—All that belongs there; all that belongs there; all that belongs there: *you* don't belong there. Just get out, now!

Stranger [*simply*]—Your daughter is ill.

Mattern—Her illness doesn't need any doctor. It's nothing but laziness, her illness isn't. I can knock that out of her without your help.

Stranger [*solemnly*]—Mattern, I come as a messenger to you.

Mattern—As a messenger, eh? Who from?

Stranger—I come from the Father, and I go to the Father. What have you done with his child?

Mattern—How am I to know what's become of her? What have I to do with his children? He's never troubled about her, he hasn't.

Stranger [*firmly*]—You have death in your house.

Mattern [*now notices Hannele lying there; goes in speechless astonishment up to the coffin, and looks into it; then murmurs:*] Where have you got the beautiful clothes? Who has bought you the crystal coffin?

[*The mourners whisper to each other vehemently but softly. The word «Murderer!» is heard again and again, uttered in a threatening tone.*]

Mattern [*softly, trembling*] — I've never ill-used you; I've clothed you; I've fed you. [*Turning insolently upon the Stranger.*] What do you want with me? What have I to do with all this?

Stranger — Mattern, have you anything to say to me?

[*The muttering among the mourners becomes ever more vehement and angry, and the word «Murderer!» «Murderer!» becomes more frequently audible.*]

Stranger — Have you nothing to reproach yourself with? Have you never torn her from her bed by night? Has she never fallen as though dead under your blows?

Mattern [*beside himself with rage*] — Strike me dead if she has — here, on the spot! Heaven's lightning blast me if I've been to blame!

[*A flash of pale-blue lightning, and distant thunder.*]

All [*speaking together*] — There's a thunder-storm coming! Right in the middle of winter! — He's perjured himself! — The child-murderer has perjured himself!

Stranger [*impressively but kindly*] — Have you still nothing to say to me, Mattern?

Mattern [*in pitiable terror*] — Who loves his child chastens it. I've done nothing but good to the girl. I've kept her as my child. I've a right to punish her when she does wrong.

The Women [*advancing threateningly towards him*] — Murderer! Murderer! Murderer!

Mattern — She's lied to me and cheated me. She has robbed me day by day.

Stranger — Are you speaking the truth?

Mattern — God strike me —

[*At this moment a cowslip, «the Key-of-Heaven,» is seen in Hannele's folded hands, emitting a yellow-green radiance. Mattern stares at it as though out of his senses, trembling all over.*]

Stranger—Mattern, you are lying!

All [*in the greatest excitement*]—A miracle! a miracle!

Pleschke—The girl—the girl—is a—a saint. He has—he has—sworn away—body—body and soul.

Mattern [*shrieks*]—I'll go and hang myself! [*Clasps his head between his hands and rushes off.*]

Stranger [*goes up to Hannele's coffin, and turns so as to face the others, who all draw back reverently from the Figure which now stands in full majesty, addressing them*]—Fear nothing. [*He bends down and takes hold of Hannele's hand. He speaks with the deepest tenderness.*] The maiden is not dead, but sleepeth. [*With intensity and assured power.*] Johanna Mattern, arise!

[*A gold-green radiance fills the room. Hannele opens her eyes, and raises herself by aid of the Stranger's hand, but without daring to look in his face. She steps out of the coffin, and at once sinks to the ground at the feet of the Awakener. Terror seizes upon all the others, and they flee. The Stranger and Hannele remain alone. The brown mantle has slipped from his shoulders, and he stands in a golden-white robe.*]

Stranger [*tenderly*]—Hannele!

Hannele [*in an ecstasy, her head bowed as low as possible*]—He is there.

Stranger—Who am I?

Hannele—Thou!

Stranger—Name my name.

Hannele [*whispers, trembling with awe*]—Holy! holy!

Stranger—I know all thy sorrows and thy sufferings.

Hannele—Thou dear, dear—

Stranger—Arise.

Hannele—Thy robe is spotless. I am full of stains.

Stranger [*laying his right hand on Hannele's head*]—Thus I take away all baseness from thee. [*Raising her face toward him with gentle force, he touches her eyes.*] Behold, I bestow on thine eyes eternal light. Let them be filled with the light of countless suns; with the light of endless day, from morning-glow to evening-glow, from evening-glow to morning-glow. Let them be filled with the brightness of all that shines: blue sea, blue sky, and the green plains of eternity. [*He touches her ear.*] Behold, I give to thine ear to hear all the rejoicing of all the millions of angels in the million heavens of God. [*He touches her lips.*]

Behold, I set free thy stammering tongue, and lay upon it thy soul, and my soul, and the soul of God in the highest.

[*Hannele, her whole body trembling, attempts to rise. As though weighed down by an infinite burden of rapture, she cannot do so. In a storm of sobs and tears, she buries her head on the Stranger's breast.*]

Stranger — With these tears I wash from thy soul all the dust and anguish of the world. I will exalt thy feet above the stars of God.

To soft music, and stroking Hannele's *hair with his hand, the* Stranger *speaks as follows. As he is speaking* Angelic Forms *appear in the doorway, great and small, youths and maidens; they pause diffidently, then venture in, swinging censers and decorating the chamber with hangings and wreaths.*

The City of the Blessèd is marvelously fair,
And peace and utter happiness are never-ending there.

[*Harps, at first played softly, gradually ring out loud and clear.*]

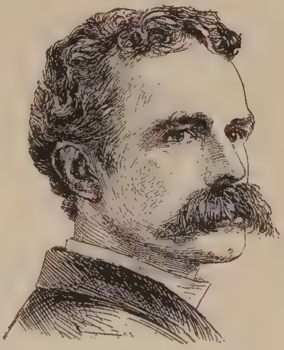
The houses are of marble, the roofs of gold so fine,
And down their silver channels bubble brooks of ruby wine.
The streets that shine so white, so white, are all bestrewn with flowers,
And endless peals of wedding bells ring out from all the towers.
The pinnacles, as green as May, gleam in the morning light,
Beset with flickering butterflies, with rose-wreaths decked and dight.
Twelve milk-white swans fly round them in mazy circles wide,
And preen themselves, and ruffle up their plumage in their pride.
They soar aloft so bravely through the shining heavenly air,
With fragrance all a-quiver and with golden trumpet-blare;
In circle-sweeps majestical forever they are winging,
And the pulsing of their pinions is like harp-strings softly ringing.
They look abroad o'er Sion, on garden and on sea,
And green and filmy streamers behind them flutter free.
And underneath them wander, throughout the heavenly land,
The people in their feast array, forever hand in hand;
And then into the wide, wide sea filled with the red, red wine,
Behold! they plunge their bodies with glory all a-shine —
They plunge their shining bodies into the gleaming sea,
Till in the deep clear purple they're swallowed utterly;
And when again they leap aloft rejoicing from the flood,
Their sins have all been washed away in Jesus's blessèd blood.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE

(1846–)

MR. HAWTHORNE is to be added to the group of men who enter into active literary life with the handicap of being the sons of authors of such high distinction that only a brave struggle insures individuality. The only son of Nathaniel Hawthorne, he was born in Boston in 1846, the same year that gave to the American reading public ‹Mosses from an Old Manse.› His early boyhood was passed in Liverpool during his father's consulate, but on the return of the family to America after 1860, Julian became a pupil in the famous school of Frank Sanborn in Concord. He entered Harvard in 1863, where he was, on the whole, more distinguished for athletics than for application to study. He took a course in civil engineering both at Harvard and in Dresden, and even practiced that congenial outdoor occupation and practical hydrographics for some years, until literature as a profession engrossed him.

His first successful story was ‹Bressant› (1872), the forerunner of a long list of novels, of which may be particularized three: ‹Garth› (1875), ‹Sebastian Strome,› and ‹Archibald Malmaison› (1884). Mr. Hawthorne made his home in London for about seven years, actively engaged in literary work in connection with the English and the American press. He returned to the United States in 1882, but presently went across the ocean again with an idea of remaining in England indefinitely; and of late years his homes have been London, Long Island, and the island of Jamaica,—in which last convenient West-Indian retreat he resided for several seasons prior to 1896. His novel ‹A Fool of Nature,› which won him in 1896 a prize of $10,000 in a literary competition arranged by the New York Herald (the contest enlisting eleven hundred other competitors), was written in that West-Indian hermitage.


JULIAN HAWTHORNE

Mr. Hawthorne's best work suggests more than one element that distinguishes his father's stories. There is the psychologic accent, the touch of mystery, the avoidance of the stock properties of romance.

He is an expert literary craftsman. One cannot but feel that with a firmer grip on his own fancy, and with an early discipline in style and in methods of treatment, his fictions would be of a finer individuality. But they hold the interest, and they show an aim at reaching beyond the scope of the ordinary novel of human character. ‹Garth› and ‹Archibald Malmaison› have been cited as perhaps his two most successful novels. Into ‹Garth› is woven the history of a New England home and family line, with a kind of curse upon them inherited from the shadowy past of Indian days; and the career of a curiously fascinating young hero, a survival or reincarnation of «primeval man,» who declares that he feels «as though the earth were my body and I saw through it and lived through it, just as I do my human body; . . . and then I was as strong as the whole world and as happy as heaven.» In ‹Archibald Malmaison› we have a brief, gloomy drama, turning on a central character whose mental personality every few years inevitably and shockingly «reverts.» At seven years the little boy goes back to his boyhood of two or three, forgetting everything that has been in his mind and life since that term; in his early teens he lapses to nearly his development at mere babyhood, with the intervening time a blank. At last, a man grown, this weird fatality, combined with his knowledge of a hidden room (known only to himself) in his home, and a mad love affair, bring about a terrible misadventure, closing the story.

THE EAST WING: ARCHIBALD IS A CHANGELING

From ‹Archibald Malmaison.› Copyright 1884, by Funk & Wagnalls

The room itself was long, narrow, and comparatively low; the latticed windows were sunk several feet into the massive walls; lengths of brownish-green and yellow tapestry, none the fresher for its two centuries and more of existence, still protested against the modern heresy of wall-paper; and in a panel frame over the fireplace was seen the portrait, by Sir Godfrey Kneller, of the Jacobite baronet. It was a half-length, in officer's uniform: one hand holding the hilt of a sword against the breast, while the forefinger of the other hand pointed diagonally downward, as much as to say, «I vanished in that direction!»

The fireplace, it should be noted, was built on the side of the room opposite to the windows; that is to say, in one of the partition walls. And what was on the other side of this partition? Not the large chamber opening into the corridor—that lay at right angles to the east chamber, along the southern front of the wing. Not the corridor either, though it ran for some distance parallel to the east chamber, and had a door on the east side. But this door led into a great dark closet, as big as an ordinary room, and used as a receptacle for rubbish. Was it the dark closet, then, that adjoined the east chamber on the other side of the partition? No, once more. Had a window been opened through the closet wall, it would have looked, not into Archibald's room, but into a narrow blind court or well, entirely inclosed between four stone walls, and of no apparent use save as a somewhat clumsy architectural expedient. There was no present way of getting into this well, or even of looking into it, unless one had been at the pains to mount on the roof of the house and peer down. As a matter of fact, its existence was only made known by the reports of an occasional workman engaged in renewing the tiles, or mending a decayed chimney. An accurate survey of the building would of course have revealed it at once; but nothing of the kind had been thought of within the memory of man. Such a survey would also have revealed what no one in the least suspected, but which was nevertheless a fact of startling significance; namely, that the blind court was at least fifteen feet shorter and twenty-five feet narrower *than it ought to have been!*

Archibald was as far from suspecting it as anybody; indeed, he most likely never troubled his head about builders' plans in his life. But he thought a great deal of his great-grandfather's portrait; and since it was so placed as to be in view of the most comfortable chair before the fire, he spent many hours of every week gazing at it. What was Sir Charles pointing at with that left forefinger? And what meant that peculiarly intent and slightly frowning glance which the painted eyes forever bent upon his own? Archibald probably had a few of Mrs. Radcliffe's romances along with the other valuable books on his shelves, and he may have cherished a notion that a treasure or an important secret of some sort was concealed in the vicinity. Following down the direction of the pointing finger, he found that it intersected the floor at a spot about five feet to the right of the side of the fireplace. The floor of the chamber was of solid oak planking, blackened by age; and it appeared to be no less solid at this point than at any other. Nevertheless, he thought it would be good fun, and at all events would do no harm, to cut a hole there and see what was underneath. Accordingly he quietly procured a saw and a hammer and chisel, and one day, when the family were away from home, he locked himself into his room and went to work. The job was not an easy one, the tough oak wood being almost enough to turn the edge of his chisel, and there being no purchase at all for the saw. After a quarter of an hour's chipping and hammering with very little result, he paused to rest. The board at which he had been working, and which met the wall at right angles, was very short, not more than eighteen inches long, indeed; being inserted merely to fill up the gap caused by a deficiency in length of the plank of which it was the continuation. Between the two adjoining ends was a crack of some width, and into that crack did Archibald idly stick his chisel. It seemed to him that the crack widened, so that he was able to press the blade of the chisel down to its thickest part. He now worked it eagerly backward and forward, and to his delight, the crack rapidly widened still further; in fact, the short board was sliding back underneath the wainscot. A small oblong cavity was thus revealed, into which the young discoverer glowered with beating heart and vast anticipations.

What he found could scarcely be said to do those anticipations justice; it was neither a casket of precious stones, nor a document establishing the family right of ownership of the whole county of Sussex. It was nothing more than a tarnished rod of silver, about nine inches in length, and twisted into an irregular sort of corkscrew shape. One end terminated in a broad flat button; the other in a blunted point. There was nothing else in the hole — nothing to show what the rod was meant for, or why it was so ingeniously hidden there. And yet, reflected Archibald, could it have been so hidden, and its place of concealment so mysteriously indicated, without any ulterior purpose whatever? It was incredible! Why, the whole portrait was evidently painted with no other object than that of indicating the rod's whereabouts. Either, then, there was or had been something else in the cavity in addition to the rod, or the rod was intended to be used in some way still unexplained. So much was beyond question.

Thus cogitated Archibald; that is to say, thus he might have cogitated, for there is no direct evidence of what passed through his mind. And in the first place, he made an exhaustive examination of the cavity, and convinced himself not only that there was nothing else except dust to be got out of it, but also that it opened into no other cavity which might prove more fruitful. His next step was to study the silver rod, in the hope that scrutiny or inspiration might suggest to him what it was good for. His pains were rewarded by finding on the flat head the nearly obliterated figures 3 and 5, inscribed one above the other in the manner of a vulgar fraction,—thus, $\frac{3}{5}$; and by the conviction that the spiral conformation of the rod was not the result of accident, as he had at first supposed, but had been communicated to it intentionally, for some purpose unknown. These conclusions naturally stimulated his curiosity more than ever, but nothing came of it. The boy was a clever boy, but he was not a detective trained in this species of research, and the problem was beyond his ingenuity. He made every application of the figures 3 and 5 that imagination could suggest; he took them in feet, in inches, in yards; he added them together, and he subtracted one from the other: all in vain. The only thing he did not do was to take any one else into his confidence; he said not a word about the affair even to Kate, being resolved that if there were a mystery it should be revealed, at least in the first instance, to no one else besides himself. At length, after several days spent in fruitless experiments and loss of temper, he returned the rod to its hiding-place, with the determination to give himself a rest for a while and see what time and accident would do for him. This plan, though undoubtedly prudent, seemed likely to effect no more than the others; and over a year passed away without the rod's being again disturbed. By degrees his thoughts ceased to dwell so persistently upon the unsolved puzzle, and other interests took possession of his mind. The tragedy of his aunt's death, his love for Kate, his studies, his prospects — a hundred things gave him occupation, until the silver rod was half forgotten.

In the latter part of 1813, however, he accidentally made a rather remarkable discovery.

He had for the first time been out hunting with his father and the neighboring country gentlemen in the autumn of this year, and it appears that on two occasions he had the brush awarded to him. At his request the heads of the two foxes were mounted for him, and he proposed to put them up on either side his fireplace.

The wall, above and for a few inches to the right and left of the mantelpiece, was bare of tapestry; the first-named place being occupied by the portrait, while the sides were four feet up the oaken wainscot which surrounded the whole room behind the tapestry, and from thence to the ceiling, plaster. The mantelpiece and fireplace were of a dark slaty stone and of brick, respectively.

Archibald fixed upon what he considered the most effective positions for his heads — just above the level of the wainscot, and near enough to the mantelpiece not to be interfered with by the tapestry. He nailed up one of them on the left-hand side, the nails penetrating with just sufficient resistance in the firm plaster; and then, measuring carefully to the corresponding point on the right-hand side, he proceeded to affix the other head there. But the nail on this occasion could not be made to go in; and on his attempting to force it with a heavier stroke of the hammer, it bent beneath the blow and the hammer came sharply into contact with the white surface of the wall, producing a clinking sound as from an impact on metal.

A brief investigation now revealed the fact that a circular disk of iron, about three inches in diameter, and painted white to match the plaster, was here let into the wall. What could be the object of it? With a fresh nail the boy began to scratch off the paint from the surface of the disk, in order to determine whether it were actually iron, or some other metal; in so doing a small movable lid like the screen of a keyhole was pushed aside, disclosing a little round aperture underneath. Archibald pushed the nail into it, thereby informing himself that the hole went straight into the wall, for a distance greater than the length of the nail; but how much greater, and what was at the end of it, he could only conjecture.

We must imagine him now standing upon a chair with the nail in his hand, casting about in his mind for some means of probing this mysterious and unexpected hole to the bottom. At this juncture he happens to glance upward, and meets the intent regard of his pictured ancestor, who seems to have been silently watching him all this time, and only to be prevented by unavoidable circumstances from speaking out and telling him what to do next. And there is that constant forefinger pointing — at what? At the cavity in the floor, of course, but not at that alone; for if you observe, this same new-found hole in the wall is a third point in the straight line between the end of the forefinger and the hiding-place of the silver rod; furthermore, the hole is, as nearly as can be estimated without actual measurement, three feet distant from the forefinger and five feet from the rod: the problem of three above and five below has solved itself in the twinkling of an eye, and it only remains to act accordingly!

Archibald sprang to the floor in no small excitement; but the first thing that he did was to see that both his doors were securely fastened. Then he advanced upon the mystery with heightened color and beating heart, his imagination reveling in the wildest forecasts of what might be in store; and anon turning him cold with sickening apprehension lest it should prove to be nothing after all! But no: something there must be, some buried secret, now to live once more for him, and for him only; the secret whereof dim legends had come down through the obscurity of two hundred years; the secret too of old Sir Charles in the frame yonder, the man of magic repute. What could it be? Some talisman, some volume of the Black Art, perhaps, which would enable him to vanish at will into thin air, and to travel with the speed of a wish from place to place; to become a veritable enchanter, endowed with all supernatural powers. With hands slightly tremulous from eagerness he pushed back the bit of plank and drew forth the silver rod; then mounted on the chair and applied it to the hole, which it fitted accurately. Before pushing it home he paused a moment.

In all the stories he had read, the possessors of magic secrets had acquired the same only in exchange for something supposed to be equally valuable; namely, their own souls. It was not to be expected that Archibald would be able to modify the terms of the bargain in his own case: was he then prepared to pay the price? Every human being, probably, is called upon to give a more or less direct answer to this question at some epoch of their lives; and were it not for curiosity and skepticism, and an unwillingness to profit by the experience of others, very likely that answer might be more often favorable to virtue than it actually is. Archibald did not hesitate long. Whether he decided to disbelieve in any danger; whether he resolved to brave it whatever it might be; or whether, having got thus far, he had not sufficient control over his inclinations to resist going further,—at all events he drew in his breath, set his boyish lips, and drove the silver rod into the aperture with right good will.

It turned slowly as it entered, the curve of its spiral evidently following the corresponding windings of the hole. Inward it twisted like a snake, until only some two inches still projected. As the searcher after forbidden mysteries continued to press, something seemed to give way within; and at the same instant an odd shuffling sound caused him to glance sharply over his left shoulder.

What was the matter with the mantelpiece? The whole of the right jamb seemed to have started forward nearly a foot, while the left jamb had retired by a corresponding distance into the wall; the hearth, with the fire burning upon it, remained meanwhile undisturbed. At first Archibald imagined that the mantelpiece was going to fall, perhaps bringing down the whole partition with it; but when he had got over the first shock of surprise sufficiently to make an examination, he found that the entire structure of massive gray stone was swung upon a concealed pivot, round which it turned independently of the brickwork of the fireplace. The silver rod had released the spring by which the mechanism was held in check, and an unsuspected doorway was thus revealed, opening into the very substance of the apparently solid wall. On getting down from his chair, he had no difficulty in pulling forward the jamb far enough to satisfy himself that there was a cavity of unknown extent behind. And from out of this cavity breathed a strange dry air, like the sigh of a mummy. As for the darkness in there, it was almost substantial, as of the central chamber in the great Pyramid.

Archibald may well have had some misgivings, for he was only a boy, and this happened more than sixty years ago, when ghosts and goblins had not come to be considered such indefensible humbugs as they are now. Nevertheless, he was of a singularly intrepid temperament, and besides, he had passed the turning-point in this adventure a few minutes ago. Nothing, therefore, would have turned him back now. Come what might of it, he would see this business to an end.

It was however impossible to see anything without a light; it would be necessary to fetch one of the rush candles from the table in the corridor. It was a matter of half a minute for the boy to go and return; then he edged himself through the opening, and was standing in a kind of vaulted tunnel directly behind the fireplace, the warmth of which he could feel when he laid his hand on the bricks on that side. The tunnel, which extended along the interior of the wall toward the left, was about six feet in height by two and a half in width. Archibald could walk in it quite easily.

But in the first place he scrutinized the mechanism of the revolving mantelpiece. It was an extremely ingenious and yet simple device, and so accurately fitted in all its parts that after so many years, they still worked together almost as smoothly as when new. After Archibald had poured a little of his gun-oil into the joints of the hinges, and along the grooves, he found that the heavy stone structure would open and close as noiselessly and easily as his own jaws. It could be opened from the inside by using the silver rod in a hole corresponding to that on the outside: and having practiced this opening and shutting until he was satisfied that he was thoroughly master of the process, he put the rod in his pocket, pulled the jamb gently together behind him, and candle in hand set forth along the tunnel.

After walking ten paces, he came face-up against a wall lying at right angles to the direction in which he had been moving. Peering cautiously round the corner, he saw at the end of a shallow embrasure a ponderous door of dark wood braced with iron, standing partly open with a key in the keyhole, as if some one had just come out, and in his haste had forgotten to shut and lock the door behind him. Archibald now slowly opened it to its full extent; it creaked as it moved, and the draught of air made his candle flicker, and caused strange shadows to dance for a moment in the unexplored void beyond. In another breath Archibald had crossed the threshold and arrived at the goal of his pilgrimage.

At first he could see very little; but there could be no doubt that he was in a room which seemed to be of large extent, and for the existence of which he could by no means account. The reader, who has been better informed, will already have assigned it its true place in that unexplained region mentioned some pages back, between the blind court and the east chamber. Groping his way cautiously about, Archibald presently discerned a burnished sconce affixed to the wall, in which having placed his candle, the light was reflected over the room, so that the objects it contained stood dimly forth. It was a room of fair extent and considerable height, and was apparently furnished in a style of quaint and sombre magnificence, such as no other apartment in Malmaison could show. The arched ceiling was supported by vast oaken beams; the floor was inlaid with polished marbles. The walls, instead of being hung with tapestry, were painted in distemper with life-size figure subjects, representing, as far as the boy could make out, some weird incantation scene. At one end of the room stood a heavy cabinet, the shelves of which were piled with gold and silver plate, richly chased, and evidently of great value. Here in fact seemed to have been deposited many of the precious heirlooms of the family, which had disappeared during the Jacobite rebellions, and were supposed to have been lost. The cabinet was made of ebony inlaid with ivory, as was also a broad round table in the centre of the room. In a niche opposite the cabinet gleamed a complete suit of sixteenth-century armor; and so dry was the atmosphere of the apartment that scarce a spot of rust appeared upon the polished surface, which however, like every other object in the room, was overlaid with fine dust. A bed, with embroidered coverlet and heavy silken curtains, stood in a deep recess to the left of the cabinet. Upon the table lay a number of papers and parchments, some tied up in bundles, others lying about in disorder. One was spread open, with a pen thrown down upon it, and an antique ink-horn standing near; and upon a stand beside the bed was a gold-enameled snuff-box, with its lid up, and containing, doubtless, the dusty remnant of some George II. rappee.

At all these things Archibald gazed in thoughtful silence. This room had been left, at a moment's warning, generations ago; since then this strange dry air had been breathed by no human nostrils, these various objects had remained untouched and motionless; nothing but time had dwelt in the chamber: and yet what a change, subtle but mighty, had been wrought! Mere stillness, mere absence of life, was an appalling thing, the boy thought. And why had this secret been suffered to pass into oblivion? and why had fate selected him to discover it? and now, what use would he make of it? «At all events,» said the boy to himself, «it has become my secret, and shall remain mine; and no fear but the occasion will come when I shall know what use to make of it.» He felt that meanwhile it would give him power, security, wealth also, if he should ever have occasion for it; and with a curious sentiment of pride he saw himself thus mystically designated as the true heir of Malmaison,—the only one of his age and generation who had been permitted to stand on an equality with those historic and legendary ancestors to whom the secret of this chamber had given the name and fame of wizards. Henceforth Archibald was as much a wizard as they.

Or—might there after all be a power in necromancy that he yet dreamed not of? Was it possible that even now those old enchanters held their meetings here, and would question his right to force his way among them?

As this thought passed through the boy's mind, he was moving slowly forward, his eyes glancing now here, now there, when all at once the roots of his hair were stirred with an emotion which, if not fear, was certainly far removed from tranquillity. From the darkest corner of the room he had seen a human figure silently and stealthily creeping toward him. Now, as he fixed his eyes upon it, it stopped, and seemed to return his stare. His senses did not deceive him: there it stood, distinctly outlined, though its features were indistinguishable by reason of the shadow that fell upon them. But what living thing—living with mortal life at least—could exist in a room that had been closed for sixty years?

Now certainly this Archibald, who had not yet completed his fourteenth year, possessed a valiant soul. That all his flesh yearned for instant flight does not admit of a doubt; and had he fled, this record would never have been written. Fly however he would not, but would step forward rather, and be resolved what manner of goblin confronted him. Forward therefore he stepped; and behold! the goblin was but the reflection of himself in a tall mirror, which the obscurity and his own agitation had prevented him from discerning. The revulsion of feeling thus occasioned was so strong that for a moment all strength forsook the boy's knees; he stumbled and fell, and his forehead struck the corner of the ebony cabinet. He was on his feet again in a moment, but his forehead was bleeding, and he felt strangely giddy. The candle too was getting near its end; it was time to bring this first visit to a close. He took the candle from the sconce, passed out through the door, traversed the tunnel, and thrust the silver key into the keyhole. The stone door yielded before him; he dropped what was left of the candle, and slipped through the opening into broad daylight.

The first object his dazzled eyes rested upon was the figure of Miss Kate Battledown. In returning from his visit to the corridor he must have forgotten to lock the room door after him. She was standing with her back toward him, looking out of the window, and was apparently making signs to some one outside.

Noiselessly Archibald pushed the mantelpiece back into place; thanks to the oiling he had given the hinges, no sound betrayed the movement. The next moment Kate turned round, and seeing him, started and cried «Oh!»

«Good-morning, Mistress Kate,» said Archibald.

«Archibald!»

«Well?»

«You were not here a moment ago!»

«Well?»

«Then how did you get here?»

Archibald made a gesture toward the door leading to the covered stairway.

«No—no!» said Kate; «it is locked, and the key is on this side.» She had been coming toward him, but now stopped and regarded him with terror in her looks.

«What is the matter, Kate?»

«You are all over blood, Archibald! What has happened? Are you . . . oh, what are you?» She was ready to believe him a ghost.

«What am I?» repeated the boy sluggishly. That odd giddiness was increasing, and he scarcely knew whether he were asleep or awake. Who was he, indeed? What had happened? Who was that young woman in front of him? What . . .

«Archibald! Archie! Speak to me! Why do you look so strangely?»

«Me not know oo!» said Archie, and began to cry.

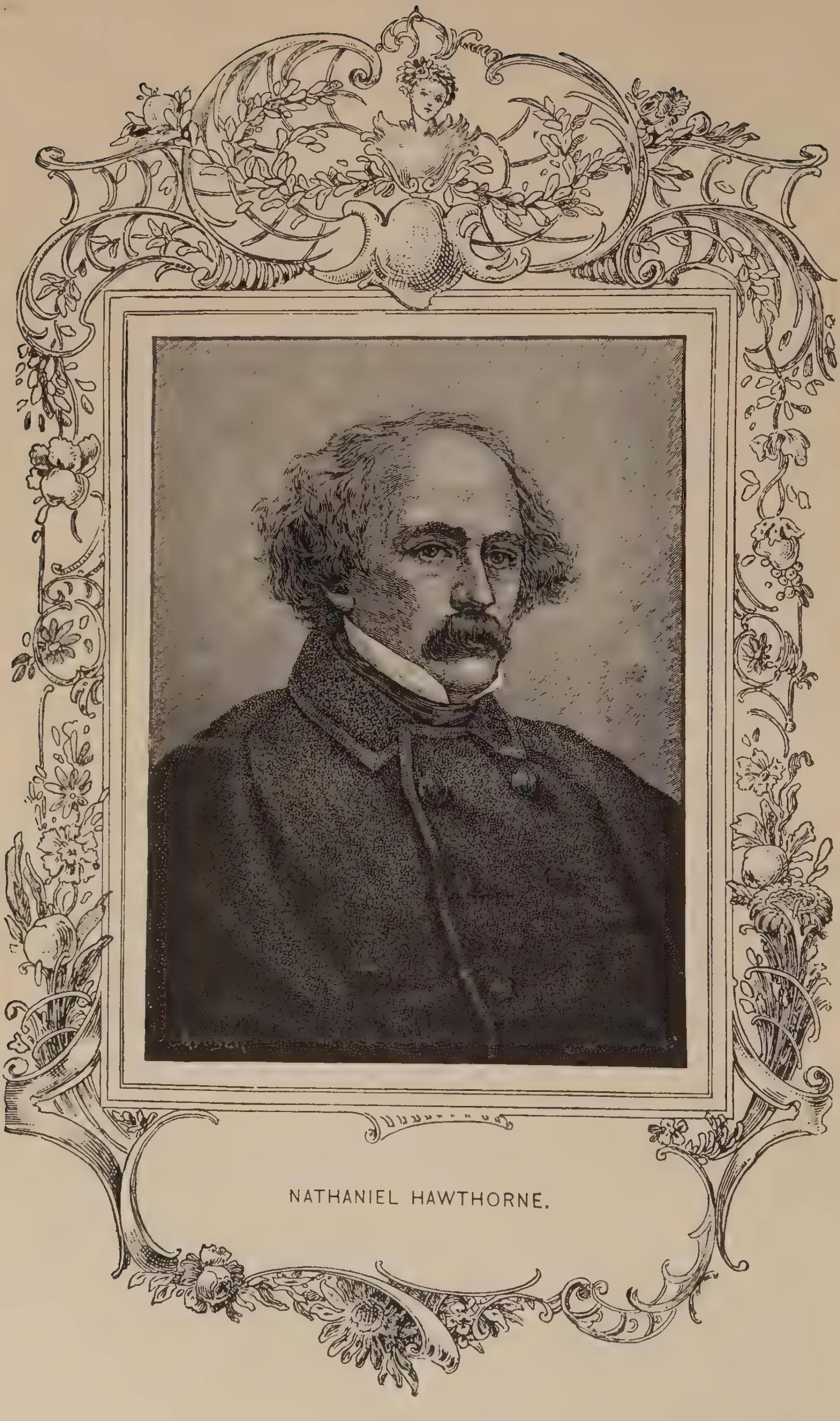
Mistress Kate turned pale, and began to back toward the door.

«Me want my kittie!» blubbered Archie.

Kate stopped. «You want me?»

«Me want my 'ittle kittie—my 'ittle b'indled kittie! Dey put my kittie in de hole in de darden! Me want her to p'ay wiz!» And with this, and with the tears streaming down his cheeks, poor Archie toddled forward with the uncertain step and outstretched arms of a little child. But Kate had already gained the door, and was running screaming across the next room, and so down the long corridor.

Poor Archie toddled after, his baby heart filled with mourning for the brindled cat that had been buried in the back garden seven years before.—Seven years? or was it only yesterday?



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

(1804–1864)

BY HENRY JAMES

IT IS perhaps an advantage in writing of Nathaniel Hawthorne's work, that his life offers little opportunity to the biographer. The record of it makes so few exactions that in a critical account of him — even as brief as this — the work may easily take most of the place. He was one of those happy men of letters in whose course the great milestones are simply those of his ideas that found successful form. Born at Salem, Massachusetts, on July 4th, 1804, of established local Puritan — and in a conspicuous degree, sturdy seafaring — stock, he was educated at his birthplace and at Bowdoin College, Maine, where H. W. Longfellow was one of his fellow-students. Another was Franklin Pierce, who was to be elected President of the United States in 1852, and with whom Hawthorne formed relations that became an influence in his life. On leaving college in 1825 he returned to Salem to live, and in 1828 published in Boston a short romance called ‘Fanshawe,’ of which the scene, in spite of its being a «love story,» is laid, but for a change of name, at Bowdoin, with professors and undergraduates for its male characters. The experiment was inevitably faint, but the author's beautiful touch had begun to feel its way. In 1837, after a dozen years spent in special solitude, as he later testified, at Salem, he collected as the first series of ‘Twice-Told Tales’ various more or less unremunerated contributions to the magazines and annuals of the day. In 1845 appeared the second series, and in 1851 the two volumes were, with a preface peculiarly graceful and touching, reissued together; he is in general never more graceful than when prefatory. In 1851 and 1854 respectively came to light ‘The Snow Image’ and ‘Mosses from an Old Manse,’ which form, with the previous double sheaf, his three main gatherings-in of the shorter fiction. I neglect, for brevity and as addressed to children, ‘Grandfather's Chair’ and ‘The Wonder Book’ (1851), as well as ‘Tanglewood Tales’ (1852). Of the other groups, some preceded, some followed, the appearance in 1850 of his second novel, ‘The Scarlet Letter.’

These things — the experiments in the shorter fiction — had sounded, with their rare felicity, from the very first the note that was to be Hawthorne's distinguished mark, — that feeling for the latent romance of New England, which in summary form is the most final name to be given, I think, to his inspiration. This element, which is what at its best his genius most expresses, was far from obvious,—it had to be looked for; and Hawthorne found it, as he wandered and mused, in the secret play of the Puritan faith: the secret, I say particularly, because the direct and ostensible, face to face with common tasks and small conditions (as I may call them without prejudice to their general grimness), arrived at forms of which the tender imagination could make little. It could make a great deal, on the other hand, of the spiritual contortions, the darkened outlook, of the ingrained sense of sin, of evil, and of responsibility. There had been other complications in the history of the community surrounding him,—savages from behind, soldiers from before, a cruel climate from every quarter and a pecuniary remittance from none. But the great complication was the pressing moral anxiety, the restless individual conscience. These things were developed at the cost of so many others, that there were almost no others left to help them to make a picture for the artist. The artist's imagination had to deck out the subject, to work it up, as we nowadays say; and Hawthorne's was,—on intensely chastened lines, indeed,—equal to the task. In that manner it came into exercise from the first, through the necessity of taking for granted, on the part of the society about him, a life of the spirit more complex than anything that met the mere eye of sense. It was a question of looking behind and beneath for the suggestive idea, the artistic motive; the effect of all of which was an invaluable training for the faculty that evokes and enhances. This ingenuity grew alert and irrepressible as it manœuvred for the back view and turned up the under side of common aspects,—the laws secretly broken, the impulses secretly felt, the hidden passions, the double lives, the dark corners, the closed rooms, the skeletons in the cupboard and at the feast. It made, in short, and cherished, for fancy's sake, a mystery and a glamour where there were otherwise none very ready to its hand; so that it ended by living in a world of things symbolic and allegoric, a presentation of objects casting, in every case, far behind them a shadow more curious and more amusing than the apparent figure. Any figure therefore easily became with him an emblem, any story a parable, any appearance a cover: things with which his concern is—gently, indulgently, skillfully, with the lightest hand in the world—to pivot them round and show the odd little stamp or sign that gives them their value for the collector.

The specimens he collected, as we may call them, are divisible into groups, but with the mark in common that they are all early products of the dry New England air. Some are myths and mysteries of old Massachusetts,—charming ghostly passages of colonial history. Such are ‘The Grey Champion,’ ‘The Maypole of Merry Mount,’ the four beautiful ‘Legends of the Province House.’ Others, like ‘Roger Malvin's Burial,’ ‘Rappaccini's Daughter,’ ‘Young Goodman Brown,’ are «moralities» without the moral, as it were; small cold apologues, frosty and exquisite, occasionally gathered from beyond the sea. Then there are the chapters of the fanciful all for fancy's sake, of the pure whimsical, and of observation merely amused and beguiled; pages, many of them, of friendly humorous reflections on what, in Salem or in Boston, a dreamer might meet in his walks. What Hawthorne encountered he instinctively embroidered, working it over with a fine, slow needle, and with flowers pale, rosy, or dusky, as the case might suggest. We have a handful of these in ‘The Great Carbuncle’ and ‘The Great Stone Face,’ ‘The Seven Vagabonds,’ ‘The Threefold Destiny,’ ‘The Village Uncle,’ ‘The Toll Gatherer's Day,’ ‘A Rill from the Town Pump,’ and ‘Chippings with a Chisel.’ The inequalities in his work are not, to my sense, great; and in specifying, we take and leave with hesitation.

‘The Scarlet Letter,’ in 1850, brought him immediate distinction, and has probably kept its place not only as the most original of his novels, but as the most distinguished piece of prose fiction that was to spring from American soil. He had received in 1839 an appointment to a small place in the Boston custom-house, where his labors were sordid and sterile, and he had given it up in permissible weariness. He had spent in 1841 near Roxbury, Massachusetts, a few months in the co-operative community of Brook Farm, a short-lived socialistic experiment. He had married in the following year and gone to live at the old Manse at Concord, where he remained till 1846, when, with a fresh fiscal engagement, he returned to his native town. It was in the intervals of his occupation at the Salem custom-house that ‘The Scarlet Letter’ was written. The book has achieved the fortune of the small supreme group of novels: it has hung an ineffaceable image in the portrait gallery, the reserved inner cabinet, of literature. Hester Prynne is not one of those characters of fiction whom we use as a term of comparison for a character of fact: she is almost more than that,—she decorates the museum in a way that seems to forbid us such a freedom. Hawthorne availed himself, for her history, of the most striking anecdote the early Puritan chronicle could give him,—give him in the manner set forth by the long, lazy Prologue or Introduction, an exquisite commemoration of the happy dullness of his term of service at the custom-house, where it is his fancy to pretend to have discovered in a box of old papers the faded relic and the musty documents which suggested to him his title and his theme.

It is the story as old as the custom of marriage, — the story of the husband, the wife, and the lover; but bathed in a misty, moonshiny light, and completely neglecting the usual sources of emotion. The wife, with the charming child of her guilt, has stood under the stern inquisitorial law in the public pillory of the adulteress; while the lover, a saintly young minister, undetected and unbetrayed, has in an anguish of pusillanimity suffered her to pay the whole fine. The husband, an ancient scholar, a man of abstruse and profane learning, finds his revenge years after the wrong, in making himself insidiously the intimate of the young minister, and feeding secretly on the remorse, the inward torments, which he does everything to quicken but pretends to have no ground for suspecting. The march of the drama lies almost wholly in the malignant pressure exercised in this manner by Chillingworth upon Dimmesdale; an influence that at last reaches its climax in the extraordinary penance of the subject, who in the darkness, in the sleeping town, mounts, himself, upon the scaffold on which, years before, the partner of his guilt has undergone irrevocable anguish. In this situation he calls to him Hester Prynne and her child, who, belated in the course of the merciful ministrations to which Hester has now given herself up, pass, among the shadows, within sight of him; and they in response to his appeal ascend for a second time to the place of atonement, and stand there with him under cover of night. The scene is not complete, of course, till Chillingworth arrives to enjoy the spectacle and his triumph. It has inevitably gained great praise, and no page of Hawthorne's shows more intensity of imagination; yet the main achievement of the book is not what is principally its subject,— the picture of the relation of the two men. They are too faintly — the husband in particular — though so fancifully figured. ‘The Scarlet Letter’ lives, in spite of too many cold *concetti*,— Hawthorne's general danger,— by something noble and truthful in the image of the branded mother and the beautiful child. Strangely enough, this pair are almost wholly outside the action; yet they preserve and vivify the work.

‘The House of the Seven Gables,’ written during a residence of two years at Lenox, Massachusetts, was published in 1851. If there are probably no four books of any author among which, for a favorite, readers hesitate longer than between Hawthorne's four longest stories, there are at any rate many for whom this remains distinctly his largest and fullest production. Suffused as it is with a pleasant autumnal haze, it yet brushes more closely than its companions the surface of American life, comes a trifle nearer to being a novel of manners. The manners it shows us indeed are all interfused with the author's special tone, seen in a slanting afternoon light; but detail and illustration are sufficiently copious; and I am tempted for my own part to pronounce the book, taking subject and treatment together, and in spite of the position as a more concentrated classic enjoyed by ‹The Scarlet Letter,› the closest approach we are likely to have to the great work of fiction, so often called for, that is to do us nationally most honor and most good. The subject reduced to its essence, indeed, accounts not quite altogether for all that there is in the picture. What there is besides is an extraordinary charm of expression, of sensibility, of humor, of touch. The question is that of the mortal shrinkage of a family once uplifted, the last spasm of their starved gentility and flicker of their slow extinction. In the haunted world of Hawthorne's imagination the old Pyncheon house, under its elm in the Salem by-street, is the place where the ghosts are most at home. Ghostly even are its actual tenants, the ancient virgin Hepzibah, with her turban, her scowl, her creaking joints, and her map of the great territory to the eastward belonging to her family,—reduced, in these dignities, to selling profitless pennyworths over a counter; and the bewildered bachelor Clifford, released, like some blinking and noble *déterré* of the old Bastile, from twenty years of wrongful imprisonment. We meet at every turn, with Hawthorne, his favorite fancy of communicated sorrows and inevitable atonements. Life is an experience in which we expiate the sins of others in the intervals of expiating our own. The heaviest visitation of the blighted Pyncheons is the responsibility they have incurred through the misdeeds of a hard-hearted witch-burning ancestor. This ancestor has an effective return to life in the person of the one actually robust and successful representative of the race,—a bland, hard, showy, shallow «ornament of the bench,» a massive hypocrite and sensualist, who at last, though indeed too late, pays the penalty and removes the curse. The idea of the story is at once perhaps a trifle thin and a trifle obvious,—the idea that races and individuals may die of mere dignity and heredity, and that they need for refreshment and cleansing to be, from without, breathed upon like dull mirrors. But the art of the thing is exquisite, its charm irresistible, its distinction complete. ‹The House of the Seven Gables,› I may add, contains in the rich portrait of Judge Pyncheon a character more solidly suggested than—with the possible exception of the Zenobia of ‹The Blithedale Romance›—any other figure in the author's list.

Weary of Lenox, Hawthorne spent several months of 1852 at West Newton near Boston, where ‹The Blithedale Romance› was brought forth. He made the most, for the food of fancy, of what came under his hand,—happy in an appetite that could often find a feast in meagre materials. The third of his novels is an echo, delightfully poetized, of his residence at Brook Farm. «Transcendentalism» was in those days in New England much in the air; and the most comprehensive account of the partakers of this quaint experiment appears to have been held to be that they were Transcendentalists. More simply stated, they were young, candid radicals, reformers, philanthropists. The fact that it sprang — all irresponsibly indeed — from the observation of a known episode, gives ‹The Blithedale Romance› also a certain value as a picture of manners; the place portrayed, however, opens quickly enough into the pleasantest and idlest dream-world. Hawthorne, we gather, dreamed there more than he worked; he has traced his attitude delightfully in that of the fitful and ironical Coverdale, as to whom we wonder why he chose to rub shoulders quite so much. We think of him as drowsing on a hillside with his hat pulled over his eyes, and the neighboring hum of reform turning in his ears, to a refrain as vague as an old song. One thing is certain: that if he failed his companions as a laborer in the field, it was only that he might associate them with another sort of success.

We feel, however, that he lets them off easily, when we think of some of the queer figures and queer nostrums then abroad in the land, and which his mild satire — incurring none the less some mild reproach — fails to grind in its mill. The idea that he most tangibly presents is that of the unconscious way in which the search for the common good may cover a hundred interested impulses and personal motives; the suggestion that such a company could only be bound together more by its delusions, its mutual suspicions and frictions, than by any successful surrender of self. The book contains two images of large and admirable intention: that of Hollingsworth the heavy-handed radical, selfish and sincere, with no sense for jokes, for forms, or for shades; and that of Zenobia the woman of «sympathies,» the passionate patroness of «causes,» who plays as it were with revolution, and only encounters embarrassment. Zenobia is the most graceful of all portraits of the strong-minded of her sex; borrowing something of her grace, moreover, from the fate that was not to allow her to grow old and shrill, and not least touching from the air we attribute to her of looking, with her fine imagination, for adventures that were hardly, under the circumstances, to be met. We fill out the figure, perhaps, and even lend to the vision something more than Hawthorne intended. Zenobia was, like Coverdale himself, a subject of dreams that were not to find form at Roxbury; but Coverdale had other resources, while she had none but her final failure. Hawthorne indicates no more interesting aspect of the matter than her baffled effort to make a hero of Hollingsworth, who proves, to her misfortune, so much too inelastic for the part. All this, as we read it to-day, has a soft, shy glamour, a touch of the poetry of far-off things. Nothing of the author's is a happier expression of what I have called his sense of the romance of New England.

In 1853 Franklin Pierce, then President, appointed him consul at Liverpool, which was the beginning of a residence of some seven years in England and in Italy, the period to which we owe 'The Marble Faun' and 'Our Old Home.' The material for the latter of these was the first to be gathered; but the appearance of 'The Marble Faun,' begun in Rome in 1858 and finished during a second stay in England, preceded that of its companion. This is his only long drama on a foreign stage. Drawn from his own air, however, are much of its inspiration and its character. Hawthorne took with him to Italy, as he had done to England, more of the old Puritan consciousness than he left behind. The book has been consecrated as a kind of manual of Roman sights and impressions, brought together indeed in the light of a sympathy always detached and often withheld; and its value is not diminished by its constant reference to an order of things of which, at present, the yearning pilgrim — before a board for the most part swept bare — can only pick up the crumbs. The mystical, the mythical, are in 'The Marble Faun' more than ever at hide-and-seek with the real. The author's fancy for freakish correspondences has its way, with Donatello's points of resemblance to the delightful statue in the Capitol. What he offers us is the history of a character blissfully immature, awakening to manhood through the accidental, the almost unconscious, commission of a crime. For the happy youth before his act — the first complete act of his life — there have been no unanswered questions; but after it he finds himself confronted with all the weary questions of the world. This act consists of his ridding of an obscure tormentor — the obscurity is rather a mistake — a woman whom he loves, and who is older, cleverer, and more acquainted with life than himself. The humanizing, the moralizing of the faun is again an ingenious conceit; but it has had for result to have made the subject of the process — and the case is unique in Hawthorne's work — one of those creations of the story-teller who give us a name for a type. There is a kind of young man whom we have now only to call a Donatello, to feel that we sufficiently classify him. It is a part of the scheme of the story to extend to still another nature than his the same sad initiation. A young woman from across the Atlantic, a gentle copyist in Roman galleries of still gentler Guidos and Guercinos, happens to have caught a glimpse, at the critical moment, of the dismal secret that unites Donatello and Miriam. This, for her, is the tree of bitter knowledge, the taste of which sickens and saddens her. The burden is more than she can bear, and one of the most charming passages in the book describes how at last, at a summer's end, in sultry solitude, she stops at St. Peter's before a confessional, and Protestant and Puritan as she is, yields to the necessity of kneeling there and ridding herself of her obsession. Hawthorne's young women are exquisite; Hilda is a happy sister to the Phœbe of 'The House of the Seven Gables' and the Priscilla of 'The Blithedale Romance.'

The drama in 'The Marble Faun' none the less, I think, is of an effect less complete than that of the almost larger element that I can only call the landscape and the spirit. Nothing is more striking than the awkward grace with which the author utters, without consenting to it,—for he is full of half-amiable, half-angry protest and prejudice,—the message, the mystery of the medium in which his actors move. Miriam and her muffled bandit have faded away, and we have our doubts and even our fears about Kenyon and his American statuary; but the breath of old Rome, the sense of old Italy, still meet us as we turn the page, and the book will long, on the great sentimental journey, continue to peep out of most pockets.

He returned to America in 1860, settled once more at Concord, and died at Plymouth, New Hampshire, in the arms of Franklin Pierce, in 1864. At home, with the aid of many memories and of the copious diaries ultimately published by his wife and children, he brought forth, one by one, the chapters eventually collected under the title of 'Our Old Home.' The American 'Note Books,' the English, and the French and Italian, were given to the world after his death,—in 1868, 1870, and 1871 respectively; and if I add to these the small «campaign» 'Life of Franklin Pierce' (1852), two posthumous fragments, 'Septimius Felton' and 'The Dolliver Romance,' and those scraps and shreds of which his table drawers were still more exhaustively emptied, his literary catalogue—none of the longest—becomes complete.

The important item in this remainder is the close, ripe cluster, the series presented by himself, of his impressions of England. These admirable papers, with much of the same fascination, have something of the same uncomforted note with which he had surrendered himself to the charm of Italy: the mixture of sensibility and reluctance, of response and dissent, the strife between his sense of beauty and his sense of banishment. He came to the Old World late in life—though after dabbling for years, indeed, in the fancied phenomena of time, and with inevitable reserves, mistrusts, and antagonisms. The striking thing to my sense, however, is not what he missed but what he so ingeniously and vividly made out. If he had been, imaginatively, rather old in his youth, he was youthful in his age; and when all is said, we owe him, as a contribution to the immemorial process of lively repartee between the mother land and the daughter, the only pages of the business that can be said to belong to pure literature. He was capable of writing ‘The Marble Faun,’ and yet of declaring, in a letter from Rome, that he bitterly detested the place and should rejoice to bid it farewell for ever. Just so he was capable of drawing from English aspects a delight that they had yielded not even to Washington Irving, and yet of insisting, with a perversity that both smiled and frowned, that they rubbed him mainly all the wrong way. At home he had fingered the musty, but abroad he seemed to pine for freshness. In truth, for many persons his great, his most touching sign will have been his aloofness wherever he is. He is outside of everything, and an alien everywhere. He is an æsthetic solitary. His beautiful, light imagination is the wing that on the autumn evening just brushes the dusky window. It was a faculty that gave him much more a terrible sense of human abysses than a desire rashly to sound them and rise to the surface with his report. On the surface — the surface of the soul and the edge of the tragedy — he preferred to remain. He lingered, to weave his web, in the thin exterior air. This is a partial expression of his characteristic habit of dipping, of diving just for sport, into the moral world without being in the least a moralist. He had none of the heat nor of the dogmatism of that character; none of the impertinence, as we feel he would almost have held it, of any intermeddling. He never intermeddled; he was divertedly and discreetly contemplative, pausing oftenest wherever, amid prosaic aspects, there seemed most of an appeal to a sense for subtleties. But of all cynics he was the brightest and kindest, and the subtleties he spun are mere silken threads for stringing polished beads. His collection of moral mysteries is the cabinet of a dilettante.

Henry James

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SALEM AND THE HAWTHORNES

From ‘The Scarlet Letter’

This old town of Salem — my native place, though I have dwelt much away from it, both in boyhood and maturer years — possesses or did possess a hold on my affections, the force of which I have never realized during my seasons of actual residence here. Indeed, so far as its physical aspect is concerned, with its flat, unvaried surface, covered chiefly with wooden houses, few or none of which pretend to architectural beauty; its irregularity, which is neither picturesque nor quaint, but only tame; its long and lazy street, lounging wearisomely through the whole extent of the peninsula, with Gallows Hill and New Guinea at one end and a view of the almshouse at the other,—such being the features of my native town, it would be quite as reasonable to form a sentimental attachment to a disarranged checker-board. And yet, though invariably happiest elsewhere, there is within me a feeling for old Salem, which in lack of a better phrase I must be content to call affection. The sentiment is probably assignable to the deep and aged roots which my family has struck into the soil. It is now nearly two centuries and a quarter since the original Briton, the earliest emigrant of my name, made his appearance in the wild and forest-bordered settlement which has since become a city. And here his descendants have been born and died, and have mingled their earthly substance with the soil, until no small portion of it must necessarily be akin to the mortal frame wherewith for a little while I walk the streets. In part, therefore, the attachment which I speak of is the mere sensuous sympathy of dust for dust. Few of my countrymen can know what it is; nor, as frequent transplantation is perhaps better for the stock, need they consider it desirable to know.

But the sentiment has likewise its moral quality. The figure of that first ancestor, invested by family tradition with a dim and dusky grandeur, was present to my boyish imagination as far back as I can remember. It still haunts me, and induces a sort of home feeling with the past, which I scarcely claim in reference to the present phase of the town. I seem to have a stronger claim to a residence here on account of this grave, bearded, sable-cloaked and steeple-crowned progenitor,—who came so early, with his Bible and his sword, and trode the unworn street with such a stately port, and made so large a figure as a man of war and peace,—a stronger claim than for myself, whose name is seldom heard and my face hardly known. He was a soldier, legislator, judge; he was a ruler in the Church; he had all the Puritanic traits, both good and evil. He was likewise a bitter persecutor; as witness the Quakers, who have remembered him in their histories, and relate an incident of his hard severity towards a woman of their sect which will last longer, it is to be feared, than any record of his better deeds, although these were many. His son too inherited the persecuting spirit, and made himself so conspicuous in the martyrdom of the witches that their blood may fairly be said to have left a stain upon him. So deep a stain indeed that his old dry bones, in the Charter Street burial-ground, must still retain it, if they have not crumbled utterly to dust! I know not whether these ancestors of mine bethought themselves to repent and ask pardon of Heaven for their cruelties, or whether they are now groaning under the heavy consequences of them, in another state of being. At all events, I the present writer, as their representative, hereby take shame upon myself for their sakes, and pray that any curse incurred by them — as I have heard, and as the dreary and unprosperous condition of the race for many a long year back would argue to exist — may be now and henceforth removed.

Doubtless, however, either of these stern and black-browed Puritans would have thought it quite a sufficient retribution for his sins, that after so long a lapse of years the old trunk of the family tree, with so much venerable moss upon it, should have borne as its topmost bough an idler like myself. No aim that I have ever cherished would they recognize as laudable; no success of mine — if my life, beyond its domestic scope, had ever been brightened by success — would they deem otherwise than worthless, if not positively disgraceful. «What is he?» murmurs one gray shadow of my forefathers to the other. «A writer of story-books! What kind of a business in life, what mode of glorifying God or being serviceable to mankind in his day and generation, may that be? Why, the degenerate fellow might as well have been a fiddler!» Such are the compliments bandied between my great-grandsires and myself, across the gulf of time! And yet, let them scorn me as they will, strong traits of their nature have intertwined themselves with mine.

Planted deep in the town's earliest infancy and childhood by these two earnest and energetic men, the race has ever since subsisted here; always too in respectability: never, so far as I have known, disgraced by a single unworthy member; but seldom or never, on the other hand, after the first two generations, performing any memorable deed, or so much as putting forward a claim to public notice. Gradually they have sunk almost out of sight; as old houses, here and there about the streets, get covered halfway to the eaves by the accumulation of new soil. From father to son, for above a hundred years, they followed the sea; a gray-headed shipmaster, in each generation, retiring from the quarter-deck to the homestead, while a boy of fourteen took the hereditary place before the mast, confronting the salt spray and the gale, which had blustered against his sire and grandsire. The boy also in due time passed from the forecastle to the cabin, spent a tempestuous manhood, and returned from his world wanderings, to grow old and die, and mingle his dust with the natal earth. This long connection of a family with one spot, as its place of birth and burial, creates a kindred between the human being and the locality, quite independent of any charm in the scenery or moral circumstances that surround him. It is not love, but instinct. The new inhabitant — who came himself from a foreign land, or whose father or grandfather came — has little claim to be called a Salemite; he has no conception of the oyster-like tenacity with which an old settler, over whom his third century is creeping, clings to the spot where his successive generations have been imbedded. It is no matter that the place is joyless for him; that he is weary of the old wooden houses, the mud and dust, the dead level of site and sentiment, the chill east wind, and the chillest of social atmospheres; — all these, and whatever faults besides he may see or imagine, are nothing to the purpose. The spell survives, and just as powerfully as if the natal spot were an earthly Paradise.

So has it been in my case. I felt it almost as a destiny to make Salem my home; so that the mold of features and cast of character which had all along been familiar here, — ever, as one representative of the race lay down in his grave, another assuming as it were his sentry march along the main street, — might still in my little day be seen and recognized in the old town. Nevertheless, this very sentiment is an evidence that the connection, which has become an unhealthy one, should at last be severed. Human nature will not flourish, any more than a potato, if it be planted and replanted for too long a series of generations in the same worn-out soil. My children have had other birthplaces, and so far as their fortunes may be within my control, shall strike their roots into unaccustomed earth.

THE MINISTER'S VIGIL

From 'The Scarlet Letter'

Shortly afterwards, the like grisly sense of the humorous again stole in among the solemn phantoms of his thought. He felt his limbs growing stiff with the unaccustomed chilliness of the night, and doubted whether he should be able to descend the steps of the scaffold. Morning would break, and find him there. The neighborhood would begin to rouse itself. The earliest riser, coming forth in the dim twilight, would perceive a vaguely defined figure aloft on the place of shame; and half crazed betwixt alarm and curiosity, would go knocking from door to door, summoning all the people to behold the ghost—as he needs must think it—of some defunct transgressor. A dusky tumult would flap its wings from one house to another. Then, the morning light still waxing stronger, old patriarchs would rise up in great haste, each in his flannel gown, and matronly dames without pausing to put off their night-gear. The whole tribe of decorous personages who had never heretofore been seen with a single hair of their heads awry, would start into public view with the disorder of a nightmare in their aspects. Old Governor Bellingham would come grimly forth with his King James's ruff fastened askew; and Mistress Hibbins with some twigs of the forest clinging to her skirts, and looking sourer than ever, as having hardly got a wink of sleep after her night ride; and good Father Wilson too, after spending half the night at a death-bed, and liking ill to be disturbed thus early out of his dreams about the glorified saints. Hither likewise would come the elders and deacons of Mr. Dimmesdale's church, and the young virgins who so idolized their minister, and had made a shrine for him in their white bosoms; which now, by-the-by, in their hurry and confusion, they would scantly have given themselves time to cover with their kerchiefs. All people, in a word, would come stumbling over their thresholds, and turning up their amazed and horror-stricken visages around the scaffold. Whom would they discern there, with the red eastern light upon his brow? Whom but the Reverend Arthur Dimmesdale, half frozen to death, overwhelmed with shame, and standing where Hester Prynne had stood!

Carried away by the grotesque horror of this picture, the minister, unawares, and to his own infinite alarm, burst into a great peal of laughter. It was immediately responded to by a light, airy, childish laugh, in which with a thrill of the heart — but he knew not whether of exquisite pain, or pleasure as acute — he recognized the tones of little Pearl.

« Pearl! little Pearl! » cried he after a moment's pause; then, suppressing his voice,— « Hester! Hester Prynne! Are you there? »

« Yes, it is Hester Prynne! » she replied, in a tone of surprise; and the minister heard her footsteps approaching from the sidewalk, along which she had been passing. « It is I, and my little Pearl. »

« Whence come you, Hester? » asked the minister. « What sent you hither? »

« I have been watching at a death-bed, » answered Hester Prynne; « at Governor Winthrop's death-bed, and have taken his measure for a robe, and am now going homeward to my dwelling. »

« Come up hither, Hester, thou and little Pearl, » said the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale. « Ye have both been here before, but I was not with you. Come up hither once again, and we will stand all three together! »

She silently ascended the steps, and stood on the platform holding little Pearl by the hand. The minister felt for the child's other hand, and took it. The moment that he did so, there came what seemed a tumultuous rush of new life, other life than his own, pouring like a torrent into his heart and hurrying through all his veins, as if the mother and the child were communicating their vital warmth to his half-torpid system. The three formed an electric chain.

« Minister! » whispered little Pearl.

« What wouldst thou say, child? » asked Mr. Dimmesdale.

« Wilt thou stand here with mother and me, to-morrow noontide? » inquired Pearl.

« Nay, not so, my little Pearl, » answered the minister; for with the new energy of the moment, all the dread of public exposure that had so long been the anguish of his life, had returned upon him, and he was already trembling at the conjunction in which — with a strange joy, nevertheless — he now found himself. « Not so, my child. I shall indeed stand with thy mother and thee one other day, but not to-morrow. »

Pearl laughed, and attempted to pull away her hand. But the minister held it fast.

«A moment longer, my child!» said he.

«But wilt thou promise,» asked Pearl, «to take my hand and mother's hand, to-morrow noontide?»

«Not then, Pearl,» said the minister, «but another time.»

«And what other time?» persisted the child.

«At the great Judgment Day,» whispered the minister,—and strangely enough, the sense that he was a professional teacher of the truth impelled him to answer the child so. «Then and there, before the judgment seat, thy mother, and thou, and I must stand together. But the daylight of this world shall not see our meeting!»

Pearl laughed again.

But before Mr. Dimmesdale had done speaking, a light gleamed far and wide over all the muffled sky. It was doubtless caused by one of those meteors which the night watcher may so often observe burning out to waste in the vacant regions of the atmosphere. So powerful was its radiance that it thoroughly illuminated the dense medium of cloud betwixt the sky and earth. The great vault brightened, like the dome of an immense lamp. It showed the familiar scene of the street with the distinctness of midday, but also with the awfulness that is always imparted to familiar objects by an unaccustomed light. The wooden houses, with their jutting stories and quaint gable peaks; the doorsteps and thresholds, with the early grass springing up about them; the garden plots, black with freshly turned earth; the wheel track, little worn, and even in the market-place margined with green on either side,—all were visible, but with a singularity of aspect that seemed to give another moral interpretation to the things of this world than they had ever borne before. And there stood the minister, with his hand over his heart; and Hester Prynne, with the embroidered letter glimmering on her bosom; and little Pearl, herself a symbol, and the connecting link between those two. They stood in the noon of that strange and solemn splendor; as if it were the light that is to reveal all secrets, and the daybreak that shall unite all who belong to one another.

THE CHILD AT THE BROOK-SIDE

From ‹The Scarlet Letter›

«Thou wilt love her dearly,» repeated Hester Prynne, as she and the minister sat watching little Pearl. «Dost thou not think her beautiful? And see with what natural skill she has made those simple flowers adorn her! Had she gathered pearls and diamonds and rubies in the wood, they could not have become her better. She is a splendid child! But I know whose brow she has!»

«Dost thou know, Hester,» said Arthur Dimmesdale with an unquiet smile, «that this dear child, tripping about always at thy side, hath caused me many an alarm? Methought—O Hester, what a thought is that, and how terrible to dread it!—that my own features were partly repeated in her face, and so strikingly that the world might see them! But she is mostly thine!»

«No, no! not mostly!» answered the mother with a tender smile. «A little longer, and thou needest not to be afraid to trace whose child she is. But how strangely beautiful she looks, with those wild flowers in her hair! It is as if one of the fairies whom we left in our dear old England had decked her out to meet us.»

It was with a feeling which neither of them had ever before experienced that they sat and watched Pearl's slow advance. In her was visible the tie that united them. She had been offered to the world, these seven years past, as the living hieroglyphic in which was revealed the secret they so darkly sought to hide,—all written in this symbol, all plainly manifest, had there been a prophet or magician skilled to read the character of flame! And Pearl was the oneness of their being. Be the foregone evil what it might, how could they doubt that their earthly lives and future destinies were conjoined, when they beheld at once the material union and the spiritual idea in whom they met and were to dwell immortally together? Thoughts like these—and perhaps other thoughts, which they did not acknowledge or define—threw an awe about the child as she came onward.

«Let her see nothing strange—no passion nor eagerness—in thy way of accosting her,» whispered Hester. «Our Pearl is a fitful and fantastic little elf sometimes. Especially she is seldom tolerant of emotion, when she does not fully comprehend the why and wherefore. But the child hath strong affections. She loves me, and will love thee!»

«Thou canst not think,» said the minister, glancing aside at Hester Prynne, «how my heart dreads this interview, and yearns for it! But in truth, as I already told thee, children are not readily won to be familiar with me. They will not climb my knee, nor prattle in my ear, nor answer to my smile; but stand apart and eye me strangely. Even little babes, when I take them in my arms, weep bitterly. Yet Pearl, twice in her little lifetime, hath been kind to me. The first time,—thou knowest it well! The last was when thou led'st her with thee to the house of yonder stern old governor.»

«And thou didst plead so bravely in her behalf and mine!» answered the mother. «I remember it; and so shall little Pearl. Fear nothing! She may be strange and shy at first, but will soon learn to love thee.»

By this time Pearl had reached the margin of the brook, and stood on the farther side, gazing silently at Hester and the clergyman, who still sat together on the mossy tree trunk waiting to receive her. Just where she had paused the brook chanced to form a pool, so smooth and quiet that it reflected a perfect image of her little figure, with all the brilliant picturesqueness of her beauty, in its adornment of flowers and wreathed foliage, but more refined and spiritualized than the reality. This image, so nearly identical with the living Pearl, seemed to communicate somewhat of its own shadowy and intangible quality to the child herself. It was strange, the way in which Pearl stood looking so steadfastly at them through the dim medium of the forest gloom; herself meanwhile all glorified with a ray of sunshine that was attracted thitherward as by a certain sympathy. In the brook beneath stood another child,—another and the same,—with likewise its ray of golden light. Hester felt herself in some indistinct and tantalizing manner estranged from Pearl; as if the child, in her lonely ramble through the forest, had strayed out of the sphere in which she and her mother dwelt together, and was now vainly seeking to return to it.

There was both truth and error in the impression: the child and mother were estranged, but through Hester's fault, not Pearl's. Since the latter rambled from her side, another inmate had been admitted within the circle of the mother's feelings, and so modified the aspect of them all that Pearl, the returning wanderer, could not find her wonted place, and hardly knew where she was.

«I have a strange fancy,» observed the sensitive minister, «that this brook is the boundary between two worlds, and that thou canst never meet thy Pearl again. Or is she an elfish spirit, who, as the legends of our childhood taught us, is forbidden to cross a running stream? Pray hasten her; for this delay has already imparted a tremor to my nerves.»

«Come, dearest child!» said Hester encouragingly, and stretching out both her arms. «How slow thou art! When hast thou been so sluggish before now? Here is a friend of mine, who must be thy friend also. Thou wilt have twice as much love, henceforward, as thy mother alone could give thee! Leap across the brook, and come to us. Thou canst leap like a young deer!»

Pearl, without responding in any manner to these honey-sweet expressions, remained on the other side of the brook. Now she fixed her bright wild eyes on her mother, now on the minister, and now included them both in the same glance, as if to detect and explain to herself the relation which they bore to one another. For some unaccountable reason, as Arthur Dimmesdale felt the child's eyes upon himself, his hand — with that gesture so habitual as to have become involuntary — stole over his heart. At length, assuming a singular air of authority, Pearl stretched out her hand, with the small forefinger extended and pointing evidently towards her mother's breast. And beneath, in the mirror of the brook, there was the flower-girdled and sunny image of little Pearl, pointing her small forefinger too.

«Thou strange child, why dost thou not come to me?» exclaimed Hester.

Pearl still pointed with her forefinger; and a frown gathered on her brow, the more impressive from the childish, the almost baby-like, aspect of the features that conveyed it. As her mother still kept beckoning to her, and arraying her face in a holiday suit of unaccustomed smiles, the child stamped her foot with a yet more imperious look and gesture. In the brook, again, was the fantastic beauty of the image, with its reflected frown, its pointed finger, and imperious gesture, giving emphasis to the aspect of little Pearl.

«Hasten, Pearl, or I shall be angry with thee!» cried Hester Prynne, who, however inured to such behavior on the elf-child's part at other seasons, was naturally anxious for a more seemly deportment now. «Leap across the brook, naughty child, and run hither; else I must come to thee!»

But Pearl, not a whit startled at her mother's threats any more than mollified by her entreaties, now suddenly burst into a fit of passion, gesticulating violently and throwing her small figure into the most extravagant contortions. She accompanied this wild outbreak with piercing shrieks, which the woods reverberated on all sides; so that, alone as she was in her childish and unreasonable wrath, it seemed as if a hidden multitude were lending her their sympathy and encouragement. Seen in the brook once more was the shadowy wraith of Pearl's image, crowned and girdled with flowers, but stamping its foot, wildly gesticulating, and in the midst of all, still pointing its small forefinger at Hester's bosom!

«I see what ails the child,» whispered Hester to the clergyman, and turning pale in spite of a strong effort to conceal her trouble and annoyance. «Children will not abide any, the slightest, change in the accustomed aspect of things that are daily before their eyes. Pearl misses something which she has always seen me wear!»

«I pray you,» answered the minister, «if thou hast any means of pacifying the child, do it forthwith! Save it were the cankered wrath of an old witch like Mistress Hibbins,» added he, attempting to smile, «I know nothing that I would not sooner encounter than this passion in a child. In Pearl's young beauty, as in the wrinkled witch, it has a preternatural effect. Pacify her, if thou lovest me!»

Hester turned again towards Pearl, with a crimson blush upon her cheek, a conscious glance aside at the clergyman, and then a heavy sigh; while even before she had time to speak the blush yielded to a deadly pallor.

«Pearl,» said she sadly, «look down at thy feet! There!—before thee!—on the hither side of the brook!»

The child turned her eyes to the point indicated; and there lay the scarlet letter, so close upon the margin of the stream that the gold embroidery was reflected in it.

«Bring it hither!» said Hester.

«Come thou and take it up!» answered Pearl.

«Was ever such a child!» observed Hester, aside to the minister. «Oh, I have much to tell thee about her! But in very truth, she is right as regards this hateful token. I must bear its torture yet a little longer,—only a few days longer,—until we shall have left this region and look back hither as to a land which we have dreamed of. The forest cannot hide it! The mid-ocean shall take it from my hand, and swallow it up forever!»

With these words she advanced to the margin of the brook, took up the scarlet letter and fastened it again into her bosom. Hopefully but a moment ago as Hester had spoken of drowning it in the deep sea, there was a sense of inevitable doom upon her as she thus received back this deadly symbol from the hand of fate. She had flung it into infinite space! she had drawn an hour's free breath!—and here again was the scarlet misery, glittering on the old spot! So it ever is, whether thus typified or no, that an evil deed invests itself with the character of doom. Hester next gathered up the heavy tresses of her hair, and confined them beneath her cap. As if there was a withering spell in the sad letter, her beauty, the warmth and richness of her womanhood, departed like fading sunshine; and a gray shadow seemed to fall across her.

When the dreary change was wrought, she extended her hand to Pearl.

«Dost thou know thy mother now, child?» asked she reproachfully, but with a subdued tone. «Wilt thou come across the brook and own thy mother, now that she has her shame upon her,—now that she is sad?»

«Yes; now I will!» answered the child, bounding across the brook and clasping Hester in her arms. «Now thou art my mother indeed! and I am thy little Pearl!»

In a mood of tenderness that was not usual with her, she drew down her mother's head, and kissed her brow and both her cheeks. But then—by a kind of necessity that always impelled this child to alloy whatever comfort she might chance to give with a throb of anguish—Pearl put up her mouth and kissed the scarlet letter too!

«That was not kind!» said Hester. «When thou hast shown me a little love, thou mockest me!»

«Why doth the minister sit yonder?» asked Pearl.

«He waits to welcome thee,» replied her mother. «Come thou, and entreat his blessing! He loves thee, my little Pearl, and loves thy mother too. Wilt thou not love him? Come! he longs to greet thee!»

«Doth he love us?» said Pearl, looking up with acute intelligence into her mother's face. «Will he go back with us, hand in hand, we three together into the town?»

«Not now, my dear child,» answered Hester. «But in days to come, he will walk hand in hand with us. We will have a home and fireside of our own; and thou shalt sit upon his knee; and he will teach thee many things, and love thee dearly. Thou wilt love him; wilt thou not?»

«And will he always keep his hand over his heart?» inquired Pearl.

«Foolish child, what a question is that!» exclaimed her mother. «Come and ask his blessing!»

But whether influenced by the jealousy that seems instinctive with every petted child towards a dangerous rival, or from whatever caprice of her freakish nature, Pearl would show no favor to the clergyman. It was only by an exertion of force that her mother brought her up to him, hanging back, and manifesting her reluctance by odd grimaces; of which, ever since her babyhood, she had possessed a singular variety, and could transform her mobile physiognomy into a series of different aspects, with a new mischief in them, each and all. The minister — painfully embarrassed, but hoping that a kiss might prove a talisman to admit him into the child's kindlier regards — bent forward and impressed one on her brow. Hereupon Pearl broke away from her mother, and running to the brook, stooped over it and bathed her forehead, until the unwelcome kiss was quite washed off and diffused through a long lapse of the gliding water. She then remained apart, silently watching Hester and the clergyman; while they talked together, and made such arrangements as were suggested by their new position and the purposes soon to be fulfilled.

And now this fateful interview had come to a close. The dell was to be left a solitude among its dark old trees, which with their multitudinous tongues would whisper long of what had passed there, and no mortal be the wiser. And the melancholy brook would add this other tale to the mystery with which its little heart was already overburdened, and whereof it still kept up a murmuring babble, with not a whit more cheerfulness of tone than for ages heretofore.

THE REVELATION OF THE SCARLET LETTER

From ‹The Scarlet Letter›

The eloquent voice, on which the souls of the listening audience had been borne aloft as on the swelling waves of the sea, at length came to a pause. There was a momentary silence, profound as what should follow the utterance of oracles. Then ensued a murmur and half-hushed tumult; as if the auditors, released from the high spell that had transported them into the region of another's mind, were returning into themselves with all their awe and wonder still heavy on them. In a moment more, the crowd began to gush forth from the doors of the church. Now that there was an end, they needed other breath, more fit to support the gross and earthly life into which they relapsed, than that atmosphere which the preacher had converted into words of flame, and had burdened with the rich fragrance of his thought.

In the open air their rapture broke into speech. The street and the market-place absolutely babbled, from side to side, with applauses of the minister. His hearers could not rest until they had told one another of what each knew better than he could tell or hear. According to their united testimony, never had man spoken in so wise, so high, and so holy a spirit, as he that spake this day; nor had inspiration ever breathed through mortal lips more evidently than it did through his. Its influence could be seen, as it were, descending upon him, and possessing him, and continually lifting him out of the written discourse that lay before him, and filling him with ideas that must have been as marvelous to himself as to his audience. His subject, it appeared, had been the relation between the Deity and the communities of mankind, with a special reference to the New England which they were here planting in the wilderness. And as he drew towards the close, a spirit as of prophecy had come upon him, constraining him to its purpose as mightily as the old prophets of Israel were constrained; only with this difference, that whereas the Jewish seers had denounced judgments and ruin on their country, it was his mission to foretell a high and glorious destiny for the newly gathered people of the Lord. But throughout it all, and through the whole discourse, there had been a certain deep sad undertone of pathos, which could not be interpreted otherwise than as the natural regret of one soon to pass away. Yes, their minister whom they so loved — and who so loved them all that he could not depart heavenward without a sigh — had the foreboding of untimely death upon him, and would soon leave them in their tears! This idea of his transitory stay on earth gave the last emphasis to the effect which the preacher had produced: it was as if an angel in his passage to the skies had shaken his bright wings over the people for an instant, — at once a shadow and a splendor, — and had shed down a shower of golden truths upon them.

Thus there had come to the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale — as to most men in their various spheres, though seldom recognized until they see it far behind them — an epoch of life more brilliant and full of triumph than any previous one, or than any which could hereafter be. He stood at this moment on the very proudest eminence of superiority to which the gifts of intellect, rich lore, prevailing eloquence, and a reputation of whitest sanctity, could exalt a clergyman in New England's earliest days, when the professional character was of itself a lofty pedestal. Such was the position which the minister occupied, as he bowed his head forward on the cushions of the pulpit at the close of his Election Sermon. Meanwhile Hester Prynne was standing beside the scaffold of the pillory, with the scarlet letter still burning on her breast!

Now was heard again the clangor of the music, and the measured tramp of the military escort, issuing from the church door. The procession was to be marshaled thence to the town hall, where a solemn banquet would complete the ceremonies of the day.

Once more, therefore, the train of venerable and majestic fathers was seen moving through a broad pathway of the people, who drew back reverently on either side, as the governor and magistrates, the old and wise men, the holy ministers, and all that were eminent and renowned, advanced into the midst of them. When they were fairly in the market-place, their presence was greeted by a shout. This — though doubtless it might acquire additional force and volume from the childlike loyalty which the age awarded to its rulers — was felt to be an irrepressible outburst of enthusiasm kindled in the auditors by that high strain of eloquence which was yet reverberating in their ears. Each felt the impulse in himself and in the same breath caught it from his neighbor. Within the church it had hardly been kept down; beneath the sky it pealed upward to the zenith. There were human beings enough, and enough of highly wrought and symphonious feeling, to produce that more impressive sound than the organ tones of the blast, or the thunder, or the roar of the sea: even that mighty swell of many voices, blended into one great voice by the universal impulse which makes likewise one vast heart out of the many. Never from the soil of New England had gone up such a shout! Never on New England soil had stood the man so honored by his mortal brethren as the preacher!

How fared it with him then? Were there not the brilliant particles of a halo in the air about his head? So etherealized by spirit as he was, and so apotheosized by worshiping admirers, did his footsteps, in the procession, really tread upon the dust of earth?

As the ranks of military men and civil fathers moved onward, all eyes were turned towards the point where the minister was seen to approach among them. The shout died into a murmur, as one portion of the crowd after another obtained a glimpse of him. How feeble and pale he looked, amid all his triumph! The energy — or say rather the inspiration — which had held him up until he should have delivered the sacred message that brought its own strength along with it from heaven, was withdrawn now that it had so faithfully performed its office. The glow which they had just before beheld burning on his cheek was extinguished, like a flame that sinks down hopelessly among the late decaying embers. It seemed hardly the face of a man alive, with such a deathlike hue; it was hardly a man with life in him that tottered on his path so nervelessly, — yet tottered, and did not fall!

One of his clerical brethren,— it was the venerable John Wilson,— observing the state in which Mr. Dimmesdale was left by the retiring wave of intellect and sensibility, stepped forward hastily to offer his support. The minister tremulously but decidedly repelled the old man's arm. He still walked onward, if that movement could be so described which rather resembled the wavering effort of an infant, with its mother's arms in view outstretched to tempt him forward. And now, almost imperceptible as were the latter steps of his progress, he had come opposite the well-remembered and weather-darkened scaffold where long since, with all that dreary lapse of time between, Hester Prynne had encountered the world's ignominious stare. There stood Hester, holding little Pearl by the hand! and there was the scarlet letter on her breast! The minister there made a pause, although the music still played the stately and rejoicing march to which the procession moved. It summoned him onward, onward to the festival! — but here he made a pause.

Bellingham, for the last few moments, had kept an anxious eye upon him. He now left his own place in the procession and advanced to give assistance, judging from Mr. Dimmesdale's aspect that he must otherwise inevitably fall. But there was something in the latter's expression that warned back the magistrate, although a man not readily obeying the vague intimations that pass from one spirit to another. The crowd meanwhile looked on with awe and wonder. This earthly faintness was in their view only another phase of the minister's celestial strength; nor would it have seemed a miracle too high to be wrought for one so holy, had he ascended before their eyes, waxing dimmer and brighter, and fading at last into the light of heaven.

He turned towards the scaffold, and stretched forth his arms.

« Hester,» said he, « come hither! Come, my little Pearl! »

It was a ghastly look with which he regarded them; but there was something at once tender and strangely triumphant in it. The child, with the birdlike motion which was one of her characteristics, flew to him and clasped her arms about his knees. Hester Prynne — slowly, as if impelled by inevitable fate, and against her strongest will — likewise drew near, but paused before she reached him. At this instant old Roger Chillingworth thrust himself through the crowd, — or perhaps, so dark, disturbed, and evil was his look, he rose up out of some nether region, — to snatch back his victim from what he sought to do! Be that as it might, the old man rushed forward and caught the minister by the arm.

« Madman, hold! what is your purpose? » whispered he. « Wave back that woman! cast off this child! All shall be well! Do not blacken your fame, and perish in dishonor! I can yet save you. Would you bring infamy on your sacred profession? »

« Ha, tempter! methinks thou art too late,» answered the minister, encountering his eye fearfully but firmly. « Thy power is not what it was. With God's help, I shall escape thee now! »

He again extended his hand to the woman of the scarlet letter.

«Hester Prynne,» cried he with a piercing earnestness, «in the name of Him, so terrible and so merciful, who gives me grace at this last moment to do what—for my own heavy sin and miserable agony—I withheld myself from doing seven years ago, come hither now, and twine thy strength about me! Thy strength, Hester; but let it be guided by the will which God hath granted me! This wretched and wronged old man is opposing it with all his might; with all his own might, and the fiend's! Come, Hester, come! Support me up yonder scaffold!»

The crowd was in a tumult. The men of rank and dignity who stood more immediately around the clergyman were so taken by surprise and so perplexed as to the purport of what they saw,—unable to receive the explanation which most readily presented itself, or to imagine any other,—that they remained silent and inactive spectators of the judgment which Providence seemed about to work. They beheld the minister, leaning on Hester's shoulder, and supported by her arm around him, approach the scaffold and ascend its steps; while still the little hand of the sin-born child was clasped in his. Old Roger Chillingworth followed, as one intimately connected with the drama of guilt and sorrow in which they had all been actors, and well entitled therefore to be present at its closing scene.

«Hadst thou sought the whole earth over,» said he, looking darkly at the clergyman, «there was no one place so secret, no high place nor lowly place, where thou couldst have escaped me, save on this very scaffold!»

«Thanks be to Him who hath led me hither!» answered the minister.

Yet he trembled, and turned to Hester with an expression of doubt and anxiety in his eyes, not the less evidently betrayed that there was a feeble smile upon his lips.

«Is not this better,» murmured he, «than what we dreamed of in the forest?»

«I know not! I know not!» she hurriedly replied. «Better? Yea; so we may both die, and little Pearl die with us!»

«For thee and Pearl be it as God shall order,» said the minister; «and God is merciful! Let me now do the will which he hath made plain before my sight. For, Hester, I am a dying man. So let me make haste to take my shame upon me!»

Partly supported by Hester Prynne, and holding one hand of little Pearl's, the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale turned to the dignified and venerable rulers; to the holy ministers, who were his brethren; to the people, whose great heart was thoroughly appalled, yet overflowing with tearful sympathy, as knowing that some deep life matter — which if full of sin was full of anguish and repentance likewise — was now to be laid open to them. The sun, but little past its meridian, shone down upon the clergyman and gave a distinctness to his figure, as he stood out from all the earth to put in his plea of guilty at the bar of Eternal justice.

« People of New England! » cried he, with a voice that rose over them high, solemn, and majestic,— yet had always a tremor through it, and sometimes a shriek, struggling up out of a fathomless depth of remorse and woe,—« ye that have loved me! ye that have deemed me holy!—behold me here, the one sinner of the world! At last! at last! I stand upon the spot where seven years since I should have stood; here with this woman, whose arm, more than the little strength wherewith I have crept hitherward, sustains me at this dreadful moment from groveling down upon my face. Lo, the scarlet letter which Hester wears! Ye have all shuddered at it! Wherever her walk hath been, wherever, so miserably burdened, she may have hoped to find repose, it hath cast a lurid gleam of awe and horrible repugnance round about her. But there stood one in the midst of you at whose brand of sin and infamy ye have not shuddered! »

It seemed at this point as if the minister must leave the remainder of his secret undisclosed. But he fought back the bodily weakness, and still more the faintness of heart, that was striving for the mastery with him. He threw off all assistance, and stepped passionately forward a pace before the woman and the child.

« It was on him! » he continued, with a kind of fierceness, so determined was he to speak out the whole. « God's eye beheld it! The angels were forever pointing at it! The Devil knew it well, and fretted it continually with the touch of his burning finger! But he hid it cunningly from men, and walked among you with the mien of a spirit mournful because so pure in a sinful world! and sad, because he missed his heavenly kindred! Now at the death hour he stands up before you! He bids you look again at Hester's scarlet letter. He tells you that with all its mysterious horror, it is but the shadow of what he bears on his own breast; and that even this his own red stigma is no more than the type of what has seared his inmost heart! Stand any here that questioned God's judgment on a sinner? Behold! behold a dreadful witness of it!»

With a convulsive motion, he tore away the ministerial band from before his breast. It was revealed! But it were irreverent to describe that revelation. For an instant, the gaze of the horror-stricken multitude was concentred on the ghastly miracle; while the minister stood with a flush of triumph in his face, as one who in the crisis of acutest pain had won a victory. Then down he sank upon the scaffold. Hester partly raised him, and supported his head against her bosom. Old Roger Chillingworth knelt down beside him with a blank, dull countenance, out of which the life seemed to have departed.

«Thou hast escaped me!» he repeated more than once. «Thou hast escaped me!»

«May God forgive thee!» said the minister. «Thou too hast deeply sinned.»

He withdrew his dying eyes from the old man, and fixed them on the woman and the child.

«My little Pearl,» said he, feebly,—and there was a sweet and gentle smile over his face, as of a spirit sinking into deep repose; nay, now that the burden was removed, it seemed almost as if he would be sportive with the child,—«dear little Pearl, wilt thou kiss me now? Thou wouldst not, yonder in the forest! But now thou wilt?»

Pearl kissed his lips. A spell was broken. The great scene of grief in which the wild infant bore a part had developed all her sympathies; and as her tears fell upon her father's cheek, they were the pledge that she would grow up amid human joy and sorrow, nor forever do battle with the world, but be a woman in it. Toward her mother too, Pearl's errand as a messenger of anguish was all fulfilled.

«Hester,» said the clergyman, «farewell!»

«Shall we not meet again?» whispered she, bending her face down close to his. «Shall we not spend our immortal life together? Surely, surely, we have ransomed one another, with all this woe! Thou lookest far into eternity, with those bright dying eyes. Then tell me what thou seest?»

«Hush, Hester, hush!» said he, with tremulous solemnity. «The law we broke! the sin here so awfully revealed! Let these alone be in thy thoughts! I fear! I fear! It may be that when we forgot our God, when we violated our reverence each for the other's soul, it was thenceforth vain to hope that we could meet hereafter in an everlasting and pure reunion. God knows; and he is merciful! He hath proved his mercy most of all in my afflictions: by giving me this burning torture to bear upon my breast! by sending yonder dark and terrible old man, to keep the torture always at red heat! by bringing me hither, to die this death of triumphant ignominy before the people! Had either of these agonies been wanting, I had been lost forever. Praised be his name! His will be done! Farewell!»

That final word came forth with the minister's expiring breath. The multitude, silent till then, broke out in a strange deep voice of awe and wonder which could not as yet find utterance, save in this murmur that rolled so heavily after the departed spirit.

HEPZIBAH PYNCHEON

From ‹The House of the Seven Gables›

All this time, however, we are loitering faint-heartedly on the threshold of our story. In very truth, we have an invincible reluctance to disclose what Miss Hepzibah Pyncheon was about to do.

It has already been observed that in the basement story of the gable fronting on the street, an unworthy ancestor nearly a century ago had fitted up a shop. Ever since the old gentleman retired from trade and fell asleep under his coffin-lid, not only the shop door but the inner arrangements had been suffered to remain unchanged; while the dust of ages gathered inch-deep over the shelves and counter, and partly filled an old pair of scales, as if it were of value enough to be weighed. It treasured itself up too in the half-open till, where there still lingered a base sixpence, worth neither more nor less than the hereditary pride which had here been put to shame. Such had been the state and condition of the little shop in old Hepzibah's childhood, when she and her brother used to play at hide-and-seek in its forsaken precincts. So it had remained until within a few days past.

But now, though the shop window was still closely curtained from the public gaze, a remarkable change had taken place in its interior. The rich and heavy festoons of cobweb, which it had cost a long ancestral succession of spiders their life's labor to spin and weave, had been carefully brushed away from the ceiling. The counter, shelves, and floor had all been scoured, and the latter was overstrewn with fresh blue sand. The brown scales too had evidently undergone rigid discipline, in an unavailing effort to rub off the rust, which, alas! had eaten through and through their substance. Neither was the little old shop any longer empty of merchantable goods. A curious eye, privileged to take an account and investigate behind the counter, would have discovered a barrel,—yea, two or three barrels and half-ditto,—one containing flour, another apples, and a third, perhaps, Indian meal. There was likewise a square box of pine-wood, full of soap in bars; also another of the same size in which were tallow candles, ten to the pound. A small stock of brown sugar, some white beans and split peas, and a few other commodities of low price and such as are constantly in demand, made up the bulkier portion of the merchandise. It might have been taken for a ghostly or phantasmagoric reflection of the old shopkeeper Pyncheon's shabbily provided shelves, save that some of the articles were of a description and outward form which could hardly have been known in his day. For instance, there was a glass pickle jar, filled with fragments of Gibraltar rock; not indeed splinters of the veritable stone foundation of the famous fortress, but bits of delectable candy, neatly done up in white paper. Jim Crow, moreover, was seen executing his world-renowned dance in gingerbread. A party of leaden dragoons were galloping along one of the shelves, in equipments and uniform of modern cut; and there were some sugar figures, with no strong resemblance to the humanity of any epoch, but less unsatisfactorily representing our own fashions than those of a hundred years ago. Another phenomenon, still more strikingly modern, was a package of lucifer matches, which in old times would have been thought actually to borrow their instantaneous flame from the nether fires of Tophet.

In short, to bring the matter at once to a point, it was incontrovertibly evident that somebody had taken the shop and fixtures of the long-retired and forgotten Mr. Pyncheon, and was about to renew the enterprise of that departed worthy, with a different set of customers. Who could this bold adventurer be? and of all places in the world, why had he chosen the House of the Seven Gables as the scene of his commercial speculations?

We return to the elderly maiden. She at length withdrew her eyes from the dark countenance of the colonel's portrait, heaved a sigh,—indeed, her breast was a very cave of Æolus that morning,—and stepped across the room on tiptoe, as is the customary gait of elderly women. Passing through an intervening passage, she opened a door that communicated with the shop, just now so elaborately described. Owing to the projection of the upper story—and still more to the thick shadow of the Pyncheon elm, which stood almost directly in front of the gable—the twilight here was still as much akin to night as morning. Another heavy sigh from Miss Hepzibah! After a moment's pause on the threshold, peering towards the window with her near-sighted scowl as if frowning down some bitter enemy, she suddenly projected herself into the shop. The haste, and as it were the galvanic impulse, of the movement were really quite startling.

Nervously—in a sort of frenzy, we might almost say—she began to busy herself in arranging some children's playthings and other little wares, on the shelves and at the shop window. In the aspect of this dark-arrayed, pale-faced, ladylike old figure, there was a deeply tragic character that contrasted irreconcilably with the ludicrous pettiness of her employment. It seemed a queer anomaly that so gaunt and dismal a personage should take a toy in hand; a miracle that the toy did not vanish in her grasp; a miserably absurd idea that she should go on perplexing her stiff and sombre intellect with the question how to tempt little boys into her premises. Yet such is undoubtedly her object. Now she places a gingerbread elephant against the window, but with so tremulous a touch that it tumbles upon the floor, with the dismemberment of three legs and its trunk; it has ceased to be an elephant, and has become a few bits of musty gingerbread. There again she has upset a tumbler of marbles, all of which roll different ways, and each individual marble, devil-directed, into the most difficult obscurity that it can find. Heaven help our poor old Hepzibah, and forgive us for taking a ludicrous view of her position! As her rigid and rusty frame goes down upon its hands and knees in quest of the absconding marbles, we positively feel so much the more inclined to shed tears of sympathy, from the very fact that we must needs turn aside and laugh at her. For here—and if we fail to impress it suitably upon the reader, it is our own fault, not that of the theme—here is one of the truest points of melancholy interest that occur in ordinary life. It was the final throe of what called itself old gentility. A lady who had fed herself from childhood with the shadowy food of aristocratic reminiscences, and whose religion it was that a lady's hand soils itself irremediably by doing aught for bread,—this born lady, after sixty years of narrowing means, is fain to step down from her pedestal of imaginary rank. Poverty, treading closely at her heels for a lifetime, has come up with her at last. She must earn her own food, or starve! And we have stolen upon Miss Hepzibah Pyncheon, too irreverently, at the instant of time when the patrician lady is to be transformed into the plebeian woman.

In this republican country, amid the fluctuating waves of our social life, somebody is always at the drowning-point. The tragedy is enacted with as continual a repetition as that of a popular drama on a holiday; and nevertheless is felt as deeply, perhaps, as when a hereditary noble sinks below his order. More deeply; since with us, rank is the grosser substance of wealth and a splendid establishment, and has no spiritual existence after the death of these, but dies hopelessly along with them. And therefore, since we have been unfortunate enough to introduce our heroine at so inauspicious a juncture, we would entreat for a mood of due solemnity in the spectators of her fate. Let us behold in poor Hepzibah the immemorial lady,—two hundred years old on this side of the water, and thrice as many on the other,—with her antique portraits, pedigrees, coats of arms, records and traditions, and her claim as joint heiress to that princely territory at the eastward, no longer a wilderness but a populous fertility; born too in Pyncheon Street, under the Pyncheon elm, and in the Pyncheon house, where she has spent all her days,—reduced now in that very house to be the huckstress of a cent-shop!

This business of setting up a petty shop is almost the only resource of women in circumstances at all similar to those of our unfortunate recluse. With her near-sightedness and those tremulous fingers of hers, at once inflexible and delicate, she could not be a seamstress; although her sampler of fifty years gone by exhibited some of the most recondite specimens of ornamental needlework. A school for little children had been often in her thoughts; and at one time she had begun a review of her early studies in the New England Primer, with a view to prepare herself for the office of instructress. But the love of children had never been quickened in Hepzibah's heart, and was now torpid if not extinct; she watched the little people of the neighborhood from her chamber window, and doubted whether she could tolerate a more intimate acquaintance with them. Besides, in our day the very A B C has become a science, greatly too abstruse to be any longer taught by pointing a pin from letter to letter. A modern child could teach old Hepzibah more than old Hepzibah could teach the child. So, with many a cold, deep heart-quake at the idea of at last coming into sordid contact with the world, from which she had so long kept aloof, while every added day of seclusion had rolled another stone against the cavern door of her hermitage, the poor thing bethought herself of the ancient shop window, the rusty scales, and dusty till. She might have held back a little longer; but another circumstance, not yet hinted at, had somewhat hastened her decision. Her humble preparations therefore were duly made, and the enterprise was now to be commenced. Nor was she entitled to complain of any remarkable singularity in her fate; for in the town of her nativity we might point to several little shops of a similar description: some of them in houses as ancient as that of the seven gables; and one or two, it may be, where a decayed gentlewoman stands behind the counter, as grim an image of family pride as Miss Hepzibah Pyncheon herself.

It was overpoweringly ridiculous,—we must honestly confess it,—the deportment of the maiden lady while setting her shop in order for the public eye. She stole on tiptoe to the window, as cautiously as if she conceived some bloody-minded villain to be watching behind the elm-tree with intent to take her life. Stretching out her long, lank arm, she put a paper of pearl buttons, a jew's-harp, or whatever the small article might be, in its destined place, and straightway vanished back into the dusk as if the world need never hope for another glimpse of her. It might have been fancied indeed that she expected to minister to the wants of the community unseen, like a disembodied divinity or enchantress, holding forth her bargains to the reverential and awe-stricken purchaser in an invisible hand. But Hepzibah had no such flattering dream. She was well aware that she must ultimately come forward and stand revealed in her proper individuality; but like other sensitive persons, she could not bear to be observed in the gradual process, and chose rather to flash forth on the world's astonished gaze at once.

The inevitable moment was not much longer to be delayed. The sunshine might now be seen stealing down the front of the opposite house, from the windows of which came a reflected gleam, struggling through the boughs of the elm-tree and enlightening the interior of the shop more distinctly than heretofore. The town appeared to be waking up. A baker's cart had already rattled through the street, chasing away the latest vestige of night's sanctity with the jingle-jangle of its dissonant bells. A milkman was distributing the contents of his cans from door to door, and the harsh peal of a fisherman's conch-shell was heard far off, around the corner. None of these tokens escaped Hepzibah's notice. The moment had arrived. To delay longer would be only to lengthen out her misery. Nothing remained except to take down the bar from the shop door, leaving the entrance free — more than free; welcome, as if all were household friends, to every passer-by whose eyes might be attracted by the commodities of the window. This last act Hepzibah now performed, letting the bar fall with what smote upon her excited nerves as a most astounding clatter. Then, as if the only barrier betwixt herself and the world had been thrown down, and a flood of evil consequences would come tumbling through the gap, she fled into the inner parlor, threw herself into the ancestral elbow-chair, and wept.

Our miserable old Hepzibah! It is a heavy annoyance to a writer who endeavors to represent nature, its various attitudes and circumstances, in a reasonably correct outline and true coloring, that so much of the mean and ludicrous should be hopelessly mixed up with the purest pathos which life anywhere supplies to him. What tragic dignity, for example, can be wrought into a scene like this? How can we elevate our history of retribution for the sin of long ago, when, as one of our most prominent figures, we are compelled to introduce — not a young and lovely woman, nor even the stately remains of beauty, storm-shattered by affliction, but a gaunt, sallow, rusty-jointed maiden, in a long-waisted silk gown, and with the strange horror of a turban on her head? Her visage is not even ugly. It is redeemed from insignificance only by the contraction of her eyebrows into a near-sighted scowl. And finally, her great life trial seems to be that after sixty years of idleness, she finds it convenient to earn comfortable bread by setting up a shop in a small way. Nevertheless, if we look through all the heroic fortunes of mankind, we shall find this same entanglement of something mean and trivial with whatever is noblest in joy or sorrow. Life is made up of marble and mud. And without all the deeper trust in a comprehensive sympathy above us, we might hence be led to suspect the insult of a sneer as well as an immitigable frown, on the iron countenance of Fate. What is called poetic insight is the gift of discerning, in this sphere of strangely mingled elements, the beauty and the majesty which are compelled to assume a garb so sordid.

THE OLD MANSE

From ‹Mosses from an Old Manse›

BETWEEN two tall gate-posts of rough-hewn stone (the gate itself having fallen from its hinges at some unknown epoch) we beheld the gray front of the old parsonage terminating the vista of an avenue of black-ash trees. It was now a twelvemonth since the funeral procession of the venerable clergyman, its last inhabitant, had turned from that gateway toward the village burying-ground. The wheel track leading to the door, as well as the whole breadth of the avenue, was almost overgrown with grass, affording dainty mouthfuls to two or three vagrant cows and an old white horse who had his own living to pick up along the roadside. The glimmering shadows that lay half asleep between the door of the house and the public highway were a kind of spiritual medium, seen through which the edifice had not quite the aspect of belonging to the material world. Certainly, it had little in common with those ordinary abodes which stand so imminent upon the road that every passer-by can thrust his head, as it were, into the domestic circle. From these quiet windows the figures of passing travelers look too remote and dim to disturb the sense of privacy. In its near retirement and accessible seclusion, it was the very spot for the residence of a clergyman — a man not estranged from human life, yet enveloped, in the midst of it, with a veil woven of intermingled gloom and brightness. It was worthy to have been one of the time-honored parsonages of England, in which through many generations a succession of holy occupants pass from youth to age, and bequeath each an inheritance of sanctity to pervade the house and hover over it as with an atmosphere.

Nor, in truth, had the Old Manse ever been profaned by a lay occupant until that memorable summer afternoon when I entered it as my home. A priest had built it; a priest had succeeded to it; other priestly men from time to time had dwelt in it; and children born in its chambers had grown up to assume the priestly character. It was awful to reflect how many sermons must have been written there. The latest inhabitant alone — he by whose translation to Paradise the dwelling was left vacant — had penned nearly three thousand discourses, besides the better if not the greater number that gushed living from his lips. How often, no doubt, had he paced to and fro along the avenue, attuning his meditations to the sighs and gentle murmurs and deep and solemn peals of the wind among the tops of the lofty trees! In that variety of natural utterances he could find something accordant with every passage of his sermon, were it of tenderness or reverential fear. The boughs over my head seemed shadowy with solemn thoughts, as well as with rustling leaves. I took shame to myself for having been so long a writer of idle stories, and ventured to hope that wisdom would descend upon me with the falling leaves of the avenue, and that I should light upon an intellectual treasure in the Old Manse well worth those hoards of long-hidden gold which people seek for in moss-grown houses. Profound treatises of morality, a layman's unprofessional and therefore unprejudiced views of religion, histories (such as Bancroft might have written had he taken up his abode here, as he once purposed) bright with picture, gleaming over a depth of philosophic thought,— these were the works that might fitly have flowed from such a retirement. In the humblest event, I resolved at least to achieve a novel that should evolve some deep lesson, and should possess physical substance enough to stand alone. . . .

The study had three windows set with little old-fashioned panes of glass, each with a crack across it. The two on the western side looked or rather peeped between the willow branches down into the orchard, with glimpses of the river through the trees. The third, facing northward, commanded a broader view of the river at a spot where its hitherto obscure waters gleam forth into the light of history. It was at this window that the clergyman who then dwelt in the manse stood watching the outbreak of a long and deadly struggle between two nations. He saw the irregular array of his parishioners on the farther side of the river, and the glittering line of the British on the hither bank; he awaited in an agony of suspense the rattle of the musketry. It came; and there needed but a gentle wind to sweep the battle smoke around this quiet house. . . .

A youth in the service of the clergyman happened to be chopping wood that April morning at the back door of the manse; and when the noise of battle rang from side to side of the bridge, he hastened across the intervening field to see what might be going forward. It is rather strange, by the way, that this lad should have been so diligently at work when the whole population of town and country were startled out of their customary business by the advance of the British troops. Be that as it might, the tradition says that the lad had now left his task and hurried to the battle-field with the axe still in his hand. The British had by this time retreated; the Americans were in pursuit; and the late scene of strife was thus deserted by both parties. Two soldiers lay on the ground — one was a corpse; but as the young New-Englander drew nigh, the other Briton raised himself painfully on his hands and knees and gave a ghastly stare into his face. The boy — it must have been a nervous impulse without purpose, without thought, and betokening a sensitive and impressionable nature rather than a hardened one — the boy uplifted his axe and dealt the wounded soldier a fierce and fatal blow upon the head. I could wish that the grave might be opened; for I would fain know whether either of the skeleton soldiers has the mark of an axe on his skull.

The story comes home to me like truth. Oftentimes as an intellectual and moral exercise I have sought to follow that poor youth through his subsequent career, and observe how his soul was tortured by the blood-stain, contracted as it had been before the long custom of war had robbed human life of its sanctity, and while it still seemed murderous to slay a brother man. This one circumstance has borne more fruit for me than all that history tells us of the fight. . . .

When summer was dead and buried, the Old Manse became as lonely as a hermitage. Not that ever — in my time at least — it had been thronged with company; but at no rare intervals we welcomed some friend out of the dusty glare and tumult of the world, and rejoiced to share with him the transparent obscurity that was floating over us. In one respect our precincts were like the Enchanted Ground through which the pilgrim traveled on his way to the Celestial City. The guests, each and all, felt a slumbrous influence upon them; they fell asleep in chairs, or took a more deliberate siesta on the sofa, or were seen stretched among the shadows of the orchard, looking up dreamily through the boughs. They could not have paid a more acceptable compliment to my abode, nor to my own qualities as a host. I held it as a proof that they left their cares behind them as they passed between the stone gate-posts at the entrance of our avenue, and that the so powerful opiate was the abundance of peace and quiet within and all around us. Others could give them pleasures and amusement or instruction — these could be picked up anywhere; but it was for me to give them rest — rest in a life of trouble! What better could be done for those weary and world-worn spirits? for him whose career of perpetual action was impeded and harassed by the rarest of his powers and the richest of his acquirements? for another, who had thrown his ardent heart from earliest youth into the strife of politics, and now, perchance, began to suspect that one lifetime is too brief for the accomplishment of any lofty aim? for her on whose feminine nature had been imposed the heavy gift of intellectual power such as a strong man might have staggered under, and with it the necessity to act upon the world? — in a word, not to multiply instances, what better could be done for anybody who came within our magic circle than to throw the spell of a tranquil spirit over him? And when it had wrought its full effect, then we dismissed him with but misty reminiscences, as if he had been dreaming of us. . . .

These hobgoblins of flesh and blood were attracted thither by the wide-spreading influence of a great original thinker, who had his earthly abode at the opposite extremity of our village. His mind acted upon other minds of a certain constitution with wonderful magnetism, and drew many men upon long pilgrimages to speak with him face to face. Young visionaries, to whom just so much of insight had been imparted as to make life all a labyrinth around them, came to seek the clue that should guide them out of their self-involved bewilderment. Gray-headed theorists, whose systems, at first air, had finally imprisoned them in an iron framework, traveled painfully to his door, not to ask deliverance but to invite the free spirit into their own thraldom. People that had lighted on a new thought, or a thought that they fancied new, came to Emerson, as the finder of a glittering gem hastens to a lapidary to ascertain its quality and value. Uncertain, troubled, earnest wanderers through the midnight of a moral world beheld its intellectual fire as a beacon burning on a hill-top, and climbing the difficult ascent, looked forth into the surrounding obscurity more hopefully than hitherto. The light revealed objects unseen before,—mountains, gleaming lakes, glimpses of a creation among the chaos; but also, as was unavoidable, it attracted bats and owls and the whole host of night birds, which flapped their dusky wings against the gazer's eyes, and sometimes were mistaken for fowls of angelic feather. Such delusions always hover nigh whenever a beacon fire of truth is kindled.

For myself, there had been epochs of my life when I too might have asked of this prophet the master word that should solve me the riddle of the universe; but now, being happy, I felt as if there were no question to be put, and therefore admired Emerson as a poet of deep beauty and austere tenderness, but sought nothing from him as a philosopher. It was good nevertheless to meet him in the wood paths, or sometimes in our avenue, with that pure intellectual gleam diffused about his presence like the garment of a Shining One; and he so quiet, so simple, so without pretension, encountering each man alike as if expecting to receive more than he could impart. And in truth, the heart of many an ordinary man had, perchance, inscriptions which he could not read. But it was impossible to dwell in his vicinity without inhaling more or less the mountain atmosphere of his lofty thought, which in the brains of some people wrought a singular giddiness,—new truth being as heady as new wine. Never was a poor little country village infested with such a variety of queer, strangely dressed, oddly behaved mortals, most of whom took upon themselves to be important agents of the world's destiny, yet were simply bores of a very intense water. Such, I imagine, is the invariable character of persons who crowd so closely about an original thinker as to draw in his unuttered breath, and thus to become imbued with a false originality. This triteness of novelty is enough to make any man of common-sense blaspheme at all ideas of less than a century's standing, and pray that the world may be petrified and rendered immovable in precisely the worst moral and physical state that it ever yet arrived at, rather than be benefited by such schemes of such philosophers. . . .

Glancing back over what I have written, it seems but the scattered reminiscences of a single summer. In fairyland there is no measurement of time; and in a spot so sheltered from the turmoil of life's ocean, three years hasten away with a noiseless flight, as the breezy sunshine chases the cloud shadows across the depths of a still valley. Now came hints, growing more and more distinct, that the owner of the old house was pining for his native air. Carpenters next appeared, making a tremendous racket among the outbuildings, strewing the green grass with pine shavings and chips of chestnut joists, and vexing the whole antiquity of the place with their discordant renovations. Soon, moreover, they divested our abode of the veil of woodbine which had crept over a large portion of its southern face. All the aged mosses were cleared unsparingly away, and there were horrible whispers about brushing up the external walls with a coat of paint,—a purpose as little to my taste as might be that of rouging the venerable cheeks of one's grandmother. But the hand that renovates is always more sacrilegious than that which destroys. In fine, we gathered up our household goods, drank a farewell cup of tea in our pleasant little breakfast-room,—delicately fragrant tea, an unpurchasable luxury, one of the many angel gifts that had fallen like dew upon us,—and passed forth between the tall stone gate-posts, as uncertain as the wandering Arabs where our tent might next be pitched. Providence took me by the hand, and—an oddity of dispensation which, I trust, there is no irreverence in smiling at—has led me, as the newspapers announce, while I am writing from the Old Manse, into a custom-house. As a story-teller I have often contrived strange vicissitudes for my imaginary personages, but none like this.

THE FAUN'S TRANSFORMATION

From ‹The Marble Faun›

The door of the court-yard swung slowly, and closed itself of its own accord. Miriam and Donatello were now alone there. She clasped her hands and looked wildly at the young man, whose form seemed to have dilated, and whose eyes blazed with the fierce energy that had suddenly inspired him. It had kindled him into a man; it had developed within him an intelligence which was no native characteristic of the Donatello whom we have heretofore known. But that simple and joyous creature was gone forever.

«What have you done?» said Miriam in a horror-stricken whisper.

The glow of rage was still lurid on Donatello's face, and now flashed out again from his eyes.

«I did what ought to be done to a traitor!» he replied. «I did what your eyes bade me do, when I asked them with mine, as I held the wretch over the precipice!»

These last words struck Miriam like a bullet. Could it be so? had her eyes provoked or assented to this deed? She had not known it. But alas! looking back into the frenzy and turmoil of the scene just acted, she could not deny — she was not sure whether it might be so or no — that a wild joy had flamed up in her heart when she beheld her persecutor in his mortal peril. Was it horror? or ecstasy? or both in one? Be the emotion what it might, it had blazed up more madly when Donatello flung his victim off the cliff, and more and more while his shriek went quivering downward. With the dead thump upon the stones below had come an unutterable horror.

«And my eyes bade you do it!» repeated she.

They both leaned over the parapet, and gazed downward as earnestly as if some inestimable treasure had fallen over, and were yet recoverable. On the pavement below was a dark mass lying in a heap, with little or nothing human in its appearance, except that the hands were stretched out, as if they might have clutched for a moment at the small square stones. But there was no motion in them now. Miriam watched the heap of mortality while she could count a hundred, which she took pains to do. No stir; not a finger moved!

«You have killed him, Donatello! he is quite dead!» said she. «Stone dead! Would I were so too!»

«Did you not mean that he should die?» sternly asked Donatello, still in the glow of that intelligence which passion had developed in him. «There was short time to weigh the matter; but he had his trial in that breath or two while I held him over the cliff, and his sentence in that one glance when your eyes responded to mine! Say that I have slain him against your will, — say that he died without your whole consent, — and in another breath you shall see me lying beside him.»

«Oh, never!» cried Miriam. «My one, own friend! Never, never, never!»

She turned to him,—the guilty, blood-stained, lonely woman, —she turned to her fellow criminal, the youth, so lately innocent, whom she had drawn into her doom. She pressed him close, close to her bosom, with a clinging embrace that brought their two hearts together, till the horror and agony of each was combined into one emotion, and that a kind of rapture.

«Yes, Donatello, you speak the truth!» said she: «my heart consented to what you did. We two slew yonder wretch. The deed knots us together for time and eternity, like the coil of a serpent!»

They threw one other glance at the heap of death below, to assure themselves that it was there; so like a dream was the whole thing. Then they turned from that fatal precipice, and came out of the court-yard, arm in arm, heart in heart. Instinctively, they were heedful not to sever themselves so much as a pace or two from one another, for fear of the terror and deadly chill that would thenceforth wait for them in solitude. Their deed—the crime which Donatello wrought, and Miriam accepted on the instant—had wreathed itself, as she said, like a serpent in inextricable links about both their souls, and drew them into one, by its terrible contractile power. It was closer than a marriage bond. So intimate in those first moments was the union, that it seemed as if their new sympathy annihilated all other ties, and that they were released from the chain of humanity; a new sphere, a special law, had been created for them alone. The world could not come near them: they were safe!

When they reached the flight of steps leading downward from the Capitol, there was a far-off noise of singing and laughter. Swift indeed had been the rush of the crisis that was come and gone! This was still the merriment of the party that had so recently been their companions; they recognized the voices which, a little while ago, had accorded and sung in cadence with their own. But they were familiar voices no more; they sounded strangely, and as it were, out of the depths of space; so remote was all that pertained to the past life of these guilty ones, in the moral seclusion that had suddenly extended itself around them. But how close and ever closer did the breadth of the immeasurable waste that lay between them and all brotherhood or sisterhood, now press them one within the other!

«O friend!» cried Miriam, so putting her soul into the word that it took a heavy richness of meaning, and seemed never to have been spoken before,—«O friend, are you conscious, as I am, of this companionship that knits our heart-strings together?»

«I feel it, Miriam,» said Donatello. «We draw one breath; we live one life!»

«Only yesterday,» continued Miriam,—«nay, only a short half-hour ago,—I shivered in an icy solitude. No friendship, no sisterhood, could come near enough to keep the warmth within my heart. In an instant all is changed! There can be no more loneliness!»

«None, Miriam!» said Donatello.

«None, my beautiful one!» responded Miriam, gazing in his face, which had taken a higher, almost an heroic aspect from the strength of passion. «None, my innocent one! Surely it is no crime that we have committed. One wretched and worthless life has been sacrificed to cement two other lives for evermore.»

«For evermore, Miriam!» said Donatello; «cemented with his blood!»

The young man started at the word which he had himself spoken; it may be that it brought home to the simplicity of his imagination what he had not before dreamed of,—the ever-increasing loathsomeness of a union that consists in guilt. Cemented with blood, which would corrupt and grow more noisome for ever and for ever, but bind them none the less strictly for that!

«Forget it! Cast it all behind you!» said Miriam, detecting by her sympathy the pang that was in his heart. «The deed has done its office, and has no existence any more.»

They flung the past behind them, as she counseled, or else distilled from it a fiery intoxication which sufficed to carry them triumphantly through those first moments of their doom. For guilt has its moment of rapture too. The foremost result of a broken law is ever an ecstatic sense of freedom. And thus there exhaled upward (out of their dark sympathy, at the base of which lay a human corpse) a bliss, or an insanity, which the unhappy pair imagined to be well worth the sleepy innocence that was forever lost to them.

As their spirits rose to the solemn madness of the occasion they went onward,—not stealthily, not fearfully, but with a stately gait and aspect. Passion lent them (as it does to meaner shapes) its brief nobility of carriage. They trode through the streets of Rome as if they too were among the majestic and guilty shadows, that from ages long gone by have haunted the blood-stained city. And at Miriam's suggestion they turned aside, for the sake of treading loftily past the old site of Pompey's forum.

« For there was a great deed done here!» she said,—« a deed of blood, like ours! Who knows but we may meet the high and ever sad fraternity of Cæsar's murderers, and exchange a salutation ? »

«Are they our brethren now ?» asked Donatello.

« Yes; all of them,» said Miriam; « and many another, whom the world little dreams of, has been made our brother or our sister by what we have done within this hour! »

And at the thought she shivered. Where then was the seclusion, the remoteness, the strange, lonesome Paradise, into which she and her one companion had been transported by their crime? Was there indeed no such refuge, but only a crowded thoroughfare and jostling throng of criminals? And was it true that whatever hand had a blood-stain on it, or had poured out poison, or strangled a babe at its birth, or clutched a grandsire's throat, he sleeping, and robbed him of his few last breaths, had now the right to offer itself in fellowship with their two hands? Too certainly that right existed. It is a terrible thought, that an individual wrong-doing melts into the great mass of human crime, and makes us, who dreamed only of our own little separate sin,—makes us guilty of the whole. And thus Miriam and her lover were not an insulated pair, but members of an innumerable confraternity of guilty ones, all shuddering at each other.

JOHN HAY

(1838–)

Born in 1838 at Salem, Indiana, of Scotch ancestry, John Hay passed his early years as does the average intelligent Western boy. When only twenty he was graduated from Brown University, where his work in English composition was thought to indicate literary ability. Studying law at Springfield, Illinois, he began practice there in 1861; but soon after accompanied President Lincoln to Washington as his assistant secretary, and acting as adjutant and aide also, grew into close intimacy with the statesman whose biographer he became. Like most ardent young men of his time, he entered the army, attaining the brevet rank of colonel and assistant adjutant-general. His large opportunities for meeting men, his gift for making friends, and his tactful good sense, especially qualified him for his later diplomatic career.

John Hay

Soon after the war Colonel Hay went as Secretary of Legation to Paris, where his careful study of French political conditions appears in several of his poems; among them ‘Sunrise in the Place de la Concorde,’ ‘The Sphinx of the Tuileries,’ and ‘A Triumph of Order.’ Sent afterwards to Vienna, he was presently transferred to Madrid as chargé d'affaires. ‘Castilian Days’ reflects in delightful colors the pleasure he found in the history, the romance, and the beauty of Spain; a pleasure which shows an odd background of American practicality, and a democratic conviction that kings and nobles are as fallible as other men. He greatly admired Castelar, whose acquaintance he made, and translated for American readers his treatise upon ‘The Republican Movement in Europe.’

Returning to New York in 1871, Hay joined the staff of the New York Tribune. ‘Pike County Ballads,’ his second publication, issued in 1871, celebrated in Western dialect the heroism of drinking pilots, swearing engineers, and godless settlers, and caught the fancy of the public by means of its vivid local color and dramatic quality. Some years later these verses were republished in the same volume with his miscellaneous poems, his ‹Wanderlieder,› and his translations.

His most important work is the comprehensive history of the life and times of Abraham Lincoln, written in collaboration with John George Nicolay, the great President's private secretary. Appearing first in the Century Magazine, this was published in ten large volumes, which offer a careful historical survey of the whole period of the Civil War, and of the conditions which made it inevitable. Thoroughly understanding the character and motives of Lincoln, and himself a spectator and an actor in the great drama he describes, Colonel Hay's pages are vividly written, and often touched with personal emotion.

Valuable as this history may prove, however, to the serious reader, in ‹Castilian Days› lies the true obligation of the lover of literature to Colonel Hay. When it appeared, the general voice of criticism pronounced it the best book on Spain in the English language. Wide knowledge of the great monarchy of the past, full sympathy with the new republic of the hour, the point of view of the man of letters, the poet, the curious student of social life, and the observer of politics rather than the politician,—these the Western critic brought to the occasion. He saw everything; he weighed and measured customs, institutions, and men; and he wrote down his descriptions and conclusions in a style whose brilliancy would have degenerated into hardness, had it not been saved by a good-natured humor, and a temper of unusual moderation. And if the republic in which the sound republican so hopefully believed is long since swept away, his book remains no less faithful an interpretation of the Spanish character, and no less possible a forecast of the future of the Spanish people.

LINCOLN'S DEATH AND FAME

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In fact, it was among the common people of the entire civilized world that the most genuine and spontaneous manifestations of sorrow and appreciation were produced, and to this fact we attribute the sudden and solid foundation of Lincoln's fame. It requires years, perhaps centuries, to build the structure of a reputation which rests upon the opinion of those distinguished for learning or intelligence; the progress of opinion from the few to the many is slow and painful. But in the case of Lincoln the many imposed their opinion all at once; he was canonized, as he lay on his bier, by the irresistible decree of countless millions. The greater part of the aristocracy of England thought little of him; but the burst of grief from the English people silenced in an instant every discordant voice. It would have been as imprudent to speak slightingly of him in London as it was in New York. Especially among the Dissenters was honor and reverence shown to his name. The humbler people instinctively felt that their order had lost its wisest champion.

Not only among those of Saxon blood was this outburst of emotion seen. In France a national manifestation took place, which the government disliked but did not think it wise to suppress. The students of Paris marched in a body to the American Legation to express their sympathy. A two-cent subscription was started to strike a massive gold medal; the money was soon raised, but the committee was forced to have the work done in Switzerland. A committee of French Liberals brought the medal to the American minister, to be sent to Mrs. Lincoln. «Tell her,» said Eugène Pelletan, «the heart of France is in that little box.» The inscription had a double sense; while honoring the dead republican, it struck at the Empire: «Lincoln — the Honest Man; abolished Slavery, re-established the Union; Saved the Republic, without veiling the Statue of Liberty.»

Everywhere on the Continent the same swift apotheosis of the people's hero was seen. An Austrian deputy said to the writer, «Among my people his memory has already assumed superhuman proportions; he has become a myth, a type of ideal democracy.» Almost before the earth closed over him he began to be the subject of fable. The Freemasons of Europe generally regard him as one of them — his portrait in Masonic garb is often displayed; yet he was not one of that brotherhood. The Spiritualists claim him as their most illustrious adept, but he was not a Spiritualist; and there is hardly a sect in the Western world, from the Calvinist to the atheist, but affects to believe he was of their opinion.

A collection of the expressions of sympathy and condolence which came to Washington from foreign governments, associations, and public bodies of all sorts, was made by the State Department, and afterwards published by order of Congress. It forms a large quarto of a thousand pages, and embraces the utterances of grief and regret from every country under the sun, in almost every language spoken by man.

But admired and venerated as he was in Europe, he was best understood and appreciated at home. It is not to be denied that in his case, as in that of all heroic personages who occupy a great place in history, a certain element of legend mingles with his righteous fame. He was a man, in fact, especially liable to legend. We have been told by farmers in central Illinois that the brown thrush did not sing for a year after he died. He was gentle and merciful, and therefore he seems in a certain class of annals to have passed all his time in soothing misfortune and pardoning crime. He had more than his share of the shrewd native humor, and therefore the loose jest-books of two centuries have been ransacked for anecdotes to be attributed to him. He was a great and powerful lover of mankind, especially of those not favored by fortune. One night he had a dream, which he repeated the next morning to the writer of these lines, which quaintly illustrates his unpretending and kindly democracy. He was in some great assembly; the people made a lane to let him pass. «He is a common-looking fellow,» some one said. Lincoln in his dream turned to his critic and replied in his Quaker phrase, «Friend, the Lord prefers common-looking people; that is why he made so many of them.» He that abases himself shall be exalted. Because Lincoln kept himself in such constant sympathy with the common people, whom he respected too highly to flatter or mislead, he was rewarded by a reverence and a love hardly ever given to a human being. Among the humble working people of the South whom he had made free, this veneration and affection easily passed into the supernatural. At a religious meeting among the negroes of the Sea Islands a young man expressed the wish that he might see Lincoln. A gray-headed negro rebuked the rash aspiration: «No man see Linkum. Linkum walk as Jesus walk; no man see Linkum.»

But leaving aside these fables, which are a natural enough expression of a popular awe and love, it seems to us that no more just estimate of Lincoln's relation to his time has ever been made, nor perhaps ever will be, than that uttered by one of the wisest and most American of thinkers, Ralph Waldo Emerson, a few days after the assassination. We cannot forbear quoting a few words of this remarkable discourse, which shows how Lincoln seemed to the greatest of his contemporaries:—

> «A plain man of the people, an extraordinary fortune attended him. Lord Bacon says, 'Manifest virtues procure reputation; occult ones fortune.' . . . His occupying the chair of State was a triumph of the good sense of mankind and of the public conscience. . . . . He grew according to the need; his mind mastered the problem of

the day; and as the problem grew, so did his comprehension of it. Rarely was a man so fitted to the event. . . . It cannot be said that there is any exaggeration of his worth. If ever a man was fairly tested, he was. There was no lack of resistance, nor of slander, nor of ridicule. . . . Then what an occasion was the whirlwind of the war! Here was no place for holiday magistrate, nor fair-weather sailor; the new pilot was hurried to the helm in a tornado. In four years — four years of battle days — his endurance, his fertility of resources, his magnanimity, were sorely tried and never found wanting. There by his courage, his justice, his even temper, his fertile counsel, his humanity, he stood a heroic figure in the centre of a heroic epoch. He is the true history of the American people in his time; the true representative of this continent — father of his country; the pulse of twenty millions throbbing in his heart, the thought of their minds articulated by his tongue.»

The quick instinct by which the world recognized him even at the moment of his death as one of its greatest men, was not deceived. It has been confirmed by the sober thought of a quarter of a century. The writers of each nation compare him with their first popular hero. The French find points of resemblance in him to Henry IV.; the Dutch liken him to William of Orange: the cruel stroke of murder and treason by which all three perished in the height of their power naturally suggests the comparison, which is strangely justified in both cases, though the two princes were so widely different in character. Lincoln had the wit, the bonhomie, the keen practical insight into affairs, of the Béarnais; and the tyrannous moral sense, the wide comprehension, the heroic patience of the Dutch patriot, whose motto might have served equally well for the American President — «*Sævis tranquillus in undis.*» European historians speak of him in words reserved for the most illustrious names. Merle d'Aubigné says, «The name of Lincoln will remain one of the greatest that history has to inscribe on its annals.» Henri Martin predicts nothing less than a universal apotheosis: «This man will stand out in the traditions of his country and the world as an incarnation of the people, and of modern democracy itself.» Emilio Castelar, in an oration against slavery in the Spanish Cortes, called him «humblest of the humble before his conscience, greatest of the great before history.»

In this country, where millions still live who were his contemporaries, and thousands who knew him personally; where the envies and jealousies which dog the footsteps of success still linger in the hearts of a few; where journals still exist that loaded his name for four years with daily calumny, and writers of memoirs vainly try to make themselves important by belittling him,—his fame has become as universal as the air, as deeply rooted as the hills. The faint discords are not heard in the wide chorus that hails him second to none and equaled by Washington alone. The eulogies of him form a special literature. Preachers, poets, soldiers, and statesmen employ the same phrases of unconditional love and reverence. Men speaking with the authority of fame use unqualified superlatives. Lowell in an immortal ode calls him «new birth of our new soil, the first American.» General Sherman says, «Of all the men I ever met, he seemed to possess more of the elements of greatness, combined with goodness, than any other.» General Grant, after having met the rulers of almost every civilized country on earth, said Lincoln impressed him as the greatest intellectual force with which he had ever come in contact.

He is spoken of with scarcely less of enthusiasm by the more generous and liberal spirits among those who revolted against his election and were vanquished by his power. General Longstreet calls him «the greatest man of Rebellion times, the one matchless among forty millions for the peculiar difficulties of the period.» An eminent Southern orator, referring to our mixed Northern and Southern ancestry, says: «From the union of those colonists, from the straightening of their purposes and the crossing of their blood, slowly perfecting through a century, came he who stands as the first typical American, the first who comprehended within himself all the strength and gentleness, all the majesty and grace of this republic — Abraham Lincoln.»

It is not difficult to perceive the basis of this sudden and world-wide fame, nor rash to predict its indefinite duration. There are two classes of men whose names are more enduring than any monument: the great writers, and the men of great achievement,—the founders of States, the conquerors. Lincoln has the singular fortune to belong to both these categories; upon these broad and stable foundations his renown is securely built. Nothing would have more amazed him while he lived than to hear himself called a man of letters; but this age has produced few greater writers. We are only recording here the judgment of his peers. Emerson ranks him with Æsop and Pilpay, in his lighter moods, and says: «The weight and penetration of many passages in his letters, messages, and speeches, hidden now by the very closeness of their application to the moment, are destined to a wide fame. What pregnant definitions, what unerring common-sense, what foresight, and on great occasions what lofty, and more than national, what human tone! His brief speech at Gettysburg will not easily be surpassed by words on any recorded occasion.»

His style extorted the high praise of French Academicians; Montalembert commended it as a model for the imitation of princes. Many of his phrases form part of the common speech of mankind. It is true that in his writings the range of subjects is not great; he is concerned chiefly with the political problems of the time, and the moral considerations involved in them. But the range of treatment is remarkably wide; it runs from the wit, the gay humor, the florid eloquence of his stump speeches to the marvelous sententiousness and brevity of the letter to Greeley and the address of Gettysburg, and the sustained and lofty grandeur of the Second Inaugural.

The more his writings are studied in connection with the important transactions of his age, the higher will his reputation stand in the opinion of the lettered class. But the men of study and research are never numerous; and it is principally as a man of action that the world at large will regard him. It is the story of his objective life that will forever touch and hold the heart of mankind. His birthright was privation and ignorance — not peculiar to his family, but the universal environment of his place and time; he burst through those enchaining conditions by the force of native genius and will: vice had no temptation for him; his course was as naturally upward as the skylark's; he won, against all conceivable obstacles, a high place in an exacting profession and an honorable position in public and private life; he became the foremost representative of a party founded on an uprising of the national conscience against a secular wrong, and thus came to the awful responsibilities of power in a time of terror and gloom. He met them with incomparable strength and virtue. Caring for nothing but the public good, free from envy or jealous fears, he surrounded himself with the leading men of his party, his most formidable rivals in public esteem, and through four years of stupendous difficulties he was head and shoulders above them all in the vital qualities of wisdom, foresight, knowledge of men, and thorough comprehension of measures. Personally opposed, as the radicals claim, by more than half of his own party in Congress, and bitterly denounced and maligned by his open adversaries, he yet bore himself with such extraordinary discretion and skill that he obtained for the government all the legislation it required, and so impressed himself upon the national mind that without personal effort or solicitation he became the only possible candidate of his party for re-election, and was chosen by an almost unanimous vote of the electoral colleges.

His qualities would have rendered his administration illustrious even in time of peace; but when we consider that in addition to the ordinary work of the executive office, he was forced to assume the duties of commander-in-chief of the national forces engaged in the most complex and difficult war of modern times, the greatness of spirit as well as the intellectual strength he evinced in that capacity is nothing short of prodigious. After-times will wonder, not at the few and unimportant mistakes he may have committed, but at the intuitive knowledge of his business that he displayed. We would not presume to express a personal opinion in this matter. We use the testimony only of the most authoritative names. General W. T. Sherman has repeatedly expressed the admiration and surprise with which he has read Mr. Lincoln's correspondence with his generals, and his opinion of the remarkable correctness of his military views. General W. F. Smith says:—«I have long held to the opinion that at the close of the war Mr. Lincoln was the superior of his generals in his comprehension of the effect of strategic movements and the proper method of following up victories to their legitimate conclusions.» General J. H. Wilson holds the same opinion; and Colonel Robert N. Scott, in whose lamented death the army lost one of its most vigorous and best trained intellects, frequently called Mr. Lincoln «the ablest strategist of the war.»

To these qualifications of high literary excellence, and easy practical mastery of affairs of transcendent importance, we must add, as an explanation of his immediate and world-wide fame, his possession of certain moral qualities rarely combined in such high degree in one individual. His heart was so tender that he would dismount from his horse in a forest to replace in their nest young birds which had fallen by the roadside; he could not sleep at night if he knew that a soldier-boy was under sentence of death; he could not, even at the bidding of duty or policy, refuse the prayer of age or helplessness in distress. Childern instinctively loved him; they never found his rugged features ugly; his sympathies were quick and seemingly unlimited. He was absolutely without prejudice of class or condition. Frederick Douglass says he was the only man of distinction he ever met who never reminded him, by word or manner, of his color; he was as just and generous to the rich and well-born as to the poor and humble — a thing rare among politicians. He was tolerant even of evil: though no man can ever have lived with a loftier scorn of meanness and selfishness, he yet recognized their existence and counted with them. He said one day, with a flash of cynical wisdom worthy of a La Rochefoucauld, that honest statesmanship was the employment of individual meanness for the public good. He never asked perfection of any one; he did not even insist, for others, upon the high standards he set up for himself. At a time before the word was invented he was the first of opportunists. With the fire of a reformer and a martyr in his heart, he yet proceeded by the ways of cautious and practical statecraft. He always worked with things as they were, while never relinquishing the desire and effort to make them better. To a hope which saw the Delectable Mountains of absolute justice and peace in the future, to a faith that God in his own time would give to all men the things convenient to them, he added a charity which embraced in its deep bosom all the good and the bad, all the virtues and the infirmities of men, and a patience like that of nature, which in its vast and fruitful activity knows neither haste nor rest.

A character like this is among the precious heirlooms of the republic; and by a special good fortune, every part of the country has an equal claim and pride in it. Lincoln's blood came from the veins of New England emigrants, of Middle-State Quakers, of Virginia planters, of Kentucky pioneers; he himself was one of the men who grew up with the earliest growth of the Great West. Every jewel of his mind or his conduct sheds radiance on each portion of the nation. The marvelous symmetry and balance of his intellect and character may have owed something to this varied environment of his race, and they may fitly typify the variety and solidity of the republic. It may not be unreasonable to hope that his name and his renown may be forever a bond of union to the country which he loved with an affection so impartial, and served, in life and in death, with such entire devotion.

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WHEN PHYLLIS LAUGHS

When Phyllis laughs, in sweet surprise
My heart asks if my dazzling eyes
Or if my ears take more delight
In luscious sound or beauty bright,
When Phyllis laughs.

In crinkled eyelids hid Love lies,
In the soft curving lips I prize
Promise of raptures infinite,
When Phyllis laughs.

Far to the Orient fancy flies.
I see beneath Idalian skies,
Clad only in the golden light,
Calm in perfection's peerless might,
The laughter-loving Venus rise,
When Phyllis laughs.

NIGHT IN VENICE

Love, in this summer night, do you recall
Midnight, and Venice, and those skies of June
Thick-sown with stars, when from the still lagoon
We glided noiseless through the dim canal?
A sense of some belated festival
Hung round us, and our own hearts beat in tune
With passionate memories that the young moon
Lit up on dome and tower and palace wall.
We dreamed what ghosts of vanished loves made part
Of that sweet light and trembling, amorous air.
I felt — in those rich beams that kissed your hair,
Those breezes warm with bygone lovers' sighs —
All the dead beauty of Venice in your eyes,
All the old loves of Venice in my heart.

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A WOMAN'S LOVE

A SENTINEL angel sitting high in glory
Heard this shrill wail ring out from purgatory:—
«Have mercy, mighty angel,—hear my story!

«I loved, and blind with passionate love, I fell.
Love brought me down to death, and death to hell;
For God is just, and death for sin is well.

«I do not rage against his high decree,
Nor for myself do ask that grace shall be,
But for my love on earth who mourns for me.

«Great Spirit! Let me see my love again
And comfort him one hour, and I were fain
To pay a thousand years of fire and pain.»

Then said the pitying angel: «Nay, repent
That wild vow! Look, the dial finger's bent
Down to the last hour of thy punishment!»

But still she wailed: «I pray thee, let me go!
I cannot rise to peace and leave him so.
Oh, let me soothe him in his bitter woe!»

The brazen gates ground sullenly ajar,
And upward, joyous, like a rising star,
She rose and vanished in the ether far.

But soon adown the dying sunset sailing,
And like a wounded bird her pinions trailing,
She fluttered back, with broken-hearted wailing.

She sobbed, «I found him by the summer sea
Reclined, his head upon a maiden's knee—
She curled his hair and kissed him. Woe is me!»

She wept, «Now let my punishment begin!
I have been fond and foolish. Let me in
To expiate my sorrow and my sin.»

The angel answered, «Nay, sad soul, go higher!
To be deceived in your true heart's desire
Was bitterer than a thousand years of fire!»

JIM BLUDSO, OF THE PRAIRIE BELLE

Wall, no! I can't tell whar he lives,
Becase he don't live, you see;
Leastways, he's got out of the habit
Of livin' like you and me.
Whar have you been for the last three year
That you haven't heard folks tell
How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks
The night of the Prairie Belle?

He weren't no saint,—them engineers
Is all pretty much alike:
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill,
And another one here in Pike;
A keerless man in his talk was Jim,
And an awkward hand in a row,
But he never funked, and he never lied,—
I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had:
To treat his engine well;
Never be passed on the river;
To mind the pilot's bell;
And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire,—
A thousand times he swore
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississip,
And her day come at last,—
The Movastar was a better boat,
But the Belle she *wouldn't* be passed.
And so she come tearin' along, that night—
The oldest craft on the line—
With a nigger squat on her safety-valve,
And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire bust out as she clared the bar,
And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turned, and made
For the willer-bank on the right.
There was runnin' and cursin', but Jim yelled out,
Over all the infernal roar,
«I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last galoot's ashore.»

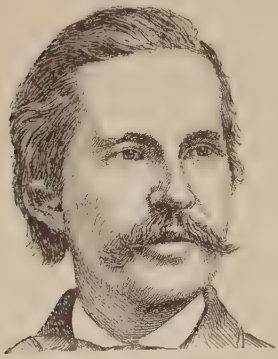
Through the hot black breath of the burnin' boat
   Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
   And knowed he would keep his word.
And sure's you're born, they all got off
   Afore the smoke-stacks fell,—
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
   In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He weren't no saint — but at judgment
   I'd run my chance with Jim,
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
   That wouldn't shook hands with him.
He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing,—
   And went for it thar and then;
And Christ ain't agoing to be too hard
   On a man that died for men.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

(1830–1886)

Of Revolutionary ancestry, and the only son of an officer in the United States naval service, Paul Hamilton Hayne was born in Charleston, South Carolina, January 1st, 1830. Few American poets have grown up with outward circumstances more kindly toward a literary career and its practical risks. A name of high local distinction, wealth, and associations with men of letters, were part of Hayne's environment from the beginning. The literary gatherings in the Hayne household, in which William Gilmore Simms, John C. Calhoun, and Hugh S. Legaré were prominent, drew all Charleston's intellectual life at the time to a common centre.



Paul H. Hayne

Hayne was a graduate in 1850 of the college of his native city. For a time he studied law. With the outbreak of the Civil War he took service, and was on the staff of General Pickens. Broken health induced him unwillingly to resign. With the bombardment of Charleston and the advance of the Federal army he suffered severe losses; his costly house, his library, and pretty much all his belongings being swept away by fire or pillage. A ruined man pecuniarily, he betook himself to the Pine Barrens of Georgia. There he built himself a cottage at Copse Hill. There he gardened, wrote verses, kept up his correspondence with the outer world, corrected his proofs, and it is said «was perfectly happy» during more than fifteen years, until his death in 1886. He was much of an invalid by constitution; and with his frail vitality, his accomplishing so much is a striking example of the will to live and to do what we wish to do.

Mr. Hayne's early literary work was connected with the Southern Literary Messenger, to which so many of the South's poets were contributors at one time or another. Later he became editor of the Charleston Literary Gazette, and held a post on the Charleston Evening News. In 1872 appeared his ‹Legends and Lyrics,› one collection of his poems; in 1873 his edition of the literary remains of his friend

Timrod, with a sympathetic biography; in 1875 he published ‹The Mountain of the Lovers,›—like ‹The Wife of Brittany,› one of his long poems,—and in later succession we have other titles; with his poems in a complete edition in 1882.

Mr. Hayne's verse largely reflects aspects of nature in the Southern United States. There is a strong influence of Wordsworth in much of his writing. In other descriptive poetry, and in that of a reflective or dramatic spirit, he won a measurable success, occasionally coming into obvious poetical touch with Robert Browning. His sonnets are a large element of his writing; a species of verse in which he delighted, his meditative humor finding it, over and over again, a vehicle at once suitable and congenial.

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ODE TO SLEEP

BEYOND the sunset and the amber sea
To the lone depths of ether, cold and bare,
Thy influence, soul of all tranquillity,
Hallows the earth and awes the reverent air;
Yon laughing rivulet quells its silvery tune;
The pines, like priestly watchers tall and grim,
Stand mute against the pensive twilight dim,
Breathless to hail the advent of the moon;
From the white beach the ocean falls away
Coyly, and with a thrill; the sea-birds dart
Ghostlike from out the distance, and depart
With a gray fleetness, moaning the dead day;
The wings of Silence, overfolding space,
Droop with dusk grandeur from the heavenly steep,
And through the stillness gleams thy starry face,—
Serenest Angel, Sleep!

Come! woo me here, amid these flowery charms;
Breathe on my eyelids; press thy odorous lips
Close to mine own; enwreathe me in thine arms,
And cloud my spirit with thy sweet eclipse;
No dreams! no dreams! keep back the motley throng,—
For such are girded round with ghastly might,
And sing low burdens of despondent song,
Decked in the mockery of a lost delight;

I ask oblivion's balsam! the mute peace
Toned to still breathings, and the gentlest sighs;
Not music woven of rarest harmonies
Could yield me such elysium of release:
The tones of earth are weariness,—not only
'Mid the loud mart, and in the walks of trade,
But where the mountain Genius broodeth lonely,
In the cool pulsing of the sylvan shade;
Then bear me far into thy noiseless land;
Surround me with thy silence, deep on deep,
Until serene I stand
Close by a duskier country, and more grand
Mysterious solitude, than thine, O Sleep!

As he whose veins a feverous frenzy burns,
Whose life-blood withers in the fiery drouth,
Feebly and with a languid longing turns
To the spring breezes gathering from the south,
So, feebly and with languid longing, I
Turn to thy wished nepenthe, and implore
The golden dimness, the purpureal gloom
Which haunt thy poppied realm, and make the shore
Of thy dominion balmy with all bloom.
In the clear gulfs of thy serene profound,
Worn passions sink to quiet, sorrows pause,
Suddenly fainting to still-breathèd rest:
Thou own'st a magical atmosphere, which awes
The memories seething in the turbulent breast;
Which, muffling up the sharpness of all sound
Of mortal lamentation, solely bears
The silvery minor toning of our woe,
All mellowed to harmonious underflow,
Soft as the sad farewells of dying years,—
Lulling as sunset showers that veil the west,
And sweet as Love's last tears
When over-welling hearts do mutely weep:
O griefs! O wailings! your tempestuous madness,
Merged in a regal quietude of sadness,
Wins a strange glory by the streams of sleep!

Then woo me here, amid these flowery charms;
Breathe on my eyelids, press thy odorous lips
Close to mine own; enfold me in thine arms,
And cloud my spirit with thy sweet eclipse;

And while from waning depth to depth I fall,
Down lapsing to the utmost depths of all,
Till wan forgetfulness obscurely stealing
Creeps like an incantation on the soul,
And o'er the slow ebb of my conscious life
Dies the thin flush of the last conscious feeling,
And like abortive thunder, the dull roll
Of sullen passions ebbs far, far away,—
O Angel! loose the chords which cling to strife,
Sever the gossamer bondage of my breath,
And let me pass, gently as winds in May,
From the dim realm which owns thy shadowy sway,
To thy diviner sleep, O sacred Death!

ASPECTS OF THE PINES

Tall, sombre, grim, against the morning sky
They rise, scarce touched by melancholy airs,
Which stir the fadeless foliage dreamfully,
As if from realms of mystical despairs.

Tall, sombre, grim, they stand with dusky gleams
Brightening to gold within the woodland's core,
Beneath the gracious noontide's tranquil beams—
But the weird winds of morning sigh no more.

A stillness strange, divine, ineffable,
Broods round and o'er them in the wind's surcease,
And on each tinted copse and shimmering dell
Rests the mute rapture of deep-hearted peace.

Last, sunset comes—the solemn joy and might
Borne from the west when cloudless day declines—
Low, flute-like breezes sweep the waves of light,
And lifting dark green tresses of the pines,

Till every lock is luminous, gently float,
Fraught with hale odors up the heavens afar,
To faint when twilight on her virginal throat
Wears for a gem the tremulous vesper star.

POVERTY

Once I beheld thee, a lithe mountain maid,
Embrowned by wholesome toils in lusty air;
Whose clear blood, nurtured by strong primitive cheer,
Through Amazonian veins flowed unafraid.
Broad-breasted, pearly-teethed, thy pure breath strayed,
Sweet as deep-uddered kine's curled in the rare
Bright spaces of thy lofty atmosphere,
O'er some rude cottage in a fir-grown glade.
Now, of each brave ideal virtue stripped,
O Poverty! I behold thee as thou art,—
A ruthless hag, the image of woeful dearth,
Of brute despair, gnawing its own starved heart.
Thou ravening wretch! fierce-eyed and monster-lipped,
Why scourge forevermore God's beauteous earth?

THE HYACINTH

Here in this wrecked storm-wasted garden close,
The grave of infinite generations fled
Of flowers that now lie lustreless and dead
As the gray dust of Eden's earliest rose,
What bloom is this, whose classical beauty glows
Radiantly chaste, with the mild splendor shed
Round a Greek virgin's poised and perfect head,
By Phidias wrought 'twixt rapture and repose?
Mark the sweet lines whose matchless ovals curl
Above the fragile stem's half-shrinking grace,
And say if this pure hyacinth doth not seem
(Touched by enchantments of an antique dream)
A flower no more, but the low drooping face
Of some love-laden, fair Athenian girl?

WILLIAM HAZLITT

(1778–1830)

The life of William Hazlitt, apart from his matrimonial infelicities, is uneventful. He was born the 10th of April, 1778, at Maidstone, England, where his father was a Unitarian minister; not a Presbyterian, as the Encyclopædia Britannica has it. Of him Hazlitt gives an interesting though pathetic picture. A learned and a kindly man, he spent sixty years of his life in petty squabbles over disputed texts of Scripture and in pleading the cause of civil and religious liberty. «What dreams of philosophy and poetry,» says his son, «were stifled in the dreary tomes over which he sacrificed fancy and imagination! For ease, half-play on words, and a supine monkish pleasantry,» he says of his letters, «I have never seen his equal.»

The boy was intended by his father for the Unitarian ministry; but though he went to a denominational college, he disliked the idea of preaching. He was about twenty when he heard the memorable sermon of Coleridge which was said to have fixed his career. Coleridge was visiting a neighboring minister, and Hazlitt walked twelve miles through the mud before daylight to hear him. The sermon set him to thinking, not of theology but of metaphysics. He gave up his studies, and having some talent for painting, devoted himself from this time forth to his two passions, art and metaphysics. And although he was destined to succeed in neither, yet to his knowledge of both he owed his pre-eminence in the career which he entered only by accident. «Nowhere,» says one of his critics, «is abstract thought so picturesquely bodied forth by concrete illustration.»

William Hazlitt

At the end of seven years, having come to the conclusion that he could not be a Titian, he published his first book, ‹An Essay on the Principles of Human Action›; a book as dry as his favorite biscuit. Thenceforth, he wrote on any subject for any employer. From the first he seems to have been fairly paid, and to have gained a hearing. He was at least sufficiently interesting to provoke the implacable hostility of Blackwood and the Quarterly. For eighteen years he was a regular contributor to the Edinburgh Review, the London Review, and the New Monthly, while various daily and weekly papers constantly employed him.

Hazlitt, like many persons of limited affections, had a capacity for sudden passions; but finally, after many love affairs, he married at the age of thirty a Miss Stoddard, with whom he lived for fourteen unhappy years. He then met the somewhat mythical Sarah Walker, the daughter of a lodging-house keeper, for whom he resolved to leave his wife. As Mrs. Hazlitt was relieved to be rid of him, they easily obtained a Scotch divorce. When, however, the mature lover was free, Miss Walker had discreetly disappeared. Three months afterwards he married a Mrs. Bridgewater, who took him on a Continental tour, but left him within the twelvemonth. Thackeray describes the journey abroad as that of «a penniless student tramping on foot, and not made after the regular fashion of the critics of the day, by the side of a young nobleman in a post-chaise»; but the fact is that the bride of this second matrimonial venture paid the bills. His other visit to the Continent was amply provided for by a commission to copy pictures in the Louvre. Hazlitt lived only five years after separating from his second wife. Pecuniary difficulties and the failure of his publishers hastened his death, which occurred in London September 18th, 1830. Only his son and his beloved friend Charles Lamb were with him when he died.

The father of Coventry Patmore gives an interesting picture of Hazlitt at thirty-five: «A pale anatomy of a man, sitting uneasily on half a chair, his anxious, highly intellectual face looking upon vacancy,—emaciate, unstrung, inanimate.» But «the poor creature,» as he used to call himself, was the launcher forth of the winged word that could shake the hearts of princes and potentates. The most unscrupulous biographer would hardly have dared to reveal Hazlitt, the most reserved of men, as he reveals himself to the reader. Every essay is autobiographical, and reflects his likes and dislikes. In that strange book 'The New Pygmalion,' as in 'Liber Amoris,' he invites the horrified British public to listen to his transports concerning the lodging-house keeper's daughter. He abuses the Duke of Wellington, idol of that public, as he abuses whoever may chance to disagree with him on personal or impersonal subjects. The brilliant iconoclast must have been the most uncomfortable of men to live with. No wonder that Lamb used to sigh, pathetically, «I wish he would not quarrel with everybody.» For he fell out with the amiable Leigh Hunt, with the idol of his youth, Coleridge, whose poetry he began at once to undervalue, and with Wordsworth and Southey, because they took a moderate view of the French Revolution. He rated Shelley absurdly low for no better reason than that he was a gentleman, and loaded Scott with bad names because he accepted a baronetcy. De Quincey declared that «With Hazlitt, whatever is, is wrong,» and quotes an admirer of the critic who professed to shudder whenever his hand went to his breast pocket, lest he should draw out a dagger. What his politics were, except to worship the genius of the French Revolution and abhor a something which he called «the hag of legitimacy,» no one knew. His heroes were the first Napoleon and Rousseau.

Hazlitt says, with his usual indifference, that when he began to write he left off reading. Much as he admired ‹Waverley› and the other «Scotch novels,» as they were called, he never got through more than half of any one, although it was his business to review them. He gave a series of lectures on the Elizabethan dramatists, and afterwards casually mentioned to Lamb that he had read only about a quarter of Beaumont and Fletcher. And though he prided himself on his metaphysics, he knew none of the metaphysicians but the French and English philosophers of the eighteenth century. Platonists tell us that he went to Taylor the Platonist for his ideas. He pretended to pride himself that he cared for no new book, and declared that he neither corrected his own proof sheets nor read his work in print. Of the beautiful ‹Introduction to the Elizabethan Poets› Mr. Saintsbury says, «All Hazlitt's faults to be found in it are due not to prejudice, or error of judgment, but to occasional deficiency of information.»

A bundle of inconsistencies, he had a sort of inexplicable constancy, holding the same ideas at the end of his life that he had at its beginning. While his egotism was as stupendous as that of Rousseau or Napoleon, he seemed to possess a double consciousness: with one breath he blesses and curses. What he says of Burke sounds like the ravings of a madman; yet he places Burke in his proper place as the greatest of English political writers. He hacks and hews the Lake School, while he discloses their choicest beauties. «Were the author of ‹Waverley› to come into the room, I would kiss the hem of his garment,» he said; but Scott the man is to him «the greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind.» His judgment of an author depended upon two circumstances: his private associations and his sympathy with the writer.

Yet Hazlitt had something which is better than the capacity to criticize fairly, to be consistent or learned, or to exercise the cardinal virtues. He was an artist, and whatever he wrote is literature. His choice of subject is of small importance if the reader is armed against his prejudices. Some biographers rank him highest as a critic, others as an essayist; but it is not easy to classify his work. Essay or criticism, it is Hazlitt and the world that Hazlitt sees. His criticisms are scattered through the seven volumes of his writings edited by his son, but they are collected in the three volumes entitled 'The Characters of Shakespeare,' 'Elizabethan Literature,' and 'The English Poets and the English Comic Writers.' His essays are classed in the volumes 'The Spirit of the Age,' 'The Plain Dealer,' 'The Round Table,' and 'Sketches and Essays.' In the essays we find the famous 'Going to a Fight,' the beautiful and pathetic 'Farewell to Essay-Writing,' the 'Going on a Journey,' 'My First Acquaintance with Poets,' 'On Taste,' 'On the Indian Jugglers,' 'On Londoners and Country People.' These are named not because they are special efforts, for Hazlitt seldom tried himself in any direct flight, but as specimens of the range of his subjects.

His style is as varied as his themes: gay, semi-sentimental, hitting hard like his own pugilists, judicious, gossipy, richly embroidered as mediæval tapestry, grave, and chaste. It has been already said that Hazlitt is a man of letters, and that all he touched became literature. It is fair to go further, and suggest that a certain amount of literary temperament is necessary to enjoy him, and perhaps a certain maturity of taste. He is the essayist of the traveler who has reached the Delectable Mountains of middle age, from whose calm heights he takes a wide and reasonable view; the essayist for the drawn curtain and the winter fireside after the leisurely meal, when his pungent talk is the after-taste of some rare cordial.

Shakespeare scholars agree that he knows nothing of Shakespeare but the text, and that he has added nothing to the explanation of difficult passages; but they, as well as the general reader, turn to him for noble enthusiasm and calm judgment. It is of Shakespeare's characters that he writes, not of his plays; and it is Timon, Othello, Antony and Cleopatra,—the doers, not the dreamers,—who interest him, and whom he hates and loves. Strange to say, though he rated himself so highly as a metaphysician, Hamlet is one of his least successful portraitures; his artist's eye saw Shakespeare played, not written, and Kean, whom he first ridiculed and then praised, said that Hazlitt had taught him more than his stage manager.

What he did for the Elizabethan dramatists was to rediscover their excellences and find them an audience. He shows Congreve's merits with a force not possible to a calmer judgment. How discriminating, on the contrary, is his praise of the sweetness of Dekker and of the beauties of 'The Beggar's Opera'! and though personal in its vindictiveness, what a splendid assault he makes on Sidney's 'Arcadia'!

Hazlitt is accused of reversing the counsel of the proverb, and speaking good *only* of the dead. He was certainly unlike the little members of the little mutual-admiration societies who half a century later take themselves so seriously. It was his art which he found serious. Mr. Saintsbury makes the important point that his work molded the genius of his literary juniors. In ‹The Spirit of the Age› there are distinct intimations of Carlyle. «Where the devil did you get that style?» Jeffrey asked Macaulay. It is easy to see where, when one reads Hazlitt's contributions to Jeffrey's own Review. In another way, he furnished a model to Dickens and Thackeray; and no one who is familiar with the essay on ‹Nicholas Poussin› will fail to add Ruskin to his «fair herd of literary children.»

It is almost incredible that with his spirit and temperament, Hazlitt's last words should have been, «I have had a happy life.» But literature was to him the wife and children and friends of whom perhaps she robbed him, while becoming, as the poet promises, the solace reserved for him who loves her for herself alone.

OF PERSONS ONE WOULD WISH TO HAVE SEEN

From ‹Table Talk›

«Come like shadows — so depart.»

Lamb it was, I think, who suggested this subject, as well as the defense of Guy Fawkes, which I urged him to execute. As however he would undertake neither, I suppose I must do both, — a task for which he would have been much fitter, no less from the temerity than the felicity of his pen: —

> «Never so sure our rapture to create
> As when it touched the brink of all we hate.»

Compared with him I shall, I fear, make but a commonplace piece of business of it; but I should be loth the idea was entirely lost, and besides, I may avail myself of some hints of his in the progress of it. I am sometimes, I suspect, a better reporter of the ideas of other people than expounder of my own. I pursue the one too far into paradox or mysticism; the others I am not bound to follow farther than I like, or than seems fair and reasonable.

On the question being started, A—— said, «I suppose the two first persons you would choose to see would be the two greatest names in English literature, Sir Isaac Newton and Mr. Locke?» In this A——, as usual, reckoned without his host. Every one burst out a-laughing at the expression of Lamb's face, in which impatience was restrained by courtesy. «Yes, the greatest names,» he stammered out hastily, «but they were not persons — not persons.» «Not persons?» said A——, looking wise and foolish at the same time, afraid his triumph might be premature. «That is,» rejoined Lamb, «not characters, you know. By Mr. Locke and Sir Isaac Newton, you mean the 'Essay on the Human Understanding' and the 'Principia,' which we have to this day. Beyond their contents there is nothing personally interesting in the men. But what we want to see any one *bodily* for, is when there is something peculiar, striking in the individuals; more than we can learn from their writings, and yet are curious to know. I dare say Locke and Newton were very like Kneller's portraits of them. But who could paint Shakespeare?» «Ay,» retorted A——, «there it is: then I suppose you would prefer seeing him and Milton instead?» «No,» said Lamb, «neither. I have seen so much of Shakespeare on the stage and on book-stalls, in frontispieces and on mantelpieces, that I am quite tired of the everlasting repetition: and as to Milton's face, the impressions that have come down to us of it I do not like, — it is too starched and puritanical; and I should be afraid of losing some of the manna of his poetry in the leaven of his countenance and the precisian's band and gown.»

«I shall guess no more,» said A——. «Who is it, then, you would like to see 'in his habit as he lived,' if you had your choice of the whole range of English literature?» Lamb then named Sir Thomas Browne and Fulke Greville, the friend of Sir Philip Sidney, as the two worthies whom he should feel the greatest pleasure to encounter on the door of his apartment in their nightgown and slippers, and to exchange friendly greeting with them. At this A—— laughed outright, and conceived Lamb was jesting with him; but as no one followed his example, he thought there might be something in it, and waited for an explanation in a state of whimsical suspense. Lamb then (as well as I can remember a conversation that passed twenty years ago — how time slips!) went on as follows: —

«The reason why I pitch upon those two authors is, that their writings are riddles, and they themselves the most mysterious of personages. They resemble the soothsayers of old, who dealt in dark hints and doubtful oracles; and I should like to ask them the meaning of what no mortal but themselves, I should suppose, can fathom. There is Dr. Johnson, — I have no curiosity, no strange uncertainty about him: he and Boswell together have pretty well let me into the secret of what passed through his mind. He and other writers like him are sufficiently explicit: my friends whose repose I should be tempted to disturb (were it in my power), are implicit, inextricable, inscrutable.

« When I look at that obscure but gorgeous prose composition the 'Urn-Burial,' I seem to myself to look into a deep abyss, at the bottom of which are hid pearls and rich treasure; or it is like a stately labyrinth of doubt and withering speculation, and I would invoke the spirit of the author to lead me through it. Besides, who would not be curious to see the lineaments of a man who, having himself been twice married, wished that mankind were propagated like trees?

«As to Fulke Greville, he is like nothing but one of his own 'Prologues spoken by the ghost of an old king of Ormus,'—a truly formidable and inviting personage: his style is apocalyptical, cabalistical, a knot worthy of such an apparition to untie; and for the unraveling a passage or two, I would stand the brunt of an encounter with so portentous a commentator!»

« I am afraid in that case,» said A——, « that if the mystery were once cleared up the merit might be lost;» and turning to me, whispered a friendly apprehension that while Lamb continued to admire these old crabbed authors he would never become a popular writer.

Dr. Donne was mentioned as a writer of the same period, with a very interesting countenance, whose history was singular, and whose meaning was often quite as *un-come-at-able* without a personal citation from the dead, as that of any of his contemporaries. The volume was produced; and while some one was expatiating on the exquisite simplicity and beauty of the portrait prefixed to the old edition, A—— got hold of the poetry, and exclaiming « What have we here?» read the following:—

« Here lies a She-sun, and a He-moon there;
She gives the best light to his sphere,
Or each is both and all, and so
They unto one another nothing owe.»

There was no resisting this, till Lamb, seizing the volume, turned to the beautiful 'Lines to his Mistress,' dissuading her from accompanying him abroad, and read them with suffused features and a faltering tongue. . . .

Some one then inquired of Lamb if we could not see from the window the Temple walk in which Chaucer used to take his exercise; and on his name being put to the vote, I was pleased to find that there was a general sensation in his favor in all but A——, who said something about the ruggedness of the metre, and even objected to the quaintness of the orthography. I was vexed at this superficial gloss, pertinaciously reducing everything to its own trite level, and asked "if he did not think it would be worth while to scan the eye that had first greeted the Muse in that dim twilight and early dawn of English literature; to see the head round which the visions of fancy must have played like gleams of inspiration or a sudden glory; to watch those lips that 'lisped in numbers, for the numbers came' as by a miracle, or as if the dumb should speak? Nor was it alone that he had been the first to tune his native tongue (however imperfectly to modern ears); but he was himself a noble, manly character, standing before his age and striving to advance it; a pleasant humorist withal, who has not only handed down to us the living manners of his time, but had no doubt store of curious and quaint devices, and would make as hearty a companion as Mine Host of the Tabard. His interview with Petrarch is fraught with interest. Yet I would rather have seen Chaucer in company with the author of the 'Decameron,' and have heard them exchange their best stories together,—the Squire's Tale against the Story of the Falcon, the Wife of Bath's Prologue against the Adventures of Friar Albert. How fine to see the high mysterious brow which learning then wore, relieved by the gay, familiar tone of men of the world, by the courtesies of genius! Surely, the thoughts and feelings which passed through the minds of these great revivers of learning, these Cadmuses who sowed the teeth of letters, must have stamped an expression on their features as different from the moderns as their books, and well worth the perusal! Dante," I continued, "is as interesting a person as his own Ugolino, one whose lineaments curiosity would as eagerly devour in order to penetrate his spirit, and the only one of the Italian poets I should care much to see. There is a fine portrait of Ariosto by no less a hand than Titian's: light, Moorish, spirited, but not answering our idea. The same artist's large colossal profile of Peter Aretino is the only likeness of the kind that has the effect of conversing with 'the mighty dead,' and this is truly spectral, ghastly, necromantic."

Lamb put it to me if I should like to see Spenser as well as Chaucer; and I answered without hesitation:—«No; for his beauties were ideal, visionary, not palpable or personal, and therefore connected with less curiosity about the man. His poetry was the essence of romance, a very halo round the bright orb of fancy; and the bringing in the individual might dissolve the charm. No tones of voice could come up to the mellifluous cadence of his verse; no form but of a winged angel could vie with the airy shapes he has described. He was (to our apprehensions) rather ‹a creature of the element, that lived in the rainbow and played in the plighted clouds,› than an ordinary mortal. Or if he did appear, I should wish it to be as a mere vision like one of his own pageants, and that he should pass by unquestioned like a dream or sound—

‹*That* was Arion crowned:
So went he playing on the wat'ry plain!›»

Captain Burney muttered something about Columbus, and Martin Burney hinted at the Wandering Jew; but the last was set aside as spurious, and the first made over to the New World.

«I should like,» says Mrs. Reynolds, «to have seen Pope talking with Patty Blount; and I *have* seen Goldsmith.» Every one turned round to look at Mrs. Reynolds, as if by so doing they too could get a sight of Goldsmith.

«Where,» asked a harsh croaking voice, «was Dr. Johnson in the years 1745–6? He did not write anything that we know of, nor is there any account of him in Boswell during those two years. Was he in Scotland with the Pretender? He seems to have passed through the scenes in the Highlands in company with Boswell many years after, ‹with lack-lustre eye,› yet as if they were familiar to him, or associated in his mind with interests that he durst not explain. If so, it would be an additional reason for my liking him; and I would give something to have seen him seated in the tent with the youthful Majesty of Britain, and penning the proclamation to all true subjects and adherents of the legitimate government.»

«I thought,» said A——, turning short round upon Lamb, «that you of the Lake School did not like Pope?»—«Not like Pope! My dear sir, you must be under a mistake: I can read him over and over forever!»—«Why, certainly, the ‹Essay on Man› must be allowed to be a masterpiece.»—«It may be so, but I seldom look into it.»—«Oh! then it's his ‹Satires› you admire?»—«No, not his ‹Satires,› but his friendly epistles and his compliments.»—«Compliments? I did not know he ever made any.»—«The finest,» said Lamb, «that were ever paid by the wit of man. Each of them is worth an estate for life—nay, is an immortality. There is that superb one to Lord Cornbury:—

‹Despise low joys, low gains;
Disdain whatever Cornbury disdains;
Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains.›

Was there ever more artful insinuation of idolatrous praise? And then that noble apotheosis of his friend Lord Mansfield (however little deserved), when, speaking of the House of Lords, he adds:

‹Conspicuous scene! another yet is nigh
(More silent far) where kings and poets lie;
Where Murray (long enough his country's pride)
Shall be no more than Tully or than Hyde!›

And with what a fine turn of indignant flattery he addresses Lord Bolingbroke:—

‹Why rail they then, if but one wreath of mine,
O all-accomplished St. John, deck thy shrine?›

Or turn,» continued Lamb, with a slight hectic on his cheek and his eye glistening, «to his list of early friends:—

‹But why then publish?—Granville the polite,
And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could write;
Well-natured Garth inflamed with early praise,
And Congreve loved and Swift endured my lays;
The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield read,
Even mitred Rochester would nod the head;
And St. John's self (great Dryden's friend before)
Received with open arms one poet more.
Happy my studies, if by these approved!
Happier their author, if by these beloved!
From these the world will judge of men and books,
Not from the Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cooks.›»

Here his voice totally failed him, and throwing down the book he said, «Do you think I would not wish to have been friends with such a man as this?»

«What say you to Dryden?»—«He rather made a show of himself, and courted popularity in that lowest temple of Fame, a coffee-house, so as in some measure to vulgarize one's idea of him. Pope, on the contrary, reached the very beau-ideal of what a poet's life should be; and his fame while living seemed to be an emanation from that which was to circle his name after death. He was so far enviable (and one would feel proud to have witnessed the rare spectacle in him) that he was almost the only poet and man of genius who met with his reward on this side of the tomb; who realized in friends, fortune, the esteem of the world, the most sanguine hopes of a youthful ambition, and who found that sort of patronage from the great during his lifetime which they would be thought anxious to bestow upon him after his death. Read Gray's verses to him on his supposed return from Greece, after his translation of Homer was finished, and say if you would not gladly join the bright procession that welcomed him home, or see it once more land at Whitehall stairs.»

«Still,» said Mrs. Reynolds, «I would rather have seen him talking with Patty Blount, or riding by in a coronet coach with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu!»

Erasmus Phillips, who was deep in a game of piquet at the other end of the room, whispered to Martin Burney to ask if Junius would not be a fit person to invoke from the dead. «Yes,» said Lamb, «provided he would agree to lay aside his mask.»

We were now at a stand for a short time, when Fielding was mentioned as a candidate; only one, however, seconded the proposition.—«Richardson?»—«By all means, but only to look at him through the glass door of his back shop, hard at work upon one of his novels (the most extraordinary contrast that ever was presented between an author and his works): but not to let him come behind his counter, lest he should want you to turn customer; nor to go up-stairs with him, lest he should offer to read the first manuscript of 'Sir Charles Grandison,' which was originally written in eight-and-twenty volumes octavo, or get out the letters of his female correspondents to prove that 'Joseph Andrews' was low.»

There was but one statesman in the whole English history that any one expressed the least desire to see,—Oliver Cromwell, with his fine, frank, rough, pimply face, and wily policy;—and one enthusiast,—John Bunyan, the immortal author of the

'Pilgrim's Progress.' It seemed that if he came into the room, dreams would follow him, and that each person would nod under his golden cloud, "nigh sphered in heaven," a canopy as strange and stately as any in Homer.

Of all persons near our own time, Garrick's name was received with the greatest enthusiasm, who was proposed by Baron Field. He presently superseded both Hogarth and Handel, who had been talked of; but then it was on condition that he should act in tragedy and comedy, in the play and farce 'Lear' and 'Wildair' and 'Abel Drugger.' What a sight for sore eyes that would be! Who would not part with a year's income at least, almost with a year of his natural life, to be present at it? Besides, as he could not act alone, and recitations are unsatisfactory things, what a troop he must bring with him — the silver-tongued Barry, and Quin, and Shuter, and Weston, and Mrs. Clive, and Mrs. Pritchard, of whom I have heard my father speak as so great a favorite when he was young! This would indeed be a revival of the dead, the restoring of art; and so much the more desirable, as such is the lurking skepticism mingled with our overstrained admiration of past excellence, that though we have the speeches of Burke, the portraits of Reynolds, the writings of Goldsmith, and the conversation of Johnson, to show what people could do at that period, and to confirm the universal testimony to the merits of Garrick, yet as it was before our time, we have our misgivings, as if he was probably after all little better than a Bartlemy-fair actor, dressed out to play Macbeth in a scarlet coat and laced cocked hat. For one, I should like to have seen and heard with my own eyes and ears. Certainly, by all accounts, if any was ever moved by the true histrionic *æstus*, it was Garrick. When he followed the Ghost in 'Hamlet' he did not drop the sword, as most actors do, behind the scenes, but kept the point raised the whole way round; so fully was he possessed with the idea, or so anxious not to lose sight of his part for a moment. Once at a splendid dinner party at Lord ——'s they suddenly missed Garrick, and could not imagine what was become of him till they were drawn to the window by the convulsive screams and peals of laughter of a young negro boy, who was rolling on the ground in an ecstasy of delight to see Garrick mimicking a turkey-cock in the court-yard, with his coat-tail stuck out behind, and in a seeming flutter of feathered rage and pride. Of our party only two persons present had seen the British Roscius; and they seemed as willing as the rest to renew their acquaintance with their old favorite.

We were interrupted in the heyday and mid-career of this fanciful speculation by a grumbler in a corner, who declared it was a shame to make all this rout about a mere player and farce-writer, to the neglect and exclusion of the fine old dramatists, the contemporaries and rivals of Shakespeare. Lamb said he had anticipated this objection when he had named the author of 'Mustapha and Alaham'; and out of caprice insisted upon keeping him to represent the set, in preference to the wild, hare-brained enthusiast Kit Marlowe; to the sexton of St. Ann's, Webster, with his melancholy yew-trees and death's-heads; to Decker, who was but a garrulous proser; to the voluminous Heywood; and even to Beaumont and Fletcher, whom we might offend by complimenting the wrong author on their joint productions. Lord Brook on the contrary stood quite by himself, or in Cowley's words, was «a vast species alone.» Some one hinted at the circumstance of his being a lord, which rather startled Lamb; but he said a ghost would perhaps dispense with strict etiquette, on being regularly addressed by his title. Ben Jonson divided our suffrages pretty equally. Some were afraid he would begin to traduce Shakespeare, who was not present to defend himself. «If he grows disagreeable,» it was whispered aloud, «there is Godwin can match him.» At length his romantic visit to Drummond of Hawthornden was mentioned, and turned the scale in his favor.

Lamb inquired if there was any one that was hanged that I would choose to mention? And I answered, Eugene Aram. The name of the «Admirable Crichton» was suddenly started as a splendid example of *waste* talents, so different from the generality of his countrymen. The choice was mightily approved by a North-Briton present, who declared himself descended from that prodigy of learning and accomplishment, and said he had family plate in his possession as vouchers for the fact, with the initials A. C.—*Admirable Crichton!* Hunt laughed, or rather roared, as heartily at this as I should think he has done for many years.

The last-named mitre-courtier then wished to know whether there were any metaphysicians to whom one might be tempted to apply the wizard spell? I replied, there were only six in modern times deserving the name,—Hobbes, Berkeley, Butler, Hartley, Hume, Leibnitz; and perhaps Jonathan Edwards, a

Massachusetts man. As to the French, who talked fluently of having *created* this science, there was not a tittle in any of their writings that was not to be found literally in the authors I had mentioned. Horne [Horne Tooke], who might have a claim to come in under the head of Grammar, was still living. None of these names seemed to excite much interest, and I did not plead for the reappearance of those who might be thought best fitted by the abstracted nature of their studies for their present spiritual and disembodied state, and who even while on this living stage were nearly divested of common flesh and blood. As A——, with an uneasy fidgety face, was about to put some question about Mr. Locke and Dugald Stewart, he was prevented by Martin Burney, who observed, "If J—— was here, he would undoubtedly be for having up those profound and redoubted scholiasts Thomas Aquinas and Duns Scotus." I said this might be fair enough in him, who had read or fancied he had read the original works; but I did not see how we could have any right to call up those authors to give an account of themselves in person, till we had looked into their writings.

By this time it should seem that some rumor of our whimsical deliberation had got wind, and had disturbed the *irritabile genus* in their shadowy abodes; for we received messages from several candidates that we had just been thinking of. Gray declined our invitation, though he had not yet been asked; Gay offered to come, and bring in his hand the Duchess of Bolton, the original Polly; Steele and Addison left their cards as Captain Sentry and Sir Roger de Coverley; Swift came in and sat down without speaking a word, and quitted the room as abruptly; Otway and Chatterton were seen lingering on the opposite side of the Styx, but could not muster enough between them to pay Charon his fare; Thomson fell asleep in the boat, and was rowed back again; and Burns sent a low fellow, one John Barleycorn, —an old companion of his who had conducted him to the other world,—to say that he had during his lifetime been drawn out of his retirement, as a show, only to be made an exciseman of, and that he would rather remain where he was. He desired, however, to shake hands by his representative; the hand thus held out was in a burning fever, and shook prodigiously.

The room was hung round with several portraits of eminent painters. While we were debating whether we should demand speech with these masters of mute eloquence, whose features were so familiar to us, it seemed that all at once they glided from their frames, and seated themselves at some little distance from us. There was Leonardo, with his majestic beard and watchful eye, having a bust of Archimedes before him; next him was Raphael's graceful head turned round to the Fornarina; and on his other side was Lucretia Borgia, with calm golden locks; Michael Angelo had placed the model of St. Peter's on the table before him; Correggio had an angel at his side; Titian was seated with his Mistress between himself and Giorgioni; Guido was accompanied by his own Aurora, who took a dice-box from him; Claude held a mirror in his hand; Rubens patted a beautiful panther (led in by a satyr) on the head; Vandyke appeared as his own Paris; and Rembrandt was hid under furs, gold chains, and jewels, which Sir Joshua eyed closely, holding his hand so as to shade his forehead. Not a word was spoken; and as we rose to do them homage they still presented the same surface to the view. Not being *bonâ fide* representations of living people, we got rid of the splendid apparitions by signs and dumb show. As soon as they had melted into thin air there was a loud noise at the outer door, and we found it was Giotto, Cimabue, and Ghirlandaio, who had been raised from the dead by their earnest desire to see their illustrious successors —

> «Whose names on earth
> In Fame's eternal records live for aye!»

Finding them gone, they had no ambition to be seen after them, and mournfully withdrew. «Egad!» said Lamb, «those are the very fellows I should like to have had some talk with, to know how they could see to paint when all was dark around them!»

«But shall we have nothing to say,» interrogated G. J——, «to the Legend of Good Women?» «Name, name, Mr. J——,» cried Hunt in a boisterous tone of friendly exultation; «name as many as you please, without reserve or fear of molestation!» J—— was perplexed between so many amiable recollections that the name of the lady of his choice expired in a pensive whiff of his pipe; and Lamb impatiently declared for the Duchess of Newcastle. Mrs. Hutchinson was no sooner mentioned, than she carried the day from the Duchess. We were the less solicitous on this subject of filling up the posthumous lists of Good Women, as there was already one in the room as good, as sensible, and in all respects as exemplary, as the best of them could be for their lives! «I should like vastly to have seen Ninon de l'Enclos,» said that incomparable person; and this immediately put us in mind that we had neglected to pay honor due to our friends on the other side of the Channel: Voltaire the patriarch of levity, and Rousseau the father of sentiment; Montaigne and Rabelais, great in wisdom and in wit; Molière, and that illustrious group that are collected around him (in the print of that subject) to hear him read his comedy of the 'Tartuffe' at the house of Ninon; Racine, La Fontaine, Rochefoucauld, St. Evremont, etc.

«There is one person,» said a shrill querulous voice, «I would rather see than all these — Don Quixote!»

«Come, come!» said Hunt, «I thought we should have no heroes, real or fabulous. What say you, Mr. Lamb? are you for eking out your shadowy list with such names as Alexander, Julius Cæsar, Tamerlane, or Ghenghis Khan?» «Excuse me,» said Lamb; «on the subject of characters in active life, plotters and disturbers of the world, I have a crotchet of my own, which I beg leave to reserve.» — «No, no! come, out with your worthies!» — «What do you think of Guy Fawkes and Judas Iscariot?» Hunt turned an eye upon him like a wild Indian, but cordial and full of smothered glee. «Your most exquisite reason!» was echoed on all sides; and A—— thought that Lamb had now fairly entangled himself. «Why, I cannot but think,» retorted he of the wistful countenance, «that Guy Fawkes, that poor fluttering annual scarecrow of straw and rags, is an ill-used gentleman. I would give something to see him sitting pale and emaciated, surrounded by his matches and his barrels of gunpowder, and expecting the moment that was to transport him to Paradise for his heroic self-devotion; but if I say any more, there is that fellow Godwin will make something of it. And as to Judas Iscariot, my reason is different. I would fain see the face of him who, having dipped his hand in the same dish with the Son of Man, could afterwards betray him. I have no conception of such a thing; nor have I ever seen any picture (not even Leonardo's very fine one) that gave me the least idea of it.» — «You have said enough, Mr. Lamb, to justify your choice.»

«Oh! ever right, Menenius, — ever right!»

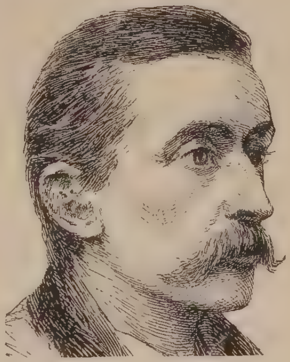
«There is only one other person I can ever think of after this,» continued Lamb, but without mentioning a Name that once put on a semblance of mortality. «If Shakespeare was to come into the room, we should all rise up to meet him; but if that person was to come into it, we should all fall down and try to kiss the hem of his garment!»

LAFCADIO HEARN

(1850–)

LAFCADIO HEARN is a painter with the pen. He has the rare gift of sympathetic observation, and the rarer gift of words to express what he sees and feels. It is no exaggeration to say that he is a great colorist, filling his canvas sometimes with glowing hues, again with mists of pearl or opaline lights, and always showing Nature's esoteric as well as her physical charms.

Although he is classed as an American author, Lafcadio Hearn was born in Santa Maura, Ionian Islands,—the ancient Leucadia,—June 27th, 1850; the son of an Englishman and a native Greek. After receiving his education in England he came to America, and became engaged in journalism in Cincinnati and New Orleans. His first long story was ‹Chita: A Memory of Last Island› (1889), a marvelous description of the destruction of *L'Île Dernière*, the fashionable watering-place of the aristocratic families of Louisiana. The book is full of remarkable descriptive passages; as for example:—



LAFCADIO HEARN

«On the Gulf side of these islands you may observe that the trees—when there are any trees—all bend away from the sea; and even on bright hot days, when the wind sleeps, there is something grotesquely pathetic in their look of agonized terror. A group of oaks at Grande Isle I remember as especially suggestive: five stooping silhouettes in line against the horizon line, fleeing women with streaming garments and wind-blown hair,—bowing grievously and thrusting out arms desperately northward so as to save themselves from falling. And they are being pursued, indeed,—for the sea is devouring the land.»

Mr. Hearn had published previously ‹Stray Leaves from Strange Literatures,› a collection of stories from various sources, including Egyptian, Indian, the Kalevala, and Talmud traditions. This was followed by ‹Some Chinese Ghosts,› which like the ‹Stray Leaves› consists of gems artistically cut and reset by a literary lapidary. In the preface the author calls himself «a humble traveler, who, entering the pleasure grounds of Chinese fancy, culls a few of the marvelous flowers there growing,—a self-luminous *hwa-wang*, a black lily, a phosphoric rose or two,—as souvenirs of his curious voyage.»

After ‹Two Years in the West Indies› and ‹Youma›—a story of the fidelity of the «da» (nurse or bonne) to her little white charge during the insurrection of Martinique—were published in 1890, Mr. Hearn went to Japan, where he has since lived. He has taught in various colleges, and has traveled extensively in remote places, giving the results of his thought, study, and observation in ‹Out of the East› (1894), ‹Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan› (1895), and ‹Kokovo› (1896), the latter title meaning «the heart» in its most extended interpretation. In all of these books Mr. Hearn shows his comprehension of and sympathy with Oriental philosophy and art, myth, and tradition, and paints in tender and vivid fashion the scenes and landscapes of his adopted country.

Of mixed race, a fact which by modern theory is conducive to rare gifts in the individual; one who has absorbed impressions from picturesque lands and civilizations, and looked, as well, beneath the surface to the deep sources of human action and feeling, and who is able to express the romantic and the mystic, the brilliantly exotic, with rare literary power,—Mr. Hearn is a striking figure in the English literature of the late nineteenth century.

THE STORM

From ‹Chita: A Memory of Last Island.› Copyright 1889, by Harper & Brothers

THIRTY years ago, Last Island lay steeped in the enormous light of even such magical days. July was dying: for weeks no fleck of cloud had broken the heaven's blue dream of eternity; winds held their breath; slow wavelets caressed the bland brown beach with a sound as of kisses and whispers. To one who found himself alone, beyond the limits of the village and beyond the hearing of its voices, the vast silence, the vast light, seemed full of weirdness. And these hushes, these transparencies, do not always inspire a causeless apprehension: they are omens sometimes—omens of coming tempest. Nature,—incomprehensible Sphinx!—before her mightiest bursts of rage ever puts forth her divinest witchery, makes more manifest her awful beauty.

But in that forgotten summer the witchery lasted many long days,—days born in rose-light, buried in gold. It was the height of the season. The long myrtle-shadowed village was thronged with its summer population; the big hotel could hardly accommodate all its guests; the bathing-houses were too few for the crowds who flocked to the water morning and evening. There were diversions for all: hunting and fishing parties, yachting excursions, rides, music, games, promenades. Carriage wheels whirled flickering along the beach, seaming its smoothness noiselessly, as if muffled. Love wrote its dreams upon the sand.

Then one great noon, when the blue abyss of day seemed to yawn over the world more deeply than ever before, a sudden change touched the quicksilver smoothness of the waters — the swaying shadow of a vast motion. First the whole sea circle appeared to rise up bodily at the sky; the horizon curve lifted to a straight line; the line darkened and approached,— a monstrous wrinkle, an immeasurable fold of green water, moving swift as a cloud shadow pursued by sunlight. But it had looked formidable only by startling contrast with the previous placidity of the open: it was scarcely two feet high; it curled slowly as it neared the beach, and combed itself out in sheets of woolly foam with a low, rich roll of whispered thunder. Swift in pursuit another followed — a third — a feebler fourth; then the sea only swayed a little, and stilled again. Minutes passed, and the immeasurable heaving recommenced — one, two, three, four — seven long swells this time; and the Gulf smoothed itself once more. Irregularly the phenomenon continued to repeat itself, each time with heavier billowing and briefer intervals of quiet, until at last the whole sea grew restless, and shifted color and flickered green; the swells became shorter and changed form. Then from horizon to shore ran one uninterrupted heaving, one vast green swarming of snaky shapes, rolling in to hiss and flatten upon the sand. Yet no single cirrus speck revealed itself through all the violet heights; there was no wind! You might have fancied the sea had been upheaved from beneath.

And indeed, the fancy of a seismic origin for a windless surge would not appear in these latitudes to be utterly without foundation. On the fairest days a southeast breeze may bear you an odor singular enough to startle you from sleep,— a strong, sharp smell as of fish-oil; and gazing at the sea, you might be still more startled at the sudden apparition of great oleaginous patches spreading over the water, sheeting over the swells. That is, if you had never heard of the mysterious submarine oil wells, the volcanic fountains, unexplored, that well up with the eternal pulsing of the Gulf Stream.

But the pleasure-seekers of Last Island knew there must have been a « great blow » somewhere that day. Still the sea swelled; and a splendid surf made the evening bath delightful. Then just at sundown a beautiful cloud bridge grew up and arched the sky with a single span of cottony pink vapor, that changed and deepened color with the dying of the iridescent day. And the cloud bridge approached, stretched, strained, and swung round at last to make way for the coming of the gale,—even as the light bridges that traverse the dreamy Têche swing open when luggermen sound through their conch-shells the long, bellowing signal of approach.

Then the wind began to blow, with the passing of July. It blew from the northeast,—clear, cool. It blew in enormous sighs, dying away at regular intervals, as if pausing to draw breath. All night it blew; and in each pause could be heard the answering moan of the rising surf,—as if the rhythm of the sea molded itself after the rhythm of the air,—as if the waving of the water responded precisely to the waving of the wind,—a billow for every puff, a surge for every sigh.

The August morning broke in a bright sky; the breeze still came cool and clear from the northeast. The waves were running now at a sharp angle to the shore; they began to carry fleeces, an innumerable flock of vague green shapes, wind-driven to be despoiled of their ghostly wool. Far as the eye could follow the line of the beach, all the slope was white with the great shearing of them. Clouds came, flew as in a panic against the face of the sun, and passed. All that day and through the night and into the morning again the breeze continued from the northeast, blowing like an equinoctial gale.

Then day by day the vast breath freshened steadily, and the waters heightened. A week later sea-bathing had become perilous; colossal breakers were herding in, like moving leviathan backs, twice the height of a man. Still the gale grew, and the billowing waxed mightier, and faster and faster overhead flew the tatters of torn cloud. The gray morning of the 9th wanly lighted a surf that appalled the best swimmers: the sea was one wild agony of foam, the gale was rending off the heads of the waves and veiling the horizon with a fog of salt spray. Shadowless and gray the day remained; there were mad bursts of lashing rain.

Evening brought with it a sinister apparition, looming through a cloud-rent in the west—a scarlet sun in a green sky. His sanguine disk, enormously magnified, seemed barred like the body of a belted planet. A moment, and the crimson spectre vanished, and the moonless night came.

Then the wind grew weird. It ceased being a breath; it became a voice moaning across the world, hooting, uttering nightmare sounds,—*Whoo!*—*whoo!*—*whoo!*—and with each stupendous owl-cry the mooing of the waters seemed to deepen, more and more abysmally, through all the hours of darkness. From the northwest the breakers of the bay began to roll high over the sandy slope, into the salines; the village bayou broadened to a bellowing flood. So the tumult swelled and the turmoil heightened until morning—a morning of gray gloom and whistling rain. Rain of bursting clouds and rain of wind-blown brine from the great spuming agony of the sea.

The steamer Star was due from St. Mary's that fearful morning. Could she come? No one really believed it,—no one. And nevertheless men struggled to the roaring beach to look for her, because hope is stronger than reason.

Even to-day, in these Creole islands, the advent of the steamer is the great event of the week. There are no telegraph lines, no telephones: the mail packet is the only trustworthy medium of communication with the outer world, bringing friends, news, letters. The magic of steam has placed New Orleans nearer to New York than to the Timbaliers, nearer to Washington than to Wine Island, nearer to Chicago than to Barataria Bay. And even during the deepest sleep of waves and winds, there will come betimes to sojourners in this unfamiliar archipelago a feeling of lonesomeness that is a fear, a feeling of isolation from the world of men,—totally unlike that sense of solitude which haunts one in the silence of mountain heights, or amid the eternal tumult of lofty granitic coasts: a sense of helpless insecurity. The land seems but an undulation of the sea-bed; its highest ridges do not rise more than the height of a man above the salines on either side; the salines themselves lie almost level with the level of the flood-tides; the tides are variable, treacherous, mysterious. But when all around and above these ever-changing shores the twin vastnesses of heaven and sea begin to utter the tremendous revelation of themselves as infinite forces in contention. then indeed this sense of separation from humanity appalls.

Perhaps it was such a feeling which forced men, on the tenth day of August, eighteen hundred and fifty-six, to hope against hope for the coming of the Star, and to strain their eyes towards far-off Terrebonne. «It was a wind you could lie down on,» said my friend the pilot.

«Great God!» shrieked a voice above the shouting of the storm, «*she is coming!*» It was true. Down the Atchafalaya, and thence through strange mazes of bayou, lakelet, and pass, by a rear route familiar only to the best of pilots, the frail river craft had toiled into Caillou Bay, running close to the main shore; and now she was heading right for the island, with the wind aft, over the monstrous sea. On she came, swaying, rocking, plunging, with a great whiteness wrapping her about like a cloud, and moving with her moving,—a tempest-whirl of spray; ghost-white and like a ghost she came, for her smoke-stacks exhaled no visible smoke—the wind devoured it!

The excitement on shore became wild; men shouted themselves hoarse; women laughed and cried. Every telescope and opera-glass was directed upon the coming apparition; all wondered how the pilot kept his feet; all marveled at the madness of the captain.

But Captain Abraham Smith was not mad. A veteran American sailor, he had learned to know the great Gulf as scholars know deep books by heart; he knew the birthplace of its tempests, the mystery of its tides, the omens of its hurricanes. While lying at Brashear City he felt the storm had not yet reached its highest, vaguely foresaw a mighty peril, and resolved to wait no longer for a lull. «Boys,» he said, «we've got to take her out in spite of hell!» And they «took her out.» Through all the peril, his men stayed by him and obeyed him. By mid-morning the wind had deepened to a roar,—lowering sometimes to a rumble, sometimes bursting upon the ears like a measureless and deafening crash. Then the captain knew the Star was running a race with Death. «She'll win it,» he muttered; «she'll stand it. Perhaps they'll have need of me to-night.»

She won! With a sonorous steam chant of triumph the brave little vessel rode at last into the bayou, and anchored hard by her accustomed resting-place, in full view of the hotel, though not near enough to shore to lower her gang-plank.

But she had sung her swan song. Gathering in from the northeast, the waters of the bay were already marbling over the salines and half across the island; and still the wind increased its paroxysmal power.

Cottages began to rock. Some slid away from the solid props upon which they rested. A chimney tumbled. Shutters were wrenched off; verandas demolished. Light roofs lifted, dropped again, and flapped into ruin. Trees bent their heads to the earth. And still the storm grew louder and blacker with every passing hour.

The Star rose with the rising of the waters, dragging her anchor. Two more anchors were put out, and still she dragged — dragged in with the flood, twisting, shuddering, careening in her agony. Evening fell; the sand began to move with the wind, stinging faces like a continuous fire of fine shot; and frenzied blasts came to buffet the steamer forward, sideward. Then one of her hog-chains parted with a clang like the boom of a big bell. Then another! — Then the captain bade his men to cut away all her upper works, clean to the deck. Overboard into the seething went her stacks, her pilot-house, her cabins — and whirled away. And the naked hull of the Star, still dragging her three anchors, labored on through the darkness, nearer and nearer to the immense silhouette of the hotel, whose hundred windows were now all aflame. The vast timber building seemed to defy the storm. The wind, roaring round its broad verandas, hissing through every crevice with the sound and force of steam, appeared to waste its rage. And in the half-lull between two terrible gusts there came to the captain's ears a sound that seemed strange in that night of multitudinous terrors — a sound of music!

Almost every evening throughout the season there had been dancing in the great hall; there was dancing that night also. The population of the hotel had been augmented by the advent of families from other parts of the island, who found their summer cottages insecure places of shelter; there were nearly four hundred guests assembled. Perhaps it was for this reason that the entertainment had been prepared upon a grander plan than usual, that it assumed the form of a fashionable ball. And all those pleasure-seekers, representing the wealth and beauty of the Creole parishes,— whether from Ascension or Assumption, St. Mary's or St. Landry's, Iberville or Terrebonne, whether inhabitants of the multicolored and many-balconied Creole quarter of the quaint metropolis, or dwellers in the dreamy paradises of the

Têche,— mingled joyously, knowing each other, feeling in some sort akin; whether affiliated by blood, connaturalized by caste, or simply interassociated by traditional sympathies of class sentiment and class interest. Perhaps in the more than ordinary merriment of that evening something of nervous exaltation might have been discerned,— something like a feverish resolve to oppose apprehension with gayety, to combat uneasiness by diversion. But the hours passed in mirthfulness; the first general feeling of depression began to weigh less and less upon the guests: they had found reason to confide in the solidity of the massive building; there were no positive terrors, no outspoken fears; and the new conviction of all had found expression in the words of the host himself, « Il n'y a rien de mieux à faire que de s'amuser! » Of what avail to lament the prospective devastation of cane-fields, to discuss the possible ruin of crops? Better to seek solace in choregraphic harmonies, in the rhythm of gracious motion and of perfect melody, than hearken to the discords of the wild orchestra of storms; wiser to admire the grace of Parisian toilets, the eddy of trailing robes with its fairy foam of lace, the ivorine loveliness of glossy shoulders and jeweled throats, the glimmering of satin-slippered feet, than to watch the raging of the flood without, or the flying of the wrack.

So the music and the mirth went on: they made joy for themselves, those elegant guests; they jested and sipped rich wines; they pledged, and hoped, and loved, and promised, with never a thought of the morrow, on the night of the tenth of August, eighteen hundred and fifty-six. Observant parents were there, planning for the future bliss of their nearest and dearest; mothers and fathers of handsome lads, lithe and elegant as young pines, and fresh from the polish of foreign university training; mothers and fathers of splendid girls whose simplest attitudes were witcheries. Young cheeks flushed; young hearts fluttered with an emotion more puissant than the excitement of the dance; young eyes betrayed the happy secret discreeter lips would have preserved. Slave-servants circled through the aristocratic press, bearing dainties and wines, praying permission to pass in terms at once humble and officious,— always in the excellent French which well-trained house-servants were taught to use on such occasions.

Night wore on: still the shining floor palpitated to the feet of the dancers; still the pianoforte pealed, and still the violins sang; and the sound of their singing shrilled through the darkness, in gasps of the gale, to the ears of Captain Smith, as he strove to keep his footing on the spray-drenched deck of the Star.

« Christ! » he muttered,—« a dance! If that wind whips round south, there'll be another dance! But I guess the Star will stay.»

Half an hour might have passed; still the lights flamed calmly, and the violins trilled, and the perfumed whirl went on

And suddenly the wind veered!

Again the Star reeled, and shuddered, and turned, and began to drag all her anchors. But she now dragged away from the great building and its lights,—away from the voluptuous thunder of the grand piano, even at that moment outpouring the great joy of Weber's melody orchestrated by Berlioz, 'L'Invitation à la Valse,' with its marvelous musical swing!

« Waltzing! » cried the captain. « God help them! God help us all now! *The Wind waltzes to-night, with the Sea for his partner!* »

Oh the stupendous Valse Tourbillon! Oh the mighty Dancer! One—two—three! From northeast to east, from east to southeast, from southeast to south; then from the south he came, whirling the Sea in his arms.

Some one shrieked in the midst of the revels,—some girl who found her pretty slippers wet. What could it be? Thin streams of water were spreading over the level planking, curling about the feet of the dancers. What could it be? All the land had begun to quake, even as but a moment before the polished floor was trembling to the pressure of circling steps; all the building shook now; every beam uttered its groan. What could it be?

There was a clamor, a panic, a rush to the windy night. Infinite darkness above and beyond; but the lantern beams danced far out over an unbroken circle of heaving and swirling black water. Stealthily, swiftly, the measureless sea flood was rising.

« Messieurs—mesdames, ce n'est rien. Nothing serious, ladies, I assure you. Mais nous en avons vu bien souvent, les inondations comme celle-ci; ça passe vite! The water will go down in a few hours, ladies: it never rises higher than this; il n'y a pas le moindre danger, je vous dis! Allons! il n'y a— My God! what is that? »

For a moment there was a ghastly hush of voices. And through that hush there burst upon the ears of all a fearful and unfamilar sound, as of a colossal cannonade — rolling up from the south with volleying lightnings. Vastly and swiftly, nearer and nearer it came, a ponderous and unbroken thunder roll, terrible as the long muttering of an earthquake.

The nearest mainland, across mad Caillou Bay to the sea marshes, lay twelve miles north; west, by the Gulf, the nearest solid ground was twenty miles distant. There were boats, yes! but the stoutest swimmer might never reach them now!

Then rose a frightful cry: the hoarse, hideous, indescribable cry of hopeless fear; the despairing animal cry man utters when suddenly brought face to face with Nothingness, without preparation, without consolation, without possibility of respite. « *Sauve qui peut!* » Some wrenched down the doors; some clung to the heavy banquet tables, to the sofas, to the billiard tables; during one terrible instant, against fruitless heroisms, against futile generosities, raged all the frenzy of selfishness, all the brutalities of panic. And then — then came, thundering through the blackness, the giant swells, boom on boom! One crash! the huge frame building rocks like a cradle, seesaws, crackles. What are human shrieks now? the tornado is shrieking! Another! chandeliers splinter; lights are dashed out; a sweeping cataract hurls in; the immense hall rises, oscillates, twirls as upon a pivot, crepitates, crumbles into ruin. Crash again! the swirling wreck dissolves into the wallowing of another monster billow; and a hundred cottages overturn, spin in sudden eddies, quiver, disjoint, and melt into the seething.

So the hurricane passed, tearing off the heads of the prodigious waves to hurl them a hundred feet in air, heaping up the ocean against the land, upturning the woods. Bays and passes were swollen to abysses; rivers regorged; the sea marshes were changed to raging wastes of water. Before New Orleans the flood of the mile-broad Mississippi rose six feet above highest water-mark. One hundred and ten miles away, Donaldsonville trembled at the towering tide of the Lafourche. Lakes strove to burst their boundaries. Far-off river steamers tugged wildly at their cables, shivering like tethered creatures that hear by night the approaching howl of destroyers. Smoke-stacks were hurled overboard, pilot-houses torn away, cabins blown to fragments.

And over roaring Kaimbuck Pass, over the agony of Caillou Bay, the billowing tide rushed unresisted from the Gulf, tearing and swallowing the land in its course, plowing out deep-sea channels where sleek herds had been grazing but a few hours before, rending islands in twain, and ever bearing with it, through the night, enormous vortex of wreck and vast wan drift of corpses.

But the Star remained. And Captain Abraham Smith, with a long, good rope about his waist, dashed again and again into that awful surging to snatch victims from death,—clutching at passing hands, heads, garments, in the cataract-sweep of the seas; saving, aiding, cheering, though blinded by spray and battered by drifting wreck, until his strength failed in the unequal struggle at last, and his men drew him aboard senseless, with some beautiful half-drowned girl safe in his arms. But well-nigh twoscore souls had been rescued by him; and the Star stayed on through it all.

Long years after, the weed-grown ribs of her graceful skeleton could still be seen, curving up from the sand-dunes of Last Island, in valiant witness of how well she stayed.

DAY breaks through the flying wrack, over the infinite heaving of the sea, over the low land made vast with desolation. It is a spectral dawn; a wan light, like the light of a dying sun.

The wind has waned and veered; the flood sinks slowly back to its abysses, abandoning its plunder, scattering its piteous waifs over bar and dune, over shoal and marsh, among the silences of the mango swamps, over the long low reaches of sand grasses and drowned weeds, for more than a hundred miles. From the shell reefs of Pointe-au-Fer to the shallows of Pelto Bay the dead lie mingled with the high-heaped drift; from their cypress groves the vultures rise to dispute a share of the feast with the shrieking frigate-birds and squeaking gulls. And as the tremendous tide withdraws its plunging waters, all the pirates of air follow the great white-gleaming retreat—a storm of billowing wings and screaming throats.

And swift in the wake of gull and frigate-bird the Wreckers come, the Spoilers of the dead,—savage skimmers of the sea, hurricane-riders wont to spread their canvas pinions in the face of storms; Sicilian and Corsican outlaws, Manila men from the marshes, deserters from many navies, Lascars, marooners, refugees of a hundred nationalities, fishers and shrimpers by name, smugglers by opportunity, wild channel-finders from obscure bayous and unfamiliar *chénières*, all skilled in the mysteries of these mysterious waters beyond the comprehension of the oldest licensed pilot.

There is plunder for all, birds and men. There are drowned sheep in multitude, heaped carcasses of kine. There are casks of claret and kegs of brandy and legions of bottles bobbing in the surf. There are billiard tables overturned upon the sand; there are sofas, pianos, footstools and music-stools, luxurious chairs, lounges of bamboo. There are chests of cedar, and toilet tables of rosewood, and trunks of fine stamped leather stored with precious apparel. There are *objets de luxe* innumerable. There are children's playthings: French dolls in marvelous toilets, and toy carts, and wooden horses, and wooden spades, and brave little wooden ships that rode out the gale in which the great Nautilus went down. There is money in notes and in coin — in purses, in pocket-books, and in pockets; plenty of it! There are silks, satins, laces, and fine linen to be stripped from the bodies of the drowned, and necklaces, bracelets, watches, finger-rings and fine chains, brooches and trinkets. « Chi bidizza! Oh! chi bedda mughieri! Eccu, la bidizza! » That ball-dress was made in Paris by — But you never heard of him, Sicilian Vicenzu.

« Che bella sposina! » Her betrothal ring will not come off, Giuseppe: but the delicate bone snaps easily; your oyster-knife can sever the tendon. « Guardate! chi bedda picciota! » Over her heart you will find it, Valentino — the locket held by that fine Swiss chain of woven hair — « Caya manan! » And it is not your quadroon bondsmaid, sweet lady, who now disrobes you so roughly: those Malay hands are less deft than hers; but she slumbers very far away from you, and may not be aroused from her sleep. « Na quita mo! dalaga! — na quita maganda! » Juan, the fastenings of those diamond ear-drops are much too complicated for your peon fingers: tear them out! — « Dispense, chulita! »

Suddenly a long, mighty silver trilling fills the ears of all; there is a wild hurrying and scurrying; swiftly, one after another, the overburdened luggers spread wings and flutter away.

Thrice the great cry rings rippling through the gray air, and over the green sea, and over the far-flooded shell reefs, where the huge white flashes are,—sheet-lightning of breakers,—and over the weird wash of corpses coming in.

It is the steam-call of the relief boat, hastening to rescue the living, to gather in the dead.

The tremendous tragedy is over!

MY FIRST DAY IN THE ORIENT

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«TERA?» queries Cha, with his immense white hat in his hand, as I resume my seat in the jinrikisha at the foot of the steps. Which no doubt means, Do I want to see any more temples? Most certainly I do: I have not yet seen Buddha.

«Yes, tera, Cha.»

And again begins the long panorama of mysterious shops and tilted eaves, and fantastic riddles written over everything. I have no idea in what direction Cha is running. I only know that the streets seem to become always narrower as we go, and that some of the houses look like great wicker-work pigeon cages only, and that we pass over several bridges before we halt again at the foot of another hill. There is a lofty flight of steps here also, and before them a structure which I know is both a gate and a symbol; imposing, yet in no manner resembling the great Buddhist gateway seen before. Astonishingly simple all the lines of it are: it has no carving, no coloring, no lettering upon it; yet it has a weird solemnity, an enigmatic beauty. It is a torii.

«Miya,» observes Cha. Not a tera this time, but a shrine of the gods of the more ancient faith of the land,—a miya.

I am standing before a Shintō symbol; I see for the first time—out of a picture at least—a torii. How describe a torii to those who have never looked at one even in a photograph or engraving? Two lofty columns, like gate pillars, supporting horizontally two cross-beams, the lower and lighter beam having its ends fitted into the columns a little distance below their summits; the uppermost and larger beam supported upon the tops of the columns, and projecting well beyond them to right and left. That is a torii: the construction varying little in design, whether made of stone, wood, or metal. But this description can give no correct idea of the appearance of a torii, of its majestic aspect, of its mystical suggestiveness as a gateway. The first time you see a noble one, you will imagine perhaps that you see the colossal model of some beautiful Chinese letter towering against the sky; for all the lines of the thing have the grace of an animated ideograph,—have the bold angles and curves of characters made with four sweeps of a master brush.

Passing the torii, I ascend a flight of perhaps one hundred stone steps, and find at their summit a second torii, from whose lower cross-beam hangs festooned the mystic shimenawa. It is in this case a hempen rope of perhaps two inches in diameter through its greater length, but tapering off at either end like a snake. Sometimes the shimenawa is made of bronze, when the torii itself is of bronze; but according to tradition it should be made of straw, and most commonly is. For it represents the straw rope which the deity Futo-tama-no-mikoto stretched behind the Sun goddess, Ama-terasu-oho-mi-Kami, after Ame-no-ta-jikara-wo-no-Kami the Heavenly-hand-strength god had pulled her out, as is told in that ancient myth of Shintō which Professor Chamberlain has translated. And the shimenawa, in its commoner and simpler form, has pendent tufts of straw along its entire length at regular intervals, because originally made, tradition declares, of grass pulled up by the roots, which protruded from the twist of it.

Advancing beyond this torii, I find myself in a sort of park or pleasure ground on the summit of the hill. There is a small temple on the right: it is all closed up; and I have read so much about the disappointing vacuity of Shintō temples that I do not regret the absence of its guardian. And I see before me what is infinitely more interesting: a grove of cherry-trees covered with something unutterably beautiful,—a dazzling mist of snowy blossoms clinging like summer cloud fleece about every branch and twig; and the ground beneath them and the path before me are white with the soft, thick, odorous snow of fallen petals.

Beyond this loveliness are flower-pots surrounding tiny shrines; and marvelous grotto-work, full of monsters,—dragons and mythologic beings chiseled in the rock; and miniature landscape work with tiny groves of dwarf trees, and liliputian lakes, and microscopic brooks and bridges and cascades. Here also are swings for children. And here are belvederes, perched on the verge of the hill, wherefrom the whole fair city, and the whole smooth bay speckled with fishing-sails no bigger than pin-heads, and the far, faint, high promontories reaching into the sea, are all visible in one delicious view, blue-penciled in a beauty of ghostly haze indescribable.

Why should the trees be so lovely in Japan? With us, a plum or cherry tree in flower is not an astonishing sight; but here it is a miracle of beauty so bewildering that, however much you may have previously read about it, the real spectacle strikes you dumb. You see no leaves,—only one great filmy mist of petals. Is it that the trees have been so long domesticated and caressed by man in this land of the gods that they have acquired souls, and strive to show their gratitude, like women loved, by making themselves more beautiful for man's sake? Assuredly they have mastered men's hearts by their loveliness, like beautiful slaves;—that is to say, Japanese hearts: apparently there have been some foreign tourists of the brutal class in this place, since it has been deemed necessary to set up inscriptions in English announcing that "*It is forbidden to injure the trees.*"

"Tera?"

"Yes, Cha, tera."

But only for a brief while do I traverse Japanese streets. The houses separate, become scattered along the feet of the hills; the city thins away through little valleys, and vanishes at last behind; and we follow a curving road overlooking the sea. Green hills slope steeply down to the edge of the way on the right; on the left, far below, spreads a vast stretch of dun sand and salty pools to a line of surf so distant that it is discernible only as a moving white thread. The tide is out; and thousands of cockle-gatherers are scattered over the sands, at such distances that their stooping figures, dotting the glimmering sea-bed, appear no larger than gnats. And some are coming along the road before us, returning from their search with well-filled baskets,— girls with faces almost as rosy as the faces of English girls.

As the jinrikisha rattles on, the hills dominating the road grow higher. All at once Cha halts again before the steepest and loftiest flight of steps I have yet seen.

I climb and climb and climb, halting perforce, betimes, to ease the violent aching of my quadriceps muscles; reach the top completely out of breath; and find myself between two lions of stone, one showing his fangs, the other with jaws closed. Before me stands the temple, at the farther end of a small bare plateau surrounded on three sides by low cliffs — a small temple, looking very old and gray. From a rocky height to the left of the building a little cataract tumbles down into a pool, ringed in by a palisade. The voice of the water drowns all other sounds. A sharp wind is blowing from the ocean; the place is chill even in the sun, and bleak, and desolate, as if no prayer had been uttered in it for a hundred years.

Cha taps and calls, while I take off my shoes upon the worn wooden steps of the temple, and after a minute of waiting we hear a muffled step approaching and a hollow cough behind the paper screens. They slide open, and an old white-robed priest appears, and motions me with a low bow to enter. He has a kindly face, and his smile of welcome seems to me one of the most exquisite I have ever been greeted with. Then he coughs again, so badly that I think if I ever come here another time I shall ask for him in vain.

I go in, feeling that soft, spotless, cushioned matting beneath my feet with which the floors of all Japanese buildings are covered. I pass the indispensable bell and lacquered reading-desk; and before me I see other screens only, stretching from floor to ceiling. The old man, still coughing, slides back one of these upon the right and waves me into the dimness of an inner sanctuary, haunted by faint odors of incense. A colossal bronze lamp, with snarling gilded dragons coiled about its columnar stem, is the first object I discern; and in passing it, my shoulder sets ringing a festoon of little bells suspended from the lotus-shaped summit of it. Then I reach the altar, gropingly, unable yet to distinguish forms clearly. But the priest, sliding back screen after screen, pours in light upon the gilded brasses and the inscriptions: and I look for the image of the deity or presiding spirit between the altar groups of convoluted candelabra. And I see — only a mirror, a round pale disk of polished metal, and my own face therein; and behind this mockery of me a phantom of the far sea.

Only a mirror! Symbolizing what? illusion? or that the universe existed for us solely as the reflection of our own souls? or the old Chinese teaching that we must seek the Buddha only in our own hearts? Perhaps some day I shall be able to find out all these things.

As I sit on the temple steps, putting on my shoes preparatory to going, the kind old priest approaches me again, and bowing, presents a bowl. I hastily drop some coins in it, imagining it to be a Buddhist alms-bowl, before discovering it to be full of hot water. But the old man's beautiful courtesy saves me from feeling all the grossness of my mistake. Without a word, and still preserving his kindly smile, he takes the bowl away, and returning presently with another bowl, empty, fills it with hot water from a little kettle, and makes a sign to me to drink.

Tea is most usually offered to visitors at temples; but this little shrine is very, very poor; and I have a suspicion that the old priest suffers betimes for want of what no fellow-creature should be permitted to need. As I descend the windy steps to the roadway I see him still looking after me, and I hear once more his hollow cough.

Then the mockery of the mirror recurs to me. I am beginning to wonder whether I shall ever be able to discover that which I seek — outside of myself! That is, outside of my own imagination. . . .

The sun is gone; the topaz light is gone: and Cha stops to light his lantern of paper, and we hurry on again, between two long lines of painted paper lanterns suspended before the shops; so closely set, so level those lines are, that they seem two interminable strings of pearls of fire. And suddenly a sound — solemn, profound, mighty — peals to my ears over the roofs of the town: the voice of the tsurigane, the great temple bell of Nungiyama.

All too short the day seemed. Yet my eyes have been so long dazzled by the great white light, and so confused by the sorcery of that interminable maze of mysterious signs which made each street vista seem a glimpse into some enormous *grimoire*, that they are now weary even of the soft glowing of all these paper lanterns, likewise covered with characters that look like texts from a book of magic. And I feel at last the coming of that drowsiness which always follows enchantment.

IMPRESSIONS AND MEMORIES

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« And this,» the reader may say, «this is all that you went forth to see: a torii, some shells, a small damask snake, some stones?»

It is true. And nevertheless I know that I am bewitched. There is a charm indefinable about the place; that sort of charm which comes with a little ghostly thrill, never to be forgotten.

Not of strange sights alone is this charm made, but of numberless subtle sensations and ideas interwoven and interblended: the sweet sharp scents of grove and sea; the blood-brightening, vivifying touch of the free wind; the dumb appeal of ancient, mystic, mossy things; vague reverence evoked by knowledge of treading soil called holy for a thousand years; and a sense of sympathy, as a human duty, compelled by the vision of steps of rock worn down into shapelessness by the pilgrim feet of vanished generations.

And other memories ineffaceable: the first sight of the sea-girt City of Pearl through a fairy veil of haze; the windy approach to the lovely island over the velvety soundless brown stretch of sand; the weird majesty of the giant gate of bronze; the queer, high-sloping, fantastic, quaintly gabled street, flinging down sharp shadows of aerial balconies; the flutter of colored draperies in the sea wind, and of flags with their riddles of lettering; the pearly glimmering of the astonishing shops.

And impressions of the enormous day, the day of the Land of the Gods, a loftier day than ever our summers know; and the glory of the view from those green sacred silent heights between sea and sun; and the remembrance of the sky, a sky spiritual as holiness, a sky with clouds ghost-pure and white as the light itself,—seeming indeed not clouds but dreams, or souls of Bodhisattvas about to melt forever into some blue Nirvana.

And the romance of Benten, too,—the deity of Beauty, the divinity of Love, the goddess of Eloquence. Rightly is she likewise named goddess of the sea. For is not the sea most ancient and most excellent of speakers,—the eternal poet, chanter of that mystic hymn whose rhythm shakes the world, whose mighty syllables no man may learn?

THE TEMPLE OF KWANNON

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And we arrive before the far-famed Kamakura temple of Kwannon,—Kwannon, who yielded up her right to the Eternal Peace that she might save the souls of men, and renounced Nirvana to suffer with humanity for other myriad million ages; Kwannon, the goddess of Pity and of Mercy.

I climb three flights of steps leading to the temple, and a young girl seated at the threshold rises to greet us. Then she disappears within the temple to summon the guardian priest, a venerable man, white-robed, who makes me a sign to enter.

The temple is large as any that I have yet seen, and like the others, gray with the wearing of six hundred years. From the roof there hang down votive offerings, inscriptions, and lanterns in multitude, painted with various pleasing colors. Almost opposite to the entrance is a singular statue, a seated figure of human dimensions and most human aspect, looking upon us with small weird eyes set in a wondrously wrinkled face. This face was originally painted flesh tint, and the robes of the image pale blue; but now the whole is uniformly gray with age and dust, and its colorlessness harmonizes so well with the senility of the figure that one is almost ready to believe one's self gazing at a living mendicant pilgrim. It is Benzuru, the same personage whose famous image at Asakusa has been made featureless by the wearing touch of countless pilgrim fingers. To left and right of the entrance are the Ni-O, enormously muscled, furious of aspect; their crimson bodies are speckled with a white scum of paper pellets spat at them by worshipers. Above the altar is a small but very pleasing image of Kwannon, with her entire figure relieved against an oblong halo of gold, imitating the flickering of flame.

But this is not the image for which the temple is famed; there is another to be seen, upon certain conditions. The old priest presents me with a petition, written in excellent and eloquent English, praying visitors to contribute something to the maintenance of the temple and its pontiff, and appealing to those of another faith to remember that «Any belief which can make men kindly and good is worthy of respect.» I contribute my mite, and I ask to see the great Kwannon.

Then the old priest lights a lantern, and leads the way through a low doorway on the left of the altar, into the interior of the temple, into some very lofty darkness. I follow him cautiously a while, discerning nothing whatever but the flicker of the lantern; then we halt before something which gleams. A moment, and my eyes, becoming more accustomed to the darkness, begin to distinguish outlines; the gleaming object defines itself gradually as a foot, an immense golden foot, and I perceive the hem of a golden robe undulating over the instep. Now the other foot appears; the figure is certainly standing. I can perceive that we are in a narrow but also very lofty chamber, and that out of some mysterious blackness overhead, ropes are dangling down into the circle of lantern light illuminating the golden feet. The priest lights two more lanterns, and suspends them upon hooks attached to a pair of pendent ropes about a yard apart; then he pulls up both together slowly. More of the golden robe is revealed as the lanterns ascend, swinging on their way; then the outlines of two mighty knees; then the curving of columnar thighs under chiseled drapery, and as with the still waving ascent of the lanterns the golden Vision towers ever higher through the gloom, expectation intensifies. There is no sound but the sound of the invisible pulleys overhead, which squeak like bats. Now above the golden girdle, the suggestion of a bosom. Then the glowing of a golden hand uplifted in benediction. Then another golden hand holding a lotus. And at last a face, golden, smiling with eternal youth and infinite tenderness,—the face of Kwannon.

So revealed out of the consecrated darkness, this ideal of Divine femininity, creation of a forgotten art and time, is more than impressive. I can scarcely call the emotion which it produces admiration; it is rather reverence.

But the lanterns, which paused awhile at the level of the beautiful face, now ascend still higher, with a fresh squeaking of pulleys. And lo! the tiara of the divinity appears, with strangest symbolism. It is a pyramid of heads, of faces,—charming faces of maidens, miniature faces of Kwannon herself.

For this is the Kwannon of the Eleven Faces,—Jiu-ichi-men-Kwannon.

THE SHINTŌ FAITH

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Once more we are journeying through the silence of this holy land of mists and of legends; wending our way between green leagues of ripening rice, white-sprinkled with arrows of prayer, between the far processions of blue and verdant peaks whose names are the names of gods. We have left Kitzuki far behind. But as in a dream I still see the mighty avenue, the long succession of torii with their colossal shimenawa, the majestic face of the Guji, the kindly smile of the priest Sasa, and the girl priestess in her snowy robes dancing her beautiful ghostly dance. It seems to me that I can still hear the sound of the clapping of hands, like the crashing of a torrent. I cannot suppress some slight exultation at the thought that I have been allowed to see what no other foreigner has been privileged to see,—the interior of Japan's most ancient shrine, and those sacred utensils and quaint rites of primitive worship so well worthy the study of the anthropologist and the evolutionist.

But to have seen Kitzuki as I saw it is also to have seen something much more than a single wonderful temple. To see Kitzuki is to see the living centre of Shintō, and to feel the life pulse of the ancient faith, throbbing as mightily in this nineteenth century as ever in that unknown past whereof the Kojiki itself, though written in a tongue no longer spoken, is but a modern record. Buddhism, changing form or slowly decaying through the centuries, might seem doomed to pass away at last from this Japan to which it came only as an alien faith; but Shintō, unchanging and vitally unchanged, still remains all-dominant in the land of its birth, and only seems to gain in power and dignity with time. Buddhism has a voluminous theology, a profound philosophy, a literature vast as the sea. Shintō has no philosophy, no code of ethics, no metaphysics; and yet by its very immateriality it can resist the invasion of Occidental religious thought as no other Orient faith can. Shintō extends a welcome to Western science, but remains the irresistible opponent of Western religion; and the foreign zealots who would strive against it are astounded to find the power that foils their uttermost efforts indefinable as magnetism and invulnerable as air. Indeed, the best of our scholars have never been able to tell us what Shintō is. To some it appears to be merely ancestor worship, to others ancestor worship combined with nature worship; to others again it seems to be no religion at all; to the missionary of the more ignorant class it is the worst form of heathenism. Doubtless the difficulty of explaining Shintō has been due simply to the fact that the sinologists have sought for the source of it in books: in the Kojiki and the Nihongi, which are its histories; in the Norito, which are its prayers; in the commentaries of Motowori and Hirata, who were its greatest scholars. But the reality of Shintō lives not in books, nor in rites, nor in commandments, but in the national heart, of which it is the highest emotional religious expression, immortal and ever young. Far underlying all the surface crop of quaint superstitions, and artless myths, and fantastic magic, there thrills a mighty spiritual force, the whole soul of a race, with all its impulses and powers and intuitions. He who would know what Shintō is must learn to know that mysterious soul in which the sense of beauty, and the power of art, and the fire of heroism and magnetism of loyalty, and the emotion of faith, have become inherent, immanent, unconscious, instinctive.

Trusting to know something of that Oriental soul in whose joyous love of nature and of life even the unlearned may discern a strange likeness to the soul of the old Greek race, I trust also that I may presume some day to speak of the great living power of that faith now called Shintō, but more anciently Kami-no-michi, or "The Way of the Gods."

REGINALD HEBER

(1783–1826)

An earlier generation of cultivated readers knew Heber by heart, and the present one is inclined to rank him among the best of the hymn-writers. His father was a country gentleman of excellent Yorkshire family, incumbent of a double living when double livings were legal and proper, and rector of Malpas in Cheshire when his second son, Reginald, was born. Sent to Oxford at seventeen, the boy began at once a brilliant university career. In his first year (1800) he took the prize for his ‘Carmen Seculare,’ a Latin poem describing the greatness of the new century. He was but twenty when he wrote in English his second prize poem, ‘Palestine,’ which was printed in 1807 and several times reprinted; for it appealed to the religious sense of the great middle-class English public, still stirred by the remembrance of Wesley and the Evangelists. In the theatre where it was recited it was received with tumultuous enthusiasm, and it is one of the very few prize poems that have lived; Tennyson being perhaps the only one of the great poets whose university verses were admired by a later generation. There is a pretty story connecting Walter Scott with the fortunate student's triumph. Scott, the smart young sheriff of Selkirkshire, not yet famous, had become known by his ‘Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border’ to that extraordinary bookworm Richard Heber, half-brother of Reginald, whom the «Wizard» afterward spoke of as «Heber the magnificent, whose library and cellar are so superior to all others in the world.» Scott was visiting his fellow antiquarian at Oxford, when the tall, shy, handsome young undergraduate brought in his ‘Palestine’ for their criticism. Both the elders praised it, but Scott pointed out that a fine metaphor had been missed in the description of the building of the Temple, and Heber added the best lines in the poem:—

Reginald Heber

«No hammers fell; no ponderous axes rung:
Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung.»

Two years later he won a third prize for the best English essay, ‘On the Sense of Honor,’ was elected a fellow of his college, and traveled extensively. In 1807 he received holy orders and took one of the family livings, which had been kept waiting for him. He proved to be a most devoted parish priest, improving the church services, building up the schools, and raising the standard of health and morals among his people. He never liked his position, he confides to a friend, «as half squire, half parson,» but he did his best to justify his place.

In 1822 he accepted with much hesitation the appointment to the bishopric of Calcutta. At that time the whole of British India made one vast see, the care of which demanded almost superhuman labor and endurance. Poor Heber, always ardent and zealous, traveled over his spiritual kingdom from bound to bound, preaching, teaching, establishing missions, baptizing, confirming, patching up peace between quarrelsome societies, settling clerical differences, doing social duty, sparing everybody but himself, always cheerful, always attentive, always eager to do the one thing more. Overwork, or the merciless climate, or anxiety, or all together, killed him at the end of three years in the very midst of his labors, when he was not yet forty-three.

He wrote prose enough to fill two or three volumes, most of it sermons, addresses, and lectures, besides an interesting book of travels called ‘A Journey through India, from Calcutta to Bombay.’ But he is best remembered for his hymns, still sung to-day in all Protestant Christian churches. More than any other hymn-writer, perhaps, he has been able to give the simple utterance of faith or feeling its place in institutional worship. Sunday after Sunday, in the English churches, the splendid roll of his ‘Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty’ sweeps the soul of the listener as with the rushing of a mighty wind; in the ‘Hymn for the Epiphany’ many a believer finds the voice of his own passion of faith and gratitude; in the funeral hymns are uttered the woe and the triumph of humanity. Among the world's great singers Heber's name will not be found, but with the poets whom many generations love, his place is assured.

‹THE MISSIONARY HYMN›

INTENDED TO BE SUNG ON OCCASION OF HIS PREACHING A SERMON FOR THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY, IN APRIL, 1820

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, oh salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till, o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

Wake not, O mother, sounds of lamentation;
Weep not, O widow, weep not hopelessly:
Strong is his arm, the bringer of salvation,
Strong is the word of God to succor thee.

Bear forth the cold corpse slowly, slowly bear him;
Hide his pale features with the sable pall.
Chide not the sad one wildly weeping near him:
Widowed and childless, she has lost her all.

Why pause the mourners? who forbids our weeping?
Who the dark pomp of sorrow has delayed?
Set down the bier: he is not dead, but sleeping.
«Young man, arise!»—He spake, and was obeyed.

Change, then, O sad one, grief to exultation,
Worship and fall before Messiah's knee.
Strong was his arm, the bringer of salvation,
Strong was the word of God to succor thee.

TRINITY SUNDAY

Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty!
God in three persons, blessed Trinity.

Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,
Which wert and art and evermore shalt be.

Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see,
Only thou art holy; there is none beside thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name in earth and sky and sea.
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty,
God in three persons, blessed Trinity.

EPIPHANY

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,—
Maker and Monarch and Savior of all.

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ampler oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

BEFORE THE SACRAMENT

Bread of the world, in mercy broken;
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed;
By Whom the words of life were spoken,
And in Whose death our sins are dead:

Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed,
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

TO HIS WIFE—WRITTEN IN UPPER INDIA

If thou wert by my side, my love,
How fast would evening fail
In green Bengala's palmy grove,
Listening the nightingale.

If thou, my love, wert by my side,
My babies at my knee,
How gayly would our pinnace glide
O'er Gunga's mimic sea.

I miss thee at the dawning gray,
When, on our deck reclined,
In careless ease my limbs I lay,
And woo the cooler wind.

I miss thee when by Gunga's stream
My twilight steps I guide,
But most beneath the lamp's pale beam,
I miss thee from my side.

I spread my books, my pencil try,
The lingering noon to cheer,
But miss thy kind approving eye,
Thy meek attentive ear.

But when of morn and eve the star
Beholds me on my knee,
I feel, though thou art distant far,
Thy prayers ascend for me.

Then on—then on; where duty leads,
My course be onward still,
On broad Hindostan's sultry meads,
O'er black Almorah's hill.

That course nor Delhi's kingly gates
Nor mild Malwah detain,
For sweet the bliss us both awaits
By yonder western main.

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright, they say,
Across the dark blue sea;
But ne'er were hearts so light and gay
As then shall meet in thee.

AT A FUNERAL

Beneath our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven.

Their names are graven on the stone,
Their bones are in the clay;
And ere another day is done,
Ourselves may be as they.

Death rides on every passing breeze,
He lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.

Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And Fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.

Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly towards the tomb,
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come?

Turn, mortal, turn! thy danger know:
Where'er thy foot can tread
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead.

Turn, Christian, turn! thy soul apply
To truths Divinely given;
The bones that underneath thee lie
Shall live for hell or heaven.

THE MOONLIGHT MARCH

I see them on their winding way,
About their ranks the moonbeams play;
Their lofty deeds and daring high
Blend with the notes of victory;
And waving arms, and banners bright,
Are glancing in the mellow light.

They're lost, and gone; the moon is past,
The wood's dark shade is o'er them cast;
And fainter, fainter, fainter still
The march is rising o'er the hill.

Again, again the pealing drum,
The clashing horn,—they come, they come;
Through rocky pass, o'er wooded steep,
In long and glittering files they sweep.
And nearer, nearer, yet more near,
Their softened chorus meets the ear.
Forth, forth, and meet them on their way:
The trampling hoofs brook no delay;
With thrilling fife and pealing drum,
And clashing horn, they come, they come.

G. W. F. HEGEL.

GEORGE WILLIAM FREDERICK HEGEL

(1770–1831)

BY WILLIAM T. HARRIS

George William Frederick Hegel was born at Stuttgart on the 27th of August, 1770. His biographers mention the fact that Swabia, the birthplace of Hegel and Schelling, was also the birthplace of Albertus Magnus, the greatest genius for philosophy in the Middle Ages; of his pupils,— Thomas Aquinas being the light of Christian theology, and Meister Eckhart being the fountain of German mysticism and philosophy. But Hegel's ancestor John Hegel had migrated from Carinthia into Swabia in the seventeenth century, seeking freedom for the exercise of his newly acquired Protestant faith. After the Lutheran reformation, which extended into the mountainous portions of Austria, was vigilantly repressed by the Austrian government, numbers of the most industrious and intelligent inhabitants migrated northward and westward for the sake of religious freedom.

The father of our philosopher, George Louis Hegel, held an office under the government, being a secretary of the Bureau of Public Revenues. His mother was a well-informed and intelligent woman. The events of his youth and early manhood are thoroughly prosaic, up to the time of his meeting with Schelling. He was sent to the Latin school at the age of five years, and at seven entered the gymnasium. It is reported of him that he read Shakespeare in Wieland's translation at the age of eight years, and that at about the age of thirteen he had done some study in geometry, surveying, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. He translated the work of Longinus on the Sublime at the age of seventeen. His studies in Greek literature made the liveliest possible impression upon his mind, and all readers of Hegel's works are struck with the fact that Greek methods of thinking—in short, the Greek view of the world—became part and parcel of his mind. He read the ‹Antigone› of Sophocles at the age of eighteen, and for many years after this studied Greek and Roman history and the philosophies of Plato and Aristotle. He very early perceived that these philosophies are the same substantially, both of them reaching to the truth that reason is the absolute. The fact of his study of Greek philosophy gave him a vantage ground; he became later the interpreter of the results of Greek philosophy into the language of German philosophy, and was able to demonstrate the harmony of the two great streams of human thinking.

At the age of eighteen he entered the University of Tübingen as student of theology, and took great interest in the lectures on the Psalms and on the Book of Job, carrying on at the same time studies in biology and reviewing Greek literature. Schelling arrived at the same university two years later, and awakened the more sluggish intellect of Hegel into a new activity. Before the advent of Schelling, Hegel, it seems, had not looked upon philosophy as a process of real *knowing*. It appeared to him rather like a record of curious opinions, in which no trace of scientific necessity could be discovered. But the fervent heat of Schelling's mind melted down these opinions and separated the gold from the dross. Schelling could pierce at once to the essential necessity of thought. He could see what belongs to the constitution of the mind and determines the very structure of thought itself. Schooled in the philosophies of Kant and Fichte, Schelling grappled with the fundamental problems of philosophy with as much assurance and familiarity as if they were every-day matters of the university lecture-room, or indeed of the students' boarding-house. Hegel, five years his senior, borrowed courage from Schelling, and commenced anew his studies in philosophy with an entirely different point of view. For fifteen years he willingly acknowledged himself to be Schelling's disciple.

Meanwhile the French Revolution had begun, and was now in the height of its progress. It was the external counterpart of the Kantian revolution in philosophy. All realized institutions were attacked by it, in the interest of individual freedom against authority. All over Europe there came to be a feeling that man is the maker of his institutions, and that he can demonstrate this authorship by taking to pieces Church and State, and reconstructing them at pleasure. Kant and Fichte had attacked the problems of philosophy in the same revolutionary spirit. It seemed to them as if they stood, for the first time, face to face with truth. All other and earlier endeavors had been fatuitous. Dogmatic philosophy had not attained truth, but merely likelihood, or opinion. With the newly acquired faculties of higher introspection discovered by Kant, it would be possible now to settle ultimately and finally the attitude of the mind towards fundamental problems of the universe. The problems of life could all be solved without delay.

These views aroused unbounded enthusiasm. The Germans call this epoch the «Aufklärung» (Enlightenment). It was a clearing-up such as comes from cutting loose from the past, with a consciousness that the individual commences a new book, with new ideas and with no responsibilities to anything that has been written before. Hegel had been much interested in Rousseau in his youth, and when the French Revolution came to be discussed all over Europe, he like most young men of his time adopted the gospel of liberty, equality, and fraternity as his own. He and Schelling took an active part in a political club founded for the dissemination of French ideas at the university. In the course of a few years, however, he discovered the shallowness of a movement which claims as its chief merit the neglect of the past and the wholesale condemnation of existing institutions. According to the principle of the French Revolution, no sooner has something become an accomplished fact than it becomes a menace to the freedom of the individual; it becomes tyrannical with its authority. Hence, no sooner did the Revolution make a new constitution than it began to amend it; for how could the people retain their consciousness of freedom from authority unless they continually recast their constitutional law? This lesson of the French Revolution made the profoundest impression upon the mind of Hegel, given as he was to looking behind the immediate appearance to the essential form of the deed. He saw at once the irrationality of the Revolution, and compared it to Saturn, who devoured his own offspring. He saw vividly the absurdity of constitutional conventions which are to discover and adopt reasonable foundations, to be followed immediately by new conventions which demolish the reasonable forms adopted by their predecessors. Hegel became conscious of the truth of the conservative principle which aims to build the present upon the past, and to reinforce the insight of the present moment by the reflections of all the rational hours that have gone before. This conservatism, which appears in all of the works of Hegel, has been much condemned. It should be remembered that Hegel did not begin to write books until he had reached this conclusion.

After two or three years' companionship with Schelling, Hegel, having completed his theological studies at the university, left Jena and became a private tutor in a family in Berne. It is interesting to note that Fichte had held the position of tutor in Switzerland shortly before this, and Herbart a similar position about the same time. The three years of tutorship passed in studies on the most difficult problems of all philosophies; namely, the reconciliation of the theoretical and practical sides of life — the relation of intellect to will. At this time, too, Hegel made a more thorough study of the Kantian critiques, and took up Fichte's ‹Science of Knowledge,› finding it far more difficult to master than the ‹Critique of Pure Reason.› He obtained, however, some assistance from Schelling in gaining an insight into the subtle psychology of Fichte. For Schelling had found the writings of Fichte more to his taste than those of any other philosopher; and just as Fichte had been nurtured on the writings of Kant, the ideas of which he had proceeded at once to combine in a new system, so Schelling recast in a new form the ideas of Fichte. He hastened to construe the world of nature, *a priori*, by means of transcendental ideas. Self-consciousness revealed the hidden laws and principles implicit in ordinary knowing; and these laws and principles, discovered in the unconscious activity of the mind, were identified by him with the moving forces of nature. He attributed them to «an impersonal reason, a soul of the world.» Thus it comes to pass that while Fichte laid the greatest stress on the subjective, the will of the individual, the consciousness of the particular person, —that is to say, on the free moral will,—Schelling on the other hand emphasized the objective, the unconscious development of nature, and laid great stress on the gradual unfolding of reason in the inorganic world of matter. There was no necessary incongruity in the two systems. But the one-sidedness due to the intense emphasis given to the opposite poles soon produced a conflict. Fichte subordinated everything else to the moral will, and regarded nature as merely phenomenal and scarcely worthy of man's attention. Schelling, on the other hand, turned to nature and history as unconscious realizations of spirit in time and space, and held them up to view as worthy of all study. They were treated in his philosophy with reverence as Divine incarnations. Fichte slighted time and space, and what they contained. He neglected the forms of matter and the results of history,—everything conventional, such as institutions, customs, and philosophical systems. The world, in short, was treated somewhat as the French revolutionists treated the past. Schelling, on the other hand, looked upon the world as a revelation of the absolute, and held it sacred, while subjectivity (the ego and its interests) became less important in his eyes; and as a consequence, human aims and endeavors, even moral aims, lost their interest to him. Not so however with Hegel. Hegel did not for a moment, while he called himself a disciple of Schelling, fail to see that the moral world is more important than the physical world; although he believed the physical world to be what Schelling claimed for it.

In the midst of these great philosophical movements, Hegel had (in 1797) become a tutor in Frankfort, and had reinforced his insights obtained through the study of Fichte and the explanations of Schelling, by a study of Plato and Sextus Empiricus the skeptic. What was most important, he began to get a new insight into the dialectic which Fichte had set forth in his ‹Science of Knowledge› as the strictly scientific form of expounding philosophy. He saw how, in the hands of Plato and Sextus, the negative plays the moving part in developing thought and correcting its imperfections. Hegel later conceived the idea of uniting the Platonic dialectic with the Fichtean, and completing an objective dialectic which he hoped to make of great service in rational psychology, or logic as he called it.

In 1801 he returned to Jena, which had become not only a great centre of literary activity but the chief centre of philosophic activity in the world. Fichte had been charged with atheism, had resigned, and gone to Berlin. Schelling was then lecturing at Jena as professor extraordinarius. Hegel commenced to teach logic, metaphysics, the philosophy of nature, and the philosophy of spirit. In 1805 he lectured on the history of philosophy, pure metaphysics, and natural right; in 1806 on the unity of philosophical systems. He began in this year to unfold what he called the phenomenology of spirit; by which he meant an exposition of the dialectic by which one's view of the world changes from that of the earliest infancy up to the most complete view to be found in the philosophy and religion of his civilization. He showed how the barest fragments are seized at first as if they were the truth of the whole world; next how these fragments are supplemented and enlarged by further insight, obtained by noticing their dependence on other things and their utter insufficiency by themselves. This work, 'The Phenomenology of Spirit,' published in 1807, remains the most noteworthy exposition of what Hegel calls his dialectic; although in some respects it is amended and made more complete in his larger 'Logic,' published in three volumes, 1812 to 1816.

But in 1803 Hegel had begun to be aware of a growing separation between his view of the world and that of Schelling. He had been substantially at one with Schelling so long as Schelling held the doctrine that reason, or intelligence and will, is the absolute. This was Schelling's view up to 1801. At that time the idea of polarity became very attractive to him. The phenomenon of the magnet had suggested a symbol by which he could explain human consciousness and the world. We, the conscious human beings, represent one pole of being, the subjective pole; while nature, in time and space, represents the other pole, the objective pole of being. Just as the indifference-point unites the two poles in one magnet, so there is the absolute, which is the indifference-point between the subjective and objective poles of being; namely, between mind and nature: and of course this indifference-point is neither mind nor nature, but a higher principle uniting mind and nature. At this point Schelling very distinctly abandoned the current of European thought from Plato to Fichte, and adopted the Oriental standpoint, as revealed in Hindoo philosophy and in the philosophy of the Gnostics and Neo-Platonists. It was a lapse into Orientalism, and if carried out would end in agnosticism, or in the doctrine of the incomprehensibility of the absolute. Another of its consequences would be the impossibility of recognizing morals or ethics in the Divine. Since the absolute would transcend the subjective as well as the objective, it would be something above morals, and consequently it could not be said to have self-activity. Hegel never for one moment assented to this view, but remained standing by the former attitude of Schelling, making the absolute to be, not an indifference-point, but the perfection of the subjective and objective as a reason whose will is creative, or a reason whose intellect, in the act of knowing, also creates. After 1803, Schelling ought to have seen that his new principle undermined the very possibility of philosophy, and he should have ceased philosophizing; for his absolute, as the indifference-point between reason and nature, proved only an empty unity which did not explain the origin of the polarity from it. The worlds of mind and nature could not be anything but illusions, the Maya of the East-Indian thinking. On the other hand, an absolute of reason could explain the rise of antithesis, and could explain also the world of unconscious nature as a progressive development of individuality — a sort of cradle for the development of immortal souls. But Hegel, even in his lectures on the history of philosophy nearly twenty years later, seems to take pleasure in recognizing Schelling as his master. He does not expound the final system as his own, but adopts the philosophy of Schelling as the last contribution to the ‹History of Philosophy.›

It may be of interest to remark here, that although Schelling continued to produce new developments in philosophy which undermined the systems which he had built up before, yet there are two important and permanent interests advanced by his philosophizing. The first of these has been mentioned. Instead of leaving nature as a thing in itself, outside of and beyond all mind, Schelling recognizes in it a genuine objective and independent development of reason, fundamentally identical with mind. Human reason is reflected in the forms of nature. This view brings one to see that the goal at which the human soul has arrived, or is arriving, is confirmed or approved by the great process of struggle for existence which is called nature. «Mind sleeps in matter, dreams in the plant, awakes in the animal, and becomes conscious in man.»

Still more important is the effort of Schelling to understand the great systems of thought made by preceding thinkers — his study of Giordano Bruno, and his interpretation of mythology. He successively appropriated the standpoints of Kant, Fichte, Bruno, Spinoza, Baader, and Boehme. His fertile mind threw great light on the positive meaning contained in each of these systems of thought. He became the best of commentators. He showed how a history of philosophy should be written, not after the style of Mr. Lewes, who writes the biography of defunct philosophy, but a history that shows the great insights which formed the life of these systems. Schelling had discovered the vital basis for a history of philosophy that should interpret the different systems of thought that had prevailed.

Hegel perhaps learned his most important lesson from Schelling in this matter of the interpretation of systems of thought; and certainly Hegel shines best in writing the 'History of Philosophy,' always being able to penetrate behind the words and seize the essential ideas which lived in the mind of the past thinker. Oftentimes this idea was merely struggling for utterance, and not wholly articulate. This does not prevent Hegel from seizing the idea itself, and setting it forth with success.

The gross outcome of Hegel's philosophy is, in fact,—next after his insight into the defect of Oriental thought,—his ability to seize the thought of Plato and Aristotle, and prove its identity with the thought of Kant, Fichte, and Schelling. The easiest method by which the student may arrive at the great thoughts of Plato and Aristotle is to read in Hegel's 'History of Philosophy' his exposition of Socrates and his followers. Hegel's high place is due to his able interpretation of the speculative insights of the great systems of thought which had prevailed in the world for twenty centuries, and on which, in a sense, the institutions of modern civilization had been built. The old philosophy had been so diluted, in making it a book of instruction for students and immature persons, that the insight into its speculative necessity had been lost or become a tradition. The professor is obliged to keep in mind the capacity of the pupil, in preparing his text-book. In striving to make the subject clear to the immature mind, which is not able to think except in images and pictures, the professor changes his attitude from that of a discoverer of truth to that of an expounder of truth. He is obliged to suppress the strictly logical deduction, and substitute for it analogies and illustrations that flow from it; thus, to offer baked bread instead of seed corn to his pupils. But by-and-by his pupils, nurtured on this thin philosophical diet, become professors themselves. They have never heard that Plato and Aristotle ever had any other meaning than the commonplace doctrines learned in their text-books. Hence the degeneracy of philosophy in the schools. On the other hand, eccentric philosophers off the lines of the traditional school wisdom, like Bruno, Spinoza, Boehme, and Swedenborg, have never been reduced to a text-book form, and they still preserve a power to arouse original thought. Schelling's writings have this power. They reveal the morning red of truth, and the student becomes a mystic and beholds the truth for himself. But it does not often occur to him that there is also clear daylight behind the commonplace dogmas of school wisdom.

Hegel profited more by the example of Schelling in this matter of interpreting the past systems of philosophy, than by anything else. He became the great philosophical interpreter.

I have already mentioned his first original work, the ‘Phenomenology of Spirit,’ a book that he finished during the battle of Jena (1806). It appeared from the press in the following year. This work may be best described as an interpretation of the different standpoints at which the mind arrives, successively, on its way from the mere animal sense-perception up to the highest stage of thinking, which sees the world to be a manifestation of Divine reason, and reads its purpose in everything. One must not, however, understand this book to be an attempt to present the contents of the world of nature and of human history in a systematic form, for it is nothing of the kind. It is rather a subjective clearing-up of the contents of his own mind than an objective treatment of the contents of the world, systematically. But the first part of it has something of a very general character; namely, the exhibition of the dialectic by which sense-perception passes from an immediate knowledge of the here and now, to a knowledge of force, and further on, to the insight that force must in all cases be a fragment of will-activity. This part of the track of development must be common to all peoples who have progressed up to, and beyond, the dynamic view of the world. And again, in the next phase of it, where he develops in order, one after the other, the germs of the several institutions of the social life of man; namely, beginning with slavery, on through the patriarchal despotism, up to free, constitutional forms of government. He shows the rise of the moral idea, first in the mind of the slave who, purified by his own sufferings, learns to see the importance of moral conduct on the part of his master, not only for his own (the slave's) well-being, but also for the accomplishment of anything reasonable by his master himself. This deep insight is a key to the explanation of the authorship of Æsop's Fables, the Enchiridion of Epictetus, and the Hitopadesa, by slaves. In general, it explains how it is that in Asia, in the realm of arbitrary power and despotism, the moral systems of the world have arisen. It does not indicate any lofty superiority on the part of the Asiatic mind, but rather its backwardness in developing civil institutions such as we enjoy in the Roman law, the English local self-government, and the American Constitution. Hegel uses this key, not only to explain the history and arrested development of civilization among the Oriental peoples, but to explain the moral ideas of the Stoics, the Skeptics, and the Epicureans.

The first part of the Phenomenology treats of consciousness, the second part of self-consciousness, or the arrival at the certainty that a self is behind every total phenomenon, and that the self is an independent, originating being, and therefore morally responsible. He shows how this idea prompts man to a study of nature, with a view to understand how nature is a manifestation or revelation of mind. This is the third study of the Phenomenology under the general title of reason. In Hegel's technique, «reason» means the recognition of mind as the outcome of the world-process. Absolute reason is creating individual beings, and endowing them with reason. The world of nature and human history is a process whose object is the development of individuality. Side by side with this theoretical or intellectual side of the recognition of reason, Hegel places the actual struggle of the will, and traces its ascent from mere caprice, up to the consciousness of laws and obedience to them.

The fourth step of the Phenomenology he calls «spirit.» It is the consciousness that makes institutions for the establishment and preservation of what is rational in the world. According to Hegel, reason includes the discovery of rational laws in nature and rational laws in human history and development; but in all this the individual acts as individual, and his seeing and knowing is individual. Spirit names the product of society, and not of the mere individual. In social combinations, according to Hegel, there is a higher manifestation of intelligence and will than in the mere individual, and he calls this manifestation «spirit.» Spirit is therefore man acting as a social whole. His insight into this is used as a key to explain the phenomena of his own time, particularly the French Revolution, in its entire cycle from revolt against the State to a restoration of the State under Napoleon.

He closes his Phenomenology by a brief study into the nature of religion. He commences with the lowest forms of fetishism and idolatry, and rising through the art religion of the Greeks, comes to a third and highest religion, revealed religion; signifying by the word «revealed,» not so much that the Scriptures are divinely inspired, as that they make known a God who reveals himself to men,—not an inscrutable God, like that of the pantheistic religions, but a Divine-human God, an absolute, conscious reason, and above all, a moral God. For Hegel finds that the Hebrew insight in the Old Testament reaches to such a knowledge of the absolute as is presupposed by psychology, by the philosophy of nature, and by the philosophy of history. It was reached by the intuition of that wonderful people in Palestine.

Of many things man may be uncertain, but he can be absolutely certain that the fundamental Being in the universe must respect the moral law, otherwise he would destroy his own personality. Having convinced himself of this, Hegel has arrived at his final chapter, absolutely knowing, and his «voyage of discovery» is done. He is certain that there must be absolute science, because the highest of religions presupposes this knowledge that the Divine being is ethical, and necessarily possesses goodness and righteousness. Now Hegel is ready to commence on his next work, the Logic, which will show how the mind reaches the moral ideal. It is a thorough exploration of the thoughts of the mind which arise in it through its own activity, and not through mere experience. The category of being, for instance, is a category that underlies all experience, and it remains in the mind after having abstracted all that one has learned through each and all his special senses; for all things learned by experience are really qualities of being, but not being itself. So of the categories of negation and of becoming. Such categories as «somewhat,» and «other,» and «limit,» «the finite,» «the infinite,» and all the other categories of quality; such categories as «quantity,» «extensive» and «intensive,» and «ratio,»—all these categories of quality and quantity form a sort of surface to the thinking mind. Underneath this it thinks categories of «phenomenon and noumenon,» categories of «positive and negative,» «identity and difference,» «force and manifestation,» «substance and attribute,» «cause and effect,»—in short, the world of relativity.

Hegel goes on in his Logic to discuss—besides these categories of quality and quantity which belong to immediate being, and which constitute our superficial or surface thinking—the categories of essence, such as cause and effect, which are the chief categories of reflection, or the understanding; and finally comes to a third realm of thinking, which deals with life and mind, showing up the laws of the judgment and syllogism as found in Aristotle's Logic, and working out, along lines that Schelling first explored, into the realization of mind in the mechanism, chemism, and teleology of the world; finally considering the life of animal and plant, and then intellect and will of man, and lastly the union of intellect and will in one being,—the being of God, or as Hegel calls it, the «absolute idea.» This absolute idea has the form of perfectly altruistic action. Its Divine occupation is the creating of other beings, and the nurturing of the same up to their immortal individuality.

With the appearance of conscious self-determination in the world, there begins responsibility, and consequently conscious discrimination between evil and righteousness. The institutions of civilization arise in order to conserve the conscious practice of the right and the suppression of evil.

In this his first work, the ‹Phenomenology,› we find the keys which Hegel applies to the several departments of philosophy; his work after 1807 lay in the lines therein mapped out. While in charge of a classical high school in Nuremberg, he elaborated and published his ‹Science of Logic,› in three volumes (1812 to 1816). The outline of the ‹Philosophy of Nature› he published in his ‹Encyclopædia of Philosophical Sciences› in 1817 at Heidelberg, whither he had gone in October 1816 to assume a professorship in the University. The first volume of the ‹Encyclopædia› contains a compend of his logic, and the third volume contains the ‹Philosophy of Spirit,› which is mostly a systematic arrangement of materials to be found in his ‹Phenomenology.›

In October 1818 Hegel became a professor in the University of Berlin, occupying the chair formerly occupied by Fichte. In his Berlin period he elaborated the details of the ‹Philosophy of Spirit,› and expanded its contents into a large number of volumes. In 1821 he published his ‹Philosophy of Right,› containing the science of jurisprudence, morals, and politics. In the following years he lectured on the philosophy of history, on the science of the fine arts and poetry, on the philosophy of religion, and on the history of philosophy. His manuscripts were edited by his disciples after his death, additions being made to the manuscripts from the notes of the pupils taken during the lectures. While engaged on a new edition of his complete Logic, having finished the revision of the first volume, he died of cholera, November 14th, 1831.

The edition of his complete works by his disciples contains in Vol. i. his writings of the Schelling period; Vol. ii., ‹Phenomenology of Spirit›; Vols. iii., iv., and v., ‹Science of Logic›; ‹Outlines of the Philosophy of Right› (one volume), ‹Philosophy of History› (one volume), ‹Æsthetics,› including the ‹Philosophy of the Fine Arts and Poetry› (three volumes), ‹Philosophy of Religion› (two volumes), ‹History of Philosophy› (three volumes), the ‹Encyclopædia› (three volumes), ‹Miscellaneous Writings› (two volumes). To this list should be added the ‹Life of Hegel› by Rosenkranz (one volume). English translations now exist of the ‹Philosophy of History,› the ‹Encyclopædia,› the ‹Philosophy of Right,› the ‹Philosophy of Religion,› the ‹History of Philosophy,› and a considerable portion of the ‹Æsthetics.›

Of these works, the ‹Philosophy of Right› gives by far the best philosophy of the family, industrial society, political economy, and the State, that has been produced by the Kantian critical school. It contains a brief but very luminous treatise on the science of morals as distinct from ethics in general, which Hegel construes as the science of institutions. Hegel's ‹Philosophy of Æsthetics,› including the fine arts and poetry, treats of the three epochs of art, symbolic (Oriental), classic (Greek and Roman), and romantic (Christian), as well as the special arts, architecture, sculpture, painting, music, and poetry. It shows, in accordance with broad principles, how the ideal of the beautiful is realized within the three great epochs of civilization; and gives the student a philosophical basis by which to criticize the merits and defects of each phase of art. It shows also the advantages and the defects of each of the special arts in revealing the beautiful; architecture having one kind of limitation, sculpture another, painting, music, and poetry still others. If Hegel had left us only this work on the philosophy of art, says Bénard, it would have been sufficient to give him first rank among the thinkers of his century. But this may be truthfully said of four of his other works.

His ‹Philosophy of Religion› commences with a discussion of the nature of religion, defining its limitations and showing its central value. The first part of his ‹Philosophy of Art,› in the same way, shows the nature of art and its significance. The ‹Philosophy of Religion› then proceeds to take up historically the religions of the chief nations, showing the Church from its earliest beginnings to its culmination in Christianity. The ‹Philosophy of History› is the central book of this group. It takes up the nations of the world, and analyzes the fundamental idea of the civilization of each; then shows how this idea gets realized in the manners and customs of the people, and especially in their governmental form. He then shows how the colliding elements of this great idea get reconciled and harmonized within the nation itself; and then how it comes into collision with nations outside of it; and finally how it is overcome by the world-historical nation which is to become its successor as leader in civilization. The works on æsthetics and religion reinforce the ‹Philosophy of History› by showing how the national idea gets realized in the art and literature of the people, and also in its religious creed and methods of worship. It seems to be a tacit conviction of Hegel that in order to seize the truth of the individuality of a nation, and understand its career in the world, you must investigate not only its form of government and its manners and customs, but also its view of the world as found in religion, and its celebration of that view of the world, in architecture, sculpture, painting, music, and poetry. A mistake in any one of these spheres would get corrected while investigating other spheres.

Hegel's ‹History of Philosophy› is the most remarkable work of its kind, inasmuch as it has the advantage of the wonderful interpreting power of the master. His pupils have numerously attempted writings in the history of philosophy, and have made great success in it, but no success equal to that of Hegel himself. His work is profoundly suggestive. He studies the thought of a nation always in the light of its institutions, its art, its literature, and its religion. By his very method he is protected against attributing to thinkers ideas which could not have arisen in their historical epoch. Hegel has done more than any other thinker to give the student what is called a historical sense, and thus guard him against misinterpreting the earlier forms of ideas for later ones.

In each of these works, which stand for the four greatest contributions to human thought in this century,—Hegel's treatises on art, religion, history, and philosophy,—the great contrast between Asiatic contributions and those of Europe is brought out with ever-fresh illustrations and profound suggestions. The difference of these two epochs of human history is shown to be the deepest possible. The Oriental thought is not strong enough in its synthetic power to grasp the idea of an absolute, as an ethical personality, but remains standing at the idea of an empty infinite, devoid of all attributes. This impotency it illustrates in its works of art, its forms of civil government, its religious creeds, and its philosophy. The correspondence between the abstract theories of a civilization and its concrete results is worked out by Hegel so felicitously as to awaken the highest enthusiasm in the intelligent reader.

W. T. Harris

SELECTIONS FROM HEGEL'S WRITINGS

The following extracts from English translations from Hegel will serve to illustrate his difficulties of style, which appear through a translation somewhat exaggerated on account of the impossibility of rendering his technical terms into corresponding terms in English. His writings are built up systematically, and somewhere in his works each technical term will be found to be explained fully; but unfortunately for his readers, he uses these terms anywhere in their full technical significance, assuming that the reader is acquainted with the detailed exposition which he has given somewhere else. Such simple words as «reason,» «spirit,» «self-consciousness,» are used as glibly as if they meant only the ordinary mental pictures called up by the reading public at sight of these words. But we have seen that «spirit» implies an investigation occupying five or six hundred pages in that most abstruse and exasperating work 'The Phenomenology of Spirit.' (1) It implies the psychological demonstration that self-activity is the true first principle, presupposed not only as the basis of all life but as the basis of all inorganic nature. (This is the step called «self-consciousness.») (2) It presupposes the long investigation through experience of untold centuries into the objects of nature, discovering finally their purpose in creation; and the other phase of investigation into the action of the human will, by which it arrives at moral and ethical forms of action. (This is the process called «reason.») (3) Finally, it presupposes a like investigation on the part of human experience into institutions best calculated to realize human nature, the family, civil society, the State and the Church. (This process is called «spirit.»)

This style resembles in some degree that of treatises in higher mathematics, wherein a simple formula of two or three terms quotes a result which has been arrived at after one or two hundred pages of close analytical reasoning.

In the following extracts I preface each by a brief explanation indicating the general result, and calling attention to some of the technical terms which contain the compendious reference here described.

W. T. H.

TRANSITION TO THE GREEK WORLD

From the ‹Philosophy of History›

[The following passage, on the transition from the history of Egypt to that of Greece, shows how a national consciousness which expresses itself only in symbols passes over to one that expresses itself in the language of thought.]

THE Egyptian Spirit has shown itself to us as in all respects shut up within the limits of particular conceptions, and as it were, imbruted in them; but likewise stirring itself within these limits,—passing restlessly from one particular form into another. This Spirit never rises to the Universal and Higher, for it seems to be blind to that; nor does it ever withdraw into itself: yet it symbolizes freely and boldly with particular existence, and has already mastered it. All that is now required is to posit that particular existence—which contains the germ of ideality—*as ideal*, and to comprehend Universality itself, which is already potentially liberated from the particulars involving it. It is the free, joyful Spirit of Greece that accomplishes this, and makes this its starting-point. An Egyptian priest is reported to have said that the Greeks remain eternally children. We may say on the contrary that the Egyptians are vigorous *boys*, eager for self-comprehension, who require nothing but clear understanding of themselves in an ideal form in order to become

Young Men. In the Oriental Spirit there remains as a basis the massive substantiality of Spirit immersed in Nature. To the Egyptian Spirit it has become impossible—though it is still involved in infinite embarrassment—to remain contented with *that.* The rugged African nature disintegrated that primitive Unity, and lighted upon the problem whose solution is Free Spirit.

THE PROBLEM

From the ‹Philosophy of History›

[Hegel uses with great effect a quotation from a Neo-Platonist philosopher who used the clear thoughts of Aristotle and Plato to explain the symbolic consciousness of the Greeks.]

THAT the Spirit of the Egyptians presented itself to their consciousness in the form of a *problem*, is evident from the celebrated inscription in the sanctuary of the Goddess Neith at Sais: «*I am that which is, that which was, and that which will be: no one has lifted my veil.*» This inscription indicates the principle of the Egyptian Spirit; though the opinion has often been entertained, that its purport applies to all times. Proclus supplies the addition, «*The fruit which I have produced is Helios.*» That which is clear to itself is therefore the result of, and the solution of, the problem in question. This lucidity is Spirit—the Son of Neith the concealed night-loving divinity. In the Egyptian Neith, Truth is still a problem. The Greek Apollo is its solution; his utterance is: «*Man, know thyself.*» In this dictum is not intended a self-recognition that regards the specialties of one's own weaknesses and defects: it is not the individual that is admonished to become acquainted with his idiosyncrasy, but humanity *in general* is summoned to self-knowledge. This mandate was given for the Greeks; and in the Greek Spirit, humanity exhibits itself in its clear and developed condition. Wonderfully, then, must the Greek legend surprise us, which relates that the Sphinx—the great Egyptian symbol—appeared in Thebes, uttering the words: «What is that which in the morning goes on four legs, at midday on two, and in the evening on three?» Œdipus, giving the solution *Man*, precipitated the Sphinx from the rock. The solution and liberation of that Oriental Spirit, which in Egypt had advanced so far as to propose the problem, is certainly this: that the Inner Being (the Essence) of Nature is Thought, which has its existence only in the human consciousness. But that time-honored antique solution given by Œdipus — who thus shows himself possessed of knowledge — is connected with a dire ignorance of the character of his own actions. The rise of spiritual illumination in the old royal house is disparaged by connection with abominations, the result of ignorance; and that primeval royalty must — in order to attain true knowledge and moral clearness — first be brought into shapely form, and be harmonized with the Spirit of the Beautiful, by civil laws and political freedom.

THE GREEK WORLD

From the ‹Philosophy of History›

[In explaining the general characteristics of the Greek national mind, Hegel calls attention to the fact that Greek civilization is the first appearance of «spirit» in the world, using the word in the technical sense above described; namely, that it is the first nationality which adopts free institutions, that is to say, institutions which embody reason and are adapted to assist the individual citizen to attain free reasonable action. He uses the expression, «In Greece advancing spirit makes itself the content of its volition and its knowledge;» meaning, as he explains later, that the Greek citizen makes it his personal interest to adopt as his own will the will of the State; for this is the essence of freedom. The individual citizen, too, understands the motive of the State; that is to say, it is not a motive of some mere ruler or tyrant, but the motive that arises in the mind of the individual citizen, as such, and declared by his vote. He contrasts this form of spirit with a further developed one, in which the individual citizen lays less stress upon his individual satisfaction, and looks more to the reasonable result, even if at the cost of his individuality. One of the finest passages in Hegel is the paragraph upon Achilles and Alexander.]

AMONG the Greeks we feel ourselves immediately at home, for we are in the region of Spirit; and though the origin of the nation, as also its philological peculiarities, may be traced farther,— even to India,— the proper Emergence, the true Palingenesis of Spirit, must be looked for in Greece first. At an earlier stage I compared the Greek world with the period of adolescence; not indeed in *that* sense, that youth bears within it a serious anticipative destiny, and consequently by the very conditions of its culture urges towards [rests on] an ulterior aim,— presenting thus an inherently incomplete and immature form, and being then most defective when it would deem itself perfect,— but in *that* sense, that youth does not yet present the activity of work, does not yet exert itself for a definite intelligent aim, but rather exhibits a concrete freshness of the soul's life. It appears in the sensuous actual world as Incarnate Spirit and Spiritualized Sense [*i. e.*, æsthetic art], in a unity which owed its origin to Spirit. Greece presents to us the cheerful aspect of youthful freshness, of Spiritual vitality. It is here first that advancing Spirit makes *itself* the content of its volition and its knowledge; but in such a way that State, Family, Law, Religion, are at the same time objects aimed at by individuality, while the latter *is* individuality only in virtue of those aims. The [full-grown] man, on the other hand, devotes his life to labor for an objective aim; which he pursues consistently, even at the cost of his individuality.

The highest form that floated before the Greek imagination was Achilles, the Son of the Poet, the Homeric Youth of the Trojan War. Homer is the element in which the Greek world lives, as man does in the air. The Greek life is a truly youthful achievement. Achilles, the ideal youth of *poetry*, commenced it; Alexander the Great, the ideal youth of *reality*, concluded it. Both appear in contest with Asia: Achilles, as the principal figure in the national expedition of the Greeks against Troy, does not stand at its head, but is subject to the Chief of Chiefs; he cannot be made the leader without becoming a fantastic, untenable conception. On the contrary, the second youth, Alexander, —the freest and finest individuality that the real world has ever produced,—advances to the head of this youthful life that has now perfected itself, and accomplishes the revenge against Asia.

THE MEANING OF CHRISTIANITY

From the ‹Philosophy of History›

[After treating Rome as a kingdom and a republic, Hegel takes up, in the chapter on the Roman Empire, the subject of the introduction of Christianity, making one of his profoundest (and obscurest) analyses in his discussion of the doctrine of Christianity as related to the previous standpoints in the world history. There is no passage in all his writings more worthy of study than this discussion of the elements of Christianity. It contains one of his best statements of the superiority of those forms of the State, religion, or philosophy, which give the individual independent subsistence, and do not make him a transient wave to be swallowed up by the ocean of being. Hegel has unfolded in the ‹Philosophy of Right,› the ‹Philosophy of Religion,› and the ‹Phenomenology of Spirit,› this insight into the substantial and permanent character of the individual man, who possesses personal immortality. Here he treats of it as the essential element in Christianity, which recognizes individual personality in the absolute, and the reflection of that permanent individuality in human beings. In fact, Hegel sees in the doctrine of the incarnation, crucifixion, resurrection, and ascension of Christ, the adequate religious statement of this final doctrine of the creation of the individual for immortality and reconciliation with God. It is the doctrine of the divine-human. «The Absolute Object, Truth, is Spirit;» that is to say, the object of God's thinking is man in the highest institutional form, called in revelation the «invisible Church» or the «City of God.» This, however, is not only the object of God's consciousness, but also of man's as a member of the invisible Church; and thus, as Hegel goes on to say, man realizes that the essential being of the world is his own essential being, and thus he removes its mere objectivity, its existence as an alien being outside of himself, which he adopts merely on external authority, and thus comes to make it internal, subjective, seeing its truth by his own insight and not on mere hearsay.]

IT HAS been remarked that Cæsar inaugurated the Modern World on the side of *reality*, while its spiritual and inward existence was unfolded under Augustus. At the beginning of that empire whose principle we have recognized as finiteness and particular subjectivity exaggerated to infinitude, the salvation of the World had its birth in the same principle of subjectivity,—viz., as a *particular person*, in abstract subjectivity, but in such a way that conversely, finiteness is only the *form* of his appearance, while infinity and absolutely independent existence constitute the essence and substantial being which it embodies. The Roman World as it has been described—in its desperate condition and the pain of abandonment by God—came to an open rupture with reality, and made prominent the general desire for a satisfaction such as can only be attained in «the inner man,» the Soul,—thus preparing the ground for a higher Spiritual World. Rome was the Fate that crushed down the gods and all genial life in its hard service, while it was the power that purified the human heart from all specialty. Its entire condition is therefore analogous to a place of birth, and its pain is like the travail-throes of another and higher Spirit, which manifested itself in connection with the *Christian Religion*. This higher Spirit involves the reconciliation and emancipation of Spirit; while man obtains the consciousness of Spirit in its universality and infinity. The Absolute Object, *Truth*, is Spirit; and as man himself is Spirit, he is present [is mirrored] to himself in that object, and thus in his Absolute Object has found Essential Being and *his own* essential being. But in order that the objectivity of Essential Being may be done away with, and Spirit be no longer alien to itself,—may be *with* itself [self-harmonized], —the Naturalness of Spirit, that in virtue of which man is a special empirical existence, must be removed; so that the alien element may be destroyed, and the reconciliation of Spirit be accomplished.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE TRINITY

From the ‹Philosophy of History›

[Hegel goes on to show the significance of the doctrine of the Trinity, as a symbol of this deep truth. He discusses the appearance of concrete subjective caprice in the Greek national mind, and the abstract subjective mind in the Roman national mind, especially in the right of private property, in goods and chattels, and in land,—a right which realized for the citizen a sphere of free individuality.]

God is thus recognized as *Spirit* only when known as the Triune. This new principle is the axis on which the History of the World turns. This is *the goal* and the *starting-point* of History. «When the fullness of the time was come, God sent his Son,» is the statement of the Bible. This means nothing else than that *self-consciousness* had reached the phases of development [*momente*] whose resultant constitutes the Idea of Spirit, and had come to feel the necessity of comprehending those phases absolutely. This must now be more fully explained. We said of the Greeks, that the law for their Spirit was «Man, know thyself.» The Greek Spirit was a consciousness of Spirit, but under a limited form, having the element of Nature as an essential ingredient. Spirit may have had the upper hand, but the unity of the superior and the subordinate was itself still Natural. Spirit appeared as specialized in the idiosyncrasies of the genius of the several Greek nationalities and of their divinities, and was represented by *Art*, in whose sphere the Sensuous is elevated only to the middle ground of beautiful form and shape, but not to pure Thought. The element of Subjectivity that was wanting in the Greeks we found among the Romans; but as it was merely formal and in itself indefinite, it took its material from passion and caprice;—even the most shameful degradations could be here connected with a divine dread [*vide* the declaration of Hispala respecting the Bacchanalia, Livy xxxix. 13]. This element of subjectivity is afterwards further realized as Personality of Individuals—a realization which is exactly adequate to the principle, and is equally abstract and formal. As such an Ego [such a personality], I am infinite to myself, and my phenomenal existence consists in the property recognized as mine, and the recognition of my personality. This inner existence goes no further; all the applications of the principle merge in this. Individuals are thereby posited as atoms; but they are at the same time subject to the severe rule of the *One*, which, as *monas monadum*, is a power over private persons [the connection between the ruler and the ruled is not mediated by the claim of Divine or of Constitutional Right, or any general principle, but is direct and individual, the Emperor being the immediate lord of each subject in the Empire]. That Private Right is therefore, *ipso facto*, a nullity, an ignoring of the personality; and the supposed condition of Right turns out to be an absolute destitution of it. This contradiction is the misery of the Roman World.

THE NATURE OF EVIL

From the ‹Philosophy of History›

[This free individuality, founded on the ownership of property, was not balanced by a freedom in the Roman imperial government. In relation to the Emperor everything was uncertain. All the nations of Europe, Asia, and Africa were brought under the yoke of the Roman law. Deprived of his local religion, of his local rulers, and of all his special aims, Rome and the Roman Empire were placed before man as supreme object of his will, and there arose a feeling of longing, an unsatisfied aspiration. Hegel compares this feeling to that expressed in the Psalms of David and in the Prophets. This is a remarkable commentary on the expression «The fullness of time was come.» He makes a discrimination between the consciousness of sin revealed in the Old Testament, and the shallow idea of error or evil, giving a profound significance to the idea of the Fall.]

THE higher condition in which the soul itself feels pain and longing — in which man is not only «drawn,» but feels that the drawing is into himself [into his own inmost nature] — is still absent. What has been reflection on our part must arise in the mind of the subject of this discipline in the form of a consciousness that in himself he is miserable and null. Outward suffering must, as already said, be merged in a sorrow of the inner man. He must feel himself as the negation of himself; he must see that his misery is the misery of his nature — that he is in himself a divided and discordant being. This state of mind, this self-chastening, this pain occasioned by our individual nothingness,—the wretchedness of our [isolated] self, and the longing to transcend this condition of soul,—must be looked for elsewhere than in the properly Roman World. It is this which gives to the *Jewish People* their World-Historical importance and weight; for from this state of mind arose that higher phase in which Spirit came to absolute self-consciousness—passing from that alien form of being which is its discord and pain, and mirroring itself in its own essence. The state of feeling in question we find expressed most purely and beautifully in the Psalms of David, and in the Prophets; the chief burden of whose utterances is the thirst of the soul after God; its profound sorrow for its transgressions, the desire for righteousness and holiness. Of this Spirit we have the mythical representation at the very beginning of the Jewish canonical books, in the account of the Fall. Man, created in the image of God, lost, it is said, his state of absolute contentment, by eating of the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil. Sin consists here only in Knowledge; this is the sinful element, and by it man is stated to have trifled away his Natural happiness. This is a deep truth, that evil lies in consciousness: for the brutes are neither evil nor good; the merely Natural Man quite as little. Consciousness occasions the separation of the Ego, in its boundless freedom as arbitrary choice, from the pure essence of the Will,—*i. e.*, from the Good. Knowledge, as the disannulling of the unity of mere Nature, is the «Fall»; which is no casual conception, but the eternal history of Spirit. For the state of innocence, the paradisiacal condition, is that of the brute. Paradise is a park, where only brutes, not men, can remain. For the brute is one with God only implicitly [not consciously]. Only Man's Spirit [that is] has a self-cognizant existence. This existence for self, this consciousness, is at the same time separation from the Universal and Divine Spirit. If I hold in my abstract Freedom, in contraposition to the Good, I adopt the standpoint of Evil.

THE FALL

From the ‹Philosophy of History›

[The «Fall» is the eternal mythus of man, stating the arrival of man to a deeper consciousness of his true self,—his union with the divine-human and his wide separation between his real and his ideal; the necessity for a reconciliation of the two. A further interpretation of the Old Testament doctrine of the fall of man and the history of the chosen people.]

THE Fall is therefore the eternal Mythus of Man; in fact, the very transition by which he becomes man. Persistence in this standpoint is, however, Evil, and the feeling of pain at such a condition, and of longing to transcend it, we find in David, when he says: « Lord, create for me a pure heart, a new *steadfast* Spirit.» This feeling we observe even in the account of the Fall; though an announcement of reconciliation is not made there, but rather one of continuance in misery. Yet we have in this narrative the *prediction* of reconciliation in the sentence, « The Serpent's head shall be bruised;» but still more profoundly expressed where it is stated that when God saw that Adam had eaten of that tree, he said, « Behold, Adam is become as one of us, knowing Good and Evil.» God confirms the words of the Serpent. Implicitly and explicitly, then, we have the truth that man through Spirit — through cognition of the Universal and the Particular — comprehends God himself. But it is only God that declares this,— not man; the latter remains, on the contrary, in a state of internal discord. The joy of reconciliation is still distant from humanity; the absolute and final repose of his whole being is not yet discovered to man. It exists, in the first instance, only for God. As far as the present is concerned, the feeling of pain at his condition is regarded as a final award. The satisfaction which man enjoys at first, consists in the finite and temporal blessings conferred on the Chosen Family and the possession of the Land of Canaan. His repose is not found in God. Sacrifices are, it is true, offered to Him in the Temple, and atonement made by outward offerings and inward penitence. But that mundane satisfaction in the Chosen Family, and its possession of Canaan, was taken from the Jewish people in the chastisement inflicted by the Roman Empire. The Syrian kings did indeed oppress it, but it was left for the Romans to annul its individuality. The Temple of Zion is destroyed; the God-serving nation is scattered to the winds. Here every source of satisfaction is taken away, and the nation is driven back to the standpoint of that primeval Mythus,—the standpoint of that painful feeling which humanity experiences when thrown upon itself. Opposed to the universal *Fatum* of the Roman World, we have here the consciousness of Evil and the direction of the mind Godwards. All that remains to be done is, that this fundamental idea should be expanded to an objective universal sense, and be taken as the concrete existence of man—as the completion of his nature. Formerly the Land of Canaan, and themselves as the people of God, had been regarded by the Jews as that concrete and complete existence. But this basis of satisfaction is now lost, and thence arises the sense of misery and failure of hope in God, with whom that happy reality had been essentially connected. Here, then, misery is not the stupid immersion in a blind Fate, but a boundless energy of longing. Stoicism taught only that the Negative *is not*—that pain must not be recognized as a veritable existence: but *Jewish* feeling persists in acknowledging Reality and desires harmony and reconciliation within its sphere; for that feeling is based on the Oriental Unity of Nature, —*i. e.*, the unity of Reality, of Subjectivity, with the substance of the One Essential Being. Through the loss of mere outward reality Spirit is driven back within itself; the side of reality is thus refined to Universality, through the reference of it to the One.

THE ATONEMENT

From the ‹Philosophy of History›

[The Persian idea of good and evil (Ormuzd and Ahriman) is not much deeper than that of light and darkness, but in the Old Testament it becomes the distinction between holiness and sin. Hegel points out the infinite depth of subjectivity or personal self-realization that is involved in consciousness of sin. He shows how «that unrest of infinite sorrow» passes over into a consciousness of the infinite gain of reconciliation with the Divine when «The fullness of time was come.»]

THE Oriental antithesis of Light and Darkness is transferred to Spirit, and the Darkness becomes Sin. For the abnegation of reality there is no compensation but Subjectivity itself—the Human Will as intrinsically universal; and thereby alone does reconciliation become possible. Sin is the discerning of Good and Evil as separation; but this discerning likewise heals the ancient hurt, and is the fountain of infinite reconciliation. The discerning in question brings with it the destruction of that which is external and alien in consciousness, and is consequently the return of subjectivity into itself. This, then, adopted into the actual self-consciousness of the World, is the *Reconciliation* [atonement] *of the World.* From that unrest of infinite sorrow — in which the two sides of the antithesis stand related to each other — is developed the unity of God with Reality [which latter had been posited as negative], — *i. e.*, with Subjectivity which had been separated from Him. The infinite loss is counterbalanced only by its infinity, and thereby becomes infinite gain. The recognition of the identity of the Subject and God was introduced into the World when *the fullness of Time was come:* the consciousness of this identity is the recognition of God in his true essence. The material of Truth is *Spirit* itself — inherent vital movement. The nature of God as pure Spirit is manifested to man *in the Christian Religion.*

HEINRICH HEINE

(1799–1856)

BY RICHARD BURTON

If QUALITY is to decide a writer's position, Heinrich Heine stands with the few great poets and literary men of Germany. His lyrics at their best have not been surpassed in his own land, and rank with the masterpieces of their kind in world literature. As a prose writer he had extraordinary brilliancy, vigor of thought, and grace of form, and as a thinker he must be regarded as one of the pioneers of modern ideas in our century. In German criticism, because of his Semitic blood — his pen not seldom dipped in gall when he wrote of the Fatherland — and his defects of character, full justice has not been done to him as singer and sayer. It remained for an English critic, Matthew Arnold, to define his true place in the literature of our time. A brief survey of his life will make this plainer.

A main thing to remember of Heine the man is, that he was an upper-class Jew. The services of this wonderful people to art, letters, and philosophy, as well as to politics and finance, are familiar. This boy of Düsseldorf was one of the most gifted of the race of Mendelssohn and Rothschild, Rachel and Rubinstein, Chopin and Disraeli. Born in that picturesque old Rhine town, December 12th (or 13th), 1799, — he just missed, as he said, being one of the first men of the century, — his father was a wealthy merchant, his mother a Van Geldern, daughter of a noted physician and statesman. He received a good education, first in a Jesuit monastery, then — after an attempt to establish him at Hamburg in mercantile life, which to the disappointment of his family proved utterly distasteful — in the German universities of Bonn and Göttingen. The law was thought of as a profession; but this necessitated his becoming a Christian, for at the time in Germany all the learned callings were closed to Jews. Heine, though not a believer in the religion of his people, was in thorough sympathy with their wrongs, always the champion of their cause: deeply must he have felt the humiliation of this enforced apostasy, which was performed in 1825, in his twenty-sixth year, the baptismal registry reading « Johann Christian Heine,» — names he never made use of as a writer. Doubtless the iron entered his soul in the act. Before his study at Göttingen, which resulted in his securing a law degree, Heine spent several years in Berlin, and published a volume of verse there in 1822 without success. Letters which he carried from the poet Schlegel secured him, however, the entrée of leading houses, where he met in familiar intercourse Chamisso, Hegel, and like noted folk, and became the centre of social interest as he read from manuscript, essays and poems which were later to give him fame when grouped together in the volume entitled ‘Reisebilder’ (Sketches of Travel), containing his most famous work in the essay form; his ‘Buch der Lieder’ (Book of Songs), which followed soon thereafter, performing the same service for his reputation as poet. He made no professional use of his legal lore, but traveled and tasted life. The years from 1827 to 1830 were spent mostly in Munich and Berlin. Heine took an active part in the journalistic and literary life of these cities, and drove his pen steadily as a doughty free-lance of letters in the cause of intellectual emancipation. A satiric pamphlet against the nobility in 1830, the year of the July Revolution in France, made him fear for his personal liberty; and the next year he removed to Paris, and began the life there which was to end only in his death a quarter-century later.

A liaison with a grisette resulted in his marriage with her; and their quarrelsome, affectionate life together has been often limned. In the capital that has fascinated so many distinguished spirits — at first well, and happy, and seen in society, making occasional journeys abroad; later poor, sick, with gall in his pen and with a swarm of enemies — Heine passed this long period of his life, chained during the ten final years to what he called in grim metaphor his «mattress grave.» His disease was a spinal affection, resulting in slow paralysis, loss of sight, the withering of his limbs. No more terrible picture is offered in the personal annals of literature than that of the once gay poet, writhing in his bed through sleepless nights, the sight of one eye gone, the drooping lid of the other lifted by the hand that he might see to use the pen. «I saw the body all shrunk together, from which his legs hung down without signs of life,» says his sister, who visited him in Paris the year before he died. «I had to gather all my powers of self-control in order to support in quiet the horrible sight.» The volumes of letters and other memorabilia published in recent years plainly set forth the dual nature of this man: his querulousness, equivocations, and jealousies; his impulsive affection towards his near of kin. The French government granted him a pension for his services as revolutionary writer, and it came in the nick of time; for on the death in 1844 of his rich uncle Solomon Heine, who for years had granted him an allowance, it was found that no provision for its maintenance had been made in the will.

Heine's bitterness under the heavy hand of Fate comes out pathetically in his latest poems and letters. «I am no longer,» he wrote, «a joyous, somewhat corpulent Hellenist, laughing cheerfully down upon the melancholy Nazarenes. I am now a poor, fatally ill Jew, an emaciated picture of woe, an unhappy man.» His mind remained wonderfully clear to the end, as his literary work testifies; and at least he had the courage of his convictions, contemptuously repudiating the rumor that his former skepticism had been changed in the fiery alembic of suffering. His impious jest on his death-bed is typical, whether apocryphal or not: «God will forgive me: it is his line of business» («c'est son métier»).

It may be said that there is a touch of heroism in the fact that for so long he refused to end an existence of such agony by his own violent act, enduring until Nature gave him release, which she did but tardily, when he had passed his fifty-sixth year, February 17th, 1856. He was buried in the cemetery of Montmartre, without any religious ceremony, as he wished,—a conclusion in key with his whole manner of life,—preserving his Bohemianism to the very grave's edge. It is likely that this terrible closing couplet from his poem on Morphine summed up his feeling honestly enough:—

> «Lo, sleep is good; better is death; in sooth,
> The best of all were never to be born.»

Yet skepticism was not his constant attitude; a man of moods, he could write shortly before his taking-off: «I suffer greatly, but support my wretchedness with submission to the unfathomable will of God.» And it is but justice to add that in his will he declared that his intellectual pride was broken, and that he had come to rest in the truths of religion. It is by these inconsistencies and warring emotions that glimpses of the man's complex, elusive nature are gained. In his younger days Heine is described as a handsome fellow, slight of figure, blond, with a poetic paleness and an air of distinction. Later he became corpulent: his sad physical presentment during the final years is finely indicated in the Hasselriis statue of the poet erected at Corfu by the Empress of Austria.

Heine's long Parisian residence, his Gallic inoculation, have been the theme of countless animadversions. He has been painted as a man without a country, a turncoat, and a traitor. Certain facts must be borne in mind in passing judgment upon him. As a boy in Düsseldorf he breathed the atmosphere of the French Revolution, and grew up an enthusiast of the cause, calling himself its «child.» The French, again, were the people who, as Arnold remarks, made it possible for the Jews in Germany to find wide activities for the exercise of their talents. His own land proscribed his works: in France, when he had mastered the tongue, his works which appeared in French won him speedy applause, and he was hailed as the wittiest writer since Voltaire. And to pass from external to internal, there was much in Heine to respond to the peculiarly French traits: flashing wit, lightness of touch, charm of form, lucidity of expression. Small wonder, then, that he crossed the Rhine and took up his abode in the city which has always been a centre of enlightened thinking. In spite of all his sympathy, temperamental and intellectual, for things French, Heine never forgot that he was a German poet, nor was love for the Fatherland killed in his soul. There is a proud ring in his well-known lines:—

«I am a German poet
Of goodly German fame:
Where their best names are spoken,
Mine own they are sure to name.»

The estimates of Heine on his personal side range from partisan eulogium to savage and sweeping condemnation. Perhaps it is safest to regard him as a man of complex nature and warring tendencies, in whom faults of character were accentuated by the events of his career. He was sensitive to morbidity, irascible, dissolute in his youth, paying in after days for his excesses the fearful penalty of a slow torturous disease. He had a waspish tendency to sting an enemy, and was quick to take offense from friends. His mocking spirit of contradiction was not above sacrificing justice and purity to its ends; he was at times, in his writings, sensual, ribald, blasphemous. It is fair to plead in partial extenuation the early misappreciation of his kinsfolk, the hostility towards his race, and the exigencies of his subsequent battle for bread, reputation, and the victory of ideas. On the other hand, it is weak sentimentality or purblind favoritism to represent Heine as a hero ill-starred by fortune. He was far from an admirable character, and no whitewashing can make him so: his greatest enemy came from within. He was one who, like Louie in ‹David Grieve,› was at death «freed from the fierce burden» of himself.

As a lyric poet Heine is incomparable. It is in this form that the German genius finds finest, freest expression, and the student of German literature must still point to Goethe and Heine as its chief exponents; nor in lyric expression need the latter yield to the former. The representative pieces hereinafter printed, with others of like quality, are among the precious bits of poetry which the world has taken forever to its heart. No translation can give an adequate idea of their haunting perfection, their magic of diction and witchery of music. The reader unfamiliar with German and making Heine's acquaintance at second hand needs to understand this impossibility;

otherwise the poet's due praise may seem rhetorical and excessive. It is said to take a thief to catch a thief: quite as truly does it take a poet to catch a poet, and the task is far more difficult. To get a first-hand knowledge of Heine lends in itself a zest to the learning of his tongue. The characteristics of these lyrics may be defined in few words. As to form, the poet wisely seized upon the popular ballad measures of older German literature, and in rhythms, stanzas, and diction, clung for the most part to those homely creations, thereby giving his work a natural touch and archaic flavor, blending to produce an effect of simplicity and directness which really hide consummate art. No lyrist has had more genuine songfulness, the last test of the true lyric; in proof, witness the frequency with which his most familiar poems have been set to music by the gifted composers of his own and other lands.

But Heine was not alone the singer: he was critic and satirist as well. Even the exquisite deep romanticism of his lyrics is sometimes rudely broken by his own sneering laugh; it is as if the critical in him had of a sudden made him ashamed of his own emotion. One of his German critics has said that he bore a laughing tear-drop on his escutcheon: the flowery phrase denotes this mingling of song and satire in his work. The impish anticlimax of some of his loveliest utterances is one of the grievous things his admirers have to forgive. Heine, in his earlier spontaneous poetry a romanticist of the romanticists, came to perceive intellectually that the work of the so-called Romantic school in Germany must give way to an incoming age of scientific learning and modern ideas; that because it looked backward to the Middle Ages, the movement was wrong. And in this conviction he set himself to fight the old and hail the new. However this perception may prove his prophetic insight, it would have been better for his poetry had he remained in bondage to romanticism. When in a love poem which opens tenderly, he concludes with this stanza:

«Dearest friend, thou art in love,
And that love must be confessed;
For I see thy glowing heart
Plainly scorching through thy vest,»—

one feels that the poet gets his effect of fun at too costly a price. Parody, to pay, must gain more than it loses. The doubt of the singer's sincerity is never quite shaken off. There is reason for calling Heine «the mocking-bird of the singing grove.»

As an essay-writer, Heine's substantial reputation rests upon the ‹Reisebilder,› those gay, audacious, charming, bitter travel sketches of mingled verse and prose, in the main descriptive of his wanderings through Germany, and of the most varied theme and tone:

now beautiful rhapsodies on the scenes of nature; now quaint pictures of life in city or country, painted with Dutch-like fidelity and realism; now rapier thrusts of wit; again powerful diatribes against existing conventions, or personal attacks upon fellow writers, as in his ill-judged and wanton onslaught upon the romantic bard, the Count von Platen. Far from being all of a piece, these phantasy sketches are of very unequal merit, ranging from the exquisite lyric work of the opening section and the delightful narrative of his experiences in the Hartz Mountains, to the sparkling indecencies of the division dealing with Italy, and the more labored argument and satire of the English Fragments. Of the 'Reisebilder' as a whole it may be said that inspiration grows steadily less in the successive parts. The portion penned in Heine's early twenties deservedly caught the fancy of Europe by the polish and poetry, the striking manner and daring thought it possessed. The writer laughs at the traditions of learning in his native land, he pricks with the sword of satire the ponderous German sentimentality, and he fights with all the weapons in the arsenal of a gifted wit for that modern thing, Liberty,—liberty of conscience, action, opinion. The point of view was new in the literature of the early century, dosed as it was with heavy romanticism and in awe of the old for its own sake. The style was of unprecedented vigor and brilliance: it is easy to understand why he took his wide audience by storm, and became the literary force of the day. To say a wise, keen thing in a light way, to say it directly yet with grace, calls for a beautiful talent. To accomplish this in and with the German language is a double triumph. All Heine's later writings, prose or poetry,—and during his residence in Paris he published numerous works,—are developments or after-echoes of his travel sketches and 'Book of Songs.' Some of them are simply high-class journalism: his critical faculty and graces of manner are best represented by the critique on the Romantic school, which is wise in forecasting the new literary ideals, and a model of clearness and elegance. But for the general reader it will suffice to make the acquaintance of the inimitable 'Reisebilder' and the 'Buch der Lieder,' born of his youth and meridian of genius.

As a thinker, a force in the development of modern ideas,—the ideas of liberty in its application to politics, science, education, and religion,—Heine was a torch-bearer of his time. In his remarkable essay upon the German poet, Matthew Arnold gives him full credit for this influence,—possibly exaggerating it. The sympathy between the enlightened Jew who railed at perfunctoriness in Church and State, and the English radical who rebukes his fellow islanders for their lack of devotion to the Idea, naturally made Arnold the other's champion. Both attacked the Philistine and saw the movement of the

Time-spirit. But if the Englishman goes too far in declaring Heine «the most important German successor and continuator of Goethe in Goethe's most important line of activity,»—that of «a soldier in the war of liberation of humanity,»—it is equally true that his estimate hits nearer the mark than the misappreciations of too many critics of his own country. Heine was an individualist, an iconoclast, satirizing with trenchant power existing abuses, as Ibsen in later days has done in Norway,—a service which Carlyle with Juvenalian vigor performed for England. This mission is at the best a thankless one; especially so when, as in the case of Heine, the character of the prophet is full of flaws. Yet is the work none the less valuable.

Heine's sentiment had in it much of the morbid, and in this aspect he might not inaptly be dubbed *decadent;* using the word as it is applied in latter-day literature, to denote what is unwholesome, extravagant, or bestial. But intellectually he saw clear, and was at bottom sane. His mind was too broad and vigorous, too incisive, for any other result.

But in the ultimate decision, and in spite of his acidulous force as a dissolvent of outworn thoughts, Heinrich Heine's chief fame must rest on his wonderful poetry; he was a poet called to song, who, when true to his highest inspiration, was a romantic bard of the first rank in lyric utterance. With his music in our ears, we can forget if not condone the blots on his career, the unequal quality of his production, growing pensive over the strange commingling in this man of Divine gifts and human defects. He is another of those clay vessels shaped by the hand of the mystic Potter to hold precious wine, for the stimulation and joy of his kind.

Richard Burton.

ATLAS

Ah me, most wretched Atlas! All the world,
The whole great world of sorrow I am bearing;
I bear what is unbearable, and breaking
Is now my heart within me.

Thou haughty heart, thou hast now what thou wouldst!
For happy thou wouldst be, supremely happy,
Else be supremely wretched, haughty heart;
And lo! now art thou wretched.

Translation of Charles Harvey Genung.

THE LORELEI

I KNOW not whence it rises,
This thought so full of woe;
But a tale of times departed
Haunts me, and will not go.

The air is cool, and it darkens,
And calmly flows the Rhine;
The mountain peaks are sparkling
In the sunny evening-shine.

And yonder sits a maiden,
The fairest of the fair:
With gold is her garment glittering,
As she combs her golden hair;

With a golden comb she combs it;
And a wild song singeth she,
That melts the heart with a wondrous
And powerful melody.

The boatman feels his bosom
With a nameless longing move;
He sees not the gulfs before him,
His gaze is fixed above;

Till over the boat and boatman
The Rhine's deep waters run:
And this, with her magic singing,
The Lorelei has done!

From the Edinburgh Review.

PINE AND PALM

THERE stands a lonely pine-tree
In the north, on a barren height;
He sleeps while the ice and snowflakes
Swathe him in folds of white.

He dreameth of a palm-tree
Far in the sunrise land,
Lonely and silent longing
On her burning bank of sand.

‹Poems and Ballads›: Translated, and copyright 1881, by Emma Lazarus.

LOVE SONGS

THOU seemest like a flower,
So pure and fair and bright;
A melancholy yearning
Steals o'er me at thy sight.

I fain would lay in blessing
My hands upon thy hair;
Imploring God to keep thee
So bright, and pure, and fair.

THOU fairest fisher-maiden,
Row thy boat to the land.
Come here and sit beside me,
Whispering, hand in hand.

Lay thy head on my bosom,
And have no fear of me;
For carelessly thou trustest
Daily the savage sea.

My heart is like the ocean,
With storm and ebb and flow;
And many a pearl lies hidden
Within its depths below.

THE ocean hath its pearls,
The heaven hath its stars,
But oh! my heart, my heart,
My heart hath its love.

Great are the sea and the heavens,
But greater is my heart;
And fairer than pearls or stars
Glistens and glows my love.

Thou little youthful maiden,
Come unto my mighty heart!
My heart, and the sea, and the heavens
Are melting away with love.

‹Poems and Ballads›: Translated, and copyright 1881, by Emma Lazarus.

MY HEART WITH HIDDEN TEARS IS SWELLING

My heart with hidden tears is swelling,
I muse upon the days long gone;
The world was then a cozy dwelling,
And people's lives flowed smoothly on.

Now all's at sixes and at sevens,
Our life's a whirl, a strife for bread;
There is no God in all the heavens,
And down below the Devil's dead.

And all things look so God-forsaken,
So topsy-turvy, cold, and bare;
And if our wee bit love were taken,
There'd be no living anywhere.

Translation of Ernest Beard.

WILL SHE COME?

Every morning hears me query:
Will she come to-day?
Every evening answers, weary:
Still she stays away.

In my nights of lonely weeping,
Sleep I never know;
Dreaming, like a man half sleeping,
Through the day I go.

Translation of Ernest Beard.

KATHARINA

A lustrous star has risen on my night,
A star which beams sweet comfort from its light,
And brightens all my earthly lot;
Deceive me not!

Like as still moonward swells the heaving sea,
So swells and flows my soul, so wild and free,
Aloft to that resplendent spot,—
Deceive me not!

Translation of Charles Harvey Genung.

GOLD

From the ‹Romances›

SAY, my golden ducats, say,
Whither are you fled away?
Are ye with the golden fishes
In the little rushing river,
Gaily darting hither, thither?
Are ye with the golden blossoms
On the meadows green and fair,
Sparkling in the dewy air?
Are ye with the golden songsters
Sweeping through the azure sky,
Flashing splendor to the eye?
Are ye with the golden stars,
Clusters of refulgent light,
Smiling through the summer night?
Well-a-day! my golden ducats
Do not in the river lie,
Do not sparkle in the dew,
Do not flash across the blue,
Do not twinkle in the sky;
But my creditors can tell
Where my golden ducats dwell.

Translation of Ernest Beard.

GLIMPSES

From the ‹Romances›

WHEN Spring with her sunshine revisits the Earth,
The buds peep out and the blossoms shake;
When the Moon on her nightly course sails forth,
The little stars swim in her shimmering wake;
When sweet eyes trouble the poet's gaze.
They touch the note of a thousand lays.
Yet eyes, and songs, and blossoming flowers,
And splendor of Sun or of Moon or of Star,
However beautiful such things are,
Are far from being this world of ours.

Translation of Ernest Beard.

THE FISHER'S HUT

The ocean shimmered far around,
As the last sun-rays shone;
We sat beside the fisher's hut,
Silent and all alone.

The mist swam up, the water heaved,
The sea-mew round us screamed;
And from thy dark eyes, full of love,
The scalding tear-drops streamed.

I saw them fall upon thy hand;
Upon my knee I sank,
And from that white and yielding hand
The glittering tears I drank.

And since that hour I waste away,
Mid passion's hopes and fears:
O weeping girl! O weary heart!—
Thou'rt poisoned with her tears!

Translation of Charles G. Leland.

IN THE FISHER'S CABIN

We sat in the fisher's cabin,
Looking out upon the sea;
Then came the mists of evening,
Ascending silently.

The lights began in the light-house
One after one to burn,
And on the far horizon
A ship we could still discern.

We spake of storm and shipwreck,
The sailor and how he thrives,
And how betwixt heaven and ocean,
And joy and sorrow he strives;

We spake of distant countries,
South, North, and everywhere,
And of the curious people
And curious customs there;

The fragrance and light of the Ganges,
That giant trees embower,
Where a beautiful, tranquil people
Kneel to the lotus flower;

Of the unclean folk in Lapland,
Broad-mouthed and flat-headed and small,
Who cower upon the hearthstone,
Bake fish, and cackle, and squall.

The maidens listened gravely;
Then never a word was said.
The ship we could see no longer:
It was far too dark o'erhead.

‹Poems and Ballads›: Translated, and copyright 1881, by Emma Lazarus.

THE GRAMMAR OF THE STARS

A THOUSAND years unmoving
The stars have stood above,
On one another gazing
With the pain of yearning love.

They speak a wondrous language
So sweet and rich and grand;
Yet none of the famous linguists
A word can understand.

But I have learned this language
Which naught from my heart can erase;
The grammar that I studied
Was my little sweetheart's face.

Translation of Charles Harvey Genung.

SONNETS TO HIS MOTHER

TO BEAR me proudly is my custom aye;
My spirit too unbending is, and high;
What though the King should look me in the eye?
I would not flinch, or turn my head away.
Yet, dearest mother, let me truly say:
Whatever else my stubborn pride deny,
When to thy loving, trustful side I fly,
Submissive awe possesses me alway.

Is it the secret influence of thy soul,
Thy lofty soul, that reaches every goal
And like the lightning flashes to and fro?
Or bitter pangs of memory, that proceed
From countless acts that caused thy heart to bleed,—
That dearest heart, that ever loved me so?

I LEFT thee lately in my frenzied state,
Resolved to wander all the wide world o'er,
To ask for love on every distant shore,—
Love that alone might ease my spirit's weight.
I sought for love from early morn till late;
With fevered hand I knocked at every door
In Love his name, a token to implore,
Yet never gathered aught but chilling hate.
And on, and ever on, with growing pain
I searched for Love through many a heavy mile;
Till, sick and weary, to my homestead turning,
Thou camest to greet me with a mother's smile,—
And there, upon thy dearest features burning,
I saw that Love I long had sought in vain.

Translation of Ernest Beard.

THE JEWELS

BLUE sapphires are those eyes of thine,
Those eyes so sweet and tender:
Oh, three times happy is the man
Whom they shall happy render!

Thy heart's a diamond, pure and clear,
With radiance overflowing:
Oh, three times happy is the man
Who sets that heart a-glowing!

Red rubies are those lips of thine—
Love ne'er did fairer fashion:
Oh, three times happy is the man
Who hears their vows of passion!

Oh, could I know that fortunate man,
And meet him unattended
Beneath the forest trees so green—
His luck would soon be ended!

Translation of Ernest Beard.

VOICES FROM THE TOMB

From ‹Dream Pictures›

I WENT to the house of my lady fair,
I wandered in madness and dark despair;
And as by the church-yard I went my way,
Sadly the gravestones signed me to stay.

The minstrel's tombstone made me a sign,
In the glimmering light of the pale moon's shine:
«Good brother, I'm coming,»—wild whispering flows;
Pale as a cloud from the grave it rose.

'Twas the harper himself: from the grave he flits;
High on the tombstone the harper sits;
O'er the strings of the cithern his fingers sweep,
And he sings, in a voice right harsh and deep:—

«What! know ye yet that song of old,
Which through the heart once deeply rolled,
Ye strings now slow to move?
The angels call it heaven's joy,
The devils call it hell's annoy,
But mortals call it—love!»

Scarce had sounded the last word's tone,
Ere the graves were opened, every one,
And airy figures came pressing out,
And sweep round the minstrel, while shrill they shout:—

«Love, Love, it was thy might
Laid us in these beds with right,
Closed our eyelids from the light:
Wherefore call'st thou in the night?»

Translation of Charles G. Leland.

MAXIMS AND DESCRIPTIONS

If all Europe were to become a prison, America would still present a loop-hole of escape; and God be praised! that loop-hole is larger than the dungeon itself.

«Papa,» exclaimed a little Carlist, «who is the dirty-looking woman with the red cap?»

«It is the Goddess of Liberty,» was the answer.

«But, papa, she has not even a chemise.»

«A real Goddess of Liberty, my dear child, rarely uses a chemise; and is on that account the more embittered against those who do wear clean linen.»

If freedom should at some future day vanish from the earth, a German dreamer would again discover it in one of his dreams.

When the Lord feels ennui, he opens one of the windows of heaven and takes a look at the Parisian boulevards.

Literary history is the great morgue where all seek the dead ones whom they love, or to whom they are related.

Psychical pain is more easily borne than physical; and if I had my choice between a bad conscience and a bad tooth, I should choose the former.

Napoleon was not of the wood of which kings are made: he was of the marble from which gods are shaped.

It is not generally known why our sovereigns live to so old an age. They are afraid to die, lest they may meet Napoleon in the next world.

God has given us speech in order that we may say pleasant things to our friends and tell bitter truths to our enemies.

The People — that poor monarch in rags — has found flatterers who, with even less of shame than the courtiers of Byzantium and Versailles, fling their censers at his head. These court lackeys of the People are constantly praising the virtues and extolling the merit of their ragged king. «How lovely!» they cry; «how intelligent!» But no, ye lie! Your poor monarch is not lovely; on the contrary, he is very ugly. But his ugliness is the result of dirt, and will vanish as soon as we erect public bath-houses where his Majesty the People can bathe gratis. A bit of soap will not prove amiss, and we shall then behold a smart-looking People, a People indeed of the first water. Although this monarch's goodness is often praised, he is not at all good; sometimes indeed he is as bad as many other sovereigns. He is angered when hungry; let us therefore see to it that he has somewhat to eat. As soon as his High Mightiness has been properly fed, and has sated his appetite, he will smile on us with gracious condescension, just as the other monarchs do. Nor is his Majesty the People very intelligent: he is more stupid than all other rulers, and almost as beastly stupid as his own favorites. He bestows his affection and his confidence on those who shout the jargon of his own passions; while he reserves his hatred for the brave man who endeavors to reason with and exalt him. It is thus in Paris; it was thus in Jerusalem. Give the People the choice between the most righteous of the righteous and the most wretched highway robber, and rest assured its cry will be, «Give us Barabbas! Long live Barabbas!» The secret of this perverseness is ignorance. This national evil we must endeavor to allay by means of public schools, where education, together with bread and butter and such other food as may be required, will be supplied free of expense.

While I was standing before the cathedral at Amiens, with a friend who with mingled fear and pity was regarding that monument,—built with the strength of Titans and decorated with the patience of dwarfs,—he turned to me at last and inquired, «How does it happen that we do not erect such edifices in our day?» And my answer was, «My dear Alphonse, the men of that day had convictions, while we moderns have only opinions; and something more than opinions are required to build a cathedral.»

The Horatian rule, «Nonum prematur in annum,» may like many others be very good in theory, but in practice it is worthless. When Horace offered the author the celebrated rule, he ought at the same time to have furnished him with directions how to live nine years without food. While Horace was meditating on this maxim he was probably seated at the table of Mæcenas, eating turkey with truffles, pheasant pudding with game sauce, larks' ribs with Teltow turnips, peacocks' tongues, Indian birds'-nests, and the Lord knows what else; and all of it gratis, at that. But we, unfortunate children of a later day! live in changed times. Our Mæcenases have quite different principles: they believe that authors, like medlars, develop best if they lie on straw for a while; they believe that dogs who are too well fed are not so well fitted for hunting similes and ideas. And alas! when they do for once happen to feed a poor dog, it is the one who is least deserving of their crumbs; such, for instance, as the spaniel who licks their hands, the tiny puppy who softly nestles in the perfumed lap of the lady of the house, or the patient poodle who has learned a trade and knows how to fetch and carry, to dance and to drum.

I HAVE the most peaceable disposition. My desires are a modest cottage with thatched roof, but a good bed, good fare, fresh milk and butter, flowers by my window, and a few fine trees before the door. And if the Lord wished to fill my cup of happiness, he would grant me the pleasure of seeing some six or seven of my enemies hanged on those trees. With a heart moved to pity, I would before their death forgive the injury they had done me during their lives. Yes, we ought to forgive our enemies — but not until they are hanged.

THERE is something peculiar in patriotism, or real love of country. One can become eighty years old, and without knowing it, have loved his fatherland during all that time; that is, if one has remained at home. The true nature of spring is not appreciated until winter is upon us, and the best May songs are written by the fireside. Love of freedom is a prison flower, and we do not learn the full value of liberty until we are imprisoned. Thus, the German's patriotism begins at the frontier, where he can from afar behold his country's misery.

EVERY man who marries is like the Doge who weds the Adriatic Sea: he knows not what he may find therein, — treasures, pearls, monsters, unknown storms.

Translation of Stern and Snodgrass.

MARIE

It was a cold winter evening, with keen north wind and blinding snow. I was alone in the room with Marie; it was cozy in the dim light, and the open fire crackled and whispered so comfortably! She sat at the piano, and was playing an old Italian melody. Her head was bowed, and the candle that stood beside her threw a soft sweet light over the little hand; and I stood opposite her and watched the mobile hand, every little dimple of it, and the network of delicate veins, and meanwhile the music stole so tender and fervent into my heart, and I stood and dreamed a dream of unspeakable happiness. And the music grew ever more triumphant and powerful, melting away again into tones of yielding submission. I died, I lived, and died again; eternities swept by me: and when I awoke, kindly she appeared before me, standing, and begged me with a trembling voice to put on her fingers again the rings which she had laid aside to play the piano; and I did it, and pressed her hand to my lips and— «Why,» I said, «did you treat me so coldly yesterday?» and she answered, «Forgive me—I was very naughty.»

What I have told thee here, dear reader, is not an event of yesterday, or the day before; it is an old, old story, and thousands of years, many thousands of years, will roll away before it reaches an end, a good end. For lo! time is without end, but the things in time have an end; they can be scattered into the smallest particles of dust, but these particles, the atoms even, have their fixed number, and fixed likewise is the number of the forms which out of them spontaneously body themselves forth; and no matter how long it takes, according to the eternal laws of combination in this play of eternal repetition, all forms which have been upon this earth must again appear, must again attract, repel, kiss, and ruin, afterwards as before.

And it will one day come to pass that again a man will be born quite like me, and a woman be born quite like Marie,—only I hope the man's head may contain somewhat less foolishness than mine now, and the woman's heart somewhat more love than Marie's; and in a better land these two shall meet and regard each other long, and at last the woman, reaching out her hand, will say in a soft voice, «Forgive me—I was very naughty.»

Translation of Charles Harvey Genung.

GÖTTINGEN

From ‹The Hartz Journey.› Translated by Charles G. Leland

Black dress coats and silken stockings,
Snowy ruffles frilled with art,
Gentle speeches and embraces—
Oh, if they but held a heart!

Held a heart within their bosom,
Warmed by love which truly glows;
Ah! I'm wearied with their chanting
Of imagined lovers' woes!

I will climb upon the mountains,
Where the quiet cabin stands,
Where the wind blows freely o'er us,
Where the heart at ease expands.

I will climb upon the mountains,
Where the dark-green fir-trees grow;
Brooks are rustling, birds are singing,
And the wild clouds headlong go.

Then farewell, ye polished ladies,
Polished men and polished hall!
I will climb upon the mountain,
Smiling down upon you all.

The town of Göttingen, celebrated for its sausages and university, belongs to the King of Hanover, and contains nine hundred and ninety-nine dwellings, divers churches, a lying-in asylum, an observatory, a prison, a library, and a «council cellar» where the beer is excellent. The stream which flows by the town is termed the Leine, and is used in summer for bathing,—its waters being very cold, and in more than one place so broad that Luder was obliged to take quite a run before he could leap across. The town itself is beautiful, and pleases most when looked at—backwards. It must be very ancient; for I well remember that five years ago, when I matriculated there (and shortly after «summoned»), it had already the same gray, old-fashioned, wise look, and was fully furnished with beggars, beadles, diss*art*ations, tea-parties with a little dancing, washerwomen, compendiums, roasted pigeons, Guelphic orders, professors ordinary and extraordinary, pipe heads, court counselors, and law counselors. Many even assert that at the time of the great migration of races, every German tribe left a badly corrected proof of its existence in the town, in the person of one of its members; and that from these descended all the Vandals, Friesians, Suabians, Teutons, Saxons, Thuringians, and others who at the present day abound in Göttingen, where, separately distinguished by the color of their caps and pipe tassels, they may be seen straying singly or in hordes along the Weender Street. They still fight their battles on the bloody arena of the Rasenmill, Ritschenkrug, and Bovden, still preserve the mode of life peculiar to their savage ancestors, and are still governed partly by their *Duces*, whom they call «chief cocks,» and partly by their primevally ancient law-book, known as the ‘Comment,’ which fully deserves a place among the *legibus barbarorum.*

The inhabitants of Göttingen are generally and socially divided into Students, Professors, Philistines, and Cattle; the points of difference between these castes being by no means strictly defined. The cattle class is the most important. I might be accused of prolixity should I here enumerate the names of all the students and of all the regular and irregular professors: besides, I do not just at present distinctly remember the appellations of all the former gentlemen; while among the professors are many who as yet have no name at all. The number of the Göttingen *Philistines* must be as numerous as the sands (or, more correctly speaking, as the mud) of the sea; indeed, when I beheld them of a morning, with their dirty faces and clean bills, planted before the gate of the collegiate court of justice, I wondered greatly that such an innumerable pack of rascals should ever have been created. . . .

It was as yet very early in the morning when I left Göttingen, and the learned * * * beyond doubt still lay in bed, dreaming that he wandered in a fair garden, amid the beds of which grew innumerable white papers written over with citations. On these the sun shone cheerily, and he plucked them and planted them in new beds, while the sweetest songs of the nightingales rejoiced his old heart.

Before the Weender Gate I met two native and diminutive schoolboys, one of whom was saying to the other, «I don't intend to keep company any more with Theodore: he is a low little blackguard, for yesterday he didn't even know the genitive of *mensa.*» Insignificant as these words may appear, I still regard them as entitled to record — nay, I would even write them as town-motto on the gate of Göttingen; for the young birds pipe as the old ones sing, and the expression accurately indicates the narrow-minded academic pride so characteristic of the «highly learned» Georgia Augusta. . . .

Finding the next morning that I must lighten my knapsack, I threw overboard the pair of boots, and arose and went forth unto Goslar. There I arrived without knowing how. This much alone do I remember, that I sauntered up and down hill, gazing upon many a lovely meadow vale. Silver waters rippled and rustled, sweet wood-birds sang, the bells of the flocks tinkled, the many-shaded green trees were gilded by the sun; and over all, the blue-silk canopy of heaven was so transparent that I could look through the depths even to the Holy of Holies, where angels sat at the feet of God, studying sublime thorough-bass in the features of the Eternal countenance. But I was all the time lost in a dream of the previous night, which I could not banish. It was an echo of the old legend, how a knight descended into a deep fountain, beneath which the fairest princess of the world lay buried in a death-like magic slumber. I myself was the knight, and the dark mine of Clausthal was the fountain. Suddenly innumerable lights gleamed around me, wakeful dwarfs leapt from every cranny in the rocks, grimacing angrily, cutting at me with their short swords, blowing terribly on horns which ever summoned more and more of their comrades, and frantically nodding their great heads. But as I hewed them down with my sword, and the blood flowed, I for the first time remarked that they were not really dwarfs, but the red-blooming long-bearded thistle-tops, which I had the day before hewed down on the highway with my stick. At last they all vanished, and I came to a splendid lighted hall, in the midst of which stood my heart's loved one, veiled in white, and immovable as a statue. I kissed her mouth, and then — O Heavens! — I felt the blessed breath of her soul and the sweet tremor of her lovely lips. It seemed that I heard the divine command, «Let there be light!» and a dazzling flash of eternal light shot down, but at the same instant it was again night, and all ran chaotically together into a wild desolate sea! A wild desolate sea, over whose foaming waves the ghosts of the departed madly chased each other, the white shrouds floating on the wind, while behind all, goading them on with cracking whip, ran a many-colored harlequin—and I was the harlequin. Suddenly from the black waves the sea monsters raised their misshapen heads, and yawned towards me with extended jaws, and I awoke in terror.

Alas! how the finest dreams may be spoiled! The knight in fact, when he has found the lady, ought to cut a piece from her priceless veil, and after she has recovered from her magic sleep and sits again in glory in her hall, he should approach her and say, «My fairest princess, dost thou not know me?» Then she will answer, «My bravest knight, I know thee not!» And then he shows her the piece cut from her veil, exactly fitting the deficiency, and she knows that he is her deliverer, and both tenderly embrace, and the trumpets sound, and the marriage is celebrated!

It is really a very peculiar misfortune that *my* love dreams so seldom have so fine a conclusion.

THE SUPPER ON THE BROCKEN

From ‹The Hartz Journey›

THE company around the table gradually became better acquainted and much noisier. Wine banished beer, punch-bowls steamed, and drinking, *schmolliren*,* and singing were the order of the night. The old ‹Landsfather› and the beautiful songs of W. Müller, Rückert, Uhland, and others rang around, with the exquisite airs of Methfessel. Best of all sounded our own Arndt's German words, «The Lord, who bade iron grow, wished for no slaves.» And out of doors it roared as if the old mountain sang with us, and a few reeling friends even asserted that he merrily shook his bald head, which caused the great unsteadiness of our floor. The bottles became emptier and the heads of the company fuller. One bellowed like an ox, a second piped, a third declaimed from ‹The Crime,› a fourth spoke Latin, a fifth preached temperance, and a sixth, assuming the chair, learnedly lectured as follows:—«Gentlemen, the world is a round cylinder, upon which human beings as individual pins are scattered apparently at random. But the cylinder revolves, the pins knock together and give out tones, some very frequently and others but seldom; all of which causes a remarkably complicated sound, which is generally known as universal history. We will, in consequence, speak first of music, then of the world, and finally of history, which latter we divide into positive and Spanish flies—» And so sense and nonsense went rattling on.

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* Hobnobbing.

A jolly Mecklenburger, who held his nose to his punch-glass, and smiling with happiness snuffed up the perfume, remarked that it caused in him a sensation as if he were standing again before the refreshment table in the Schwerin Theatre! Another held his wine-glass like a lorgnette before his eye, and appeared to be carefully studying the company, while the red wine trickled down over his cheek into his projecting mouth. The Greifswalder, suddenly inspired, cast himself upon my breast, and shouted wildly, «Oh that thou couldst understand me, for I am a lover, a happy lover; for I am loved again, and G—d d—n me, she's an educated girl, for she has a full bosom, wears a white gown, and plays the piano!» But the Swiss wept, and tenderly kissed my hand, and ever whimpered, «O Molly dear! O Molly dear!»

During this crazy scene, in which plates learned to dance and glasses to fly, there sat opposite me two youths, beautiful and pale as statues, one resembling Adonis, the other Apollo. The faint rosy hue which the wine spread over their cheeks was scarcely visible. They gazed on each other with infinite affection, as if the one could read in the eyes of the other; and in those eyes there was a light as though drops of light had fallen therein from the cup of burning love which an angel on high bears from one star to the other. They conversed softly with earnest, trembling voices, and narrated sad stories, through all of which ran a tone of strange sorrow. «Lora is also dead!» said one, and sighing, proceeded to tell of a maiden of Halle who had loved a student, and who, when the latter left Halle, spoke no more to any one, ate but little, wept day and night, gazing ever on the canary-bird which her lover had given her. «The bird died, and Lora did not long survive it,» was the conclusion, and both the youths sighed as though their hearts would break. Finally the other said, «My soul is sorrowful; come forth with me into the dark night! Let me inhale the breath of the clouds and the moon-rays. Partake of my sorrows! I love thee: thy words are musical, like the rustling of reeds and the flow of rivulets; they re-echo in my breast, but my soul is sorrowful!»

Both of the young men arose. One threw his arm around the neck of the other, and thus left the noisy room. I followed, and saw them enter a dark chamber, where the one, by mistake, instead of the window threw open the door of a large wardrobe; and both, standing before it with outstretched arms, expressing poetic rapture, spoke alternately. «Ye breezes of darkening night,» cried the first, «how ye cool and revive my cheeks! How sweetly ye play amid my fluttering locks! I stand on the cloudy peak of the mountain; far below me lie the sleeping cities of men, and blue waters gleam. List! far below in the valley rustle the fir-trees! Far above yonder hills sweep in misty forms the spirits of my fathers. Oh that I could hunt with ye on your cloud steeds through the stormy night, over the rolling sea, upwards to the stars! Alas! I am laden with grief, and my soul is sad!» Meanwhile, the other had also stretched out *his* arms towards the wardrobe, while tears fell from his eyes as he cried to a broad pair of yellow pantaloons which he mistook for the moon:—«Fair art thou, daughter of heaven! lovely and blessed is the calm of thy countenance. Thou walkest lonely in thy loveliness. The stars follow thy blue path in the east! At thy glance the clouds rejoice, and their dark brows gleam with light. Who is like unto thee in heaven, thou the night-born? The stars are ashamed before thee, and turn away their green sparkling eyes. Whither, ah whither, when morning pales thy face, dost thou flee from thy path? Hast thou, like me, thy hall? Dwellest thou amid shadows of sorrow? Have thy sisters fallen from heaven? Are they who joyfully rolled with thee through the night now no more? Yea, they fell adown, O lovely light! and thou hidest thyself to bewail them! Yet the night must at some time come when thou too must pass away, and leave thy blue path above in heaven. Then the stars, who were once ashamed in thy presence, will raise their green heads and rejoice. Now thou art clothed in thy starry splendor and gazest adown from the gate of heaven. Tear aside the clouds, O ye winds, that the night-born may shine forth and the bushy hills gleam, and that the foaming waves of the sea may roll in light!»

A well-known and not remarkably thin friend, who had drunk more than he had eaten, though he had already at supper devoured a piece of beef which would have dined six lieutenants of the guard and one innocent child, here came rushing into the room in a very jovial manner,—that is to say, *à la* swine,—shoved the two elegiac friends one over the other into the wardrobe, stormed through the house-door, and began to roar around outside as if raising the devil in earnest. The noise in the hall grew more confused and duller; the two moaning and weeping friends lay, as they thought, crushed at the foot of the mountain; from their throats ran noble red wine, and the one said to the other:—«Farewell! I feel that I bleed. Why dost thou waken me, O breath of spring? Thou caressest me, and sayst, ‹I bedew thee with drops from heaven.› But the time of my withering is at hand—at hand the storm which will break away my leaves. To-morrow the Wanderer will come—come—he who saw me in my beauty—his eyes will glance, as of yore, around the field—in vain—» But over all roared the well-known basso voice without, blasphemously complaining, amid oaths and whoops, that not a single lantern had been lighted along the entire Weender Street, and that one could not even see whose window-panes he had smashed.

I can bear a tolerable quantity,—modesty forbids me to say how many bottles,—and I consequently retired to my chamber in tolerably good condition. The young merchant already lay in bed, enveloped in his chalk-white nightcap and yellow Welsh flannel. He was not asleep, and sought to enter into conversation with me. He was a Frankfort-on-Mainer, and consequently spoke at once of the Jews; declared that they had lost all feeling for the beautiful and noble, and that they sold English goods twenty-five per cent. under manufacturers' prices. A fancy to humbug him came over me, and I told him that I was a somnambulist, and must beforehand beg his pardon should I unwittingly disturb his slumbers. This intelligence, as he confessed the following day, prevented him from sleeping a wink through the whole night, especially since the idea had entered his head that I, while in a somnambulistic crisis, might shoot him with the pistol which lay near my bed. But in truth I fared no better myself, for I slept very little. Dreary and terrifying fancies swept through my brain. A pianoforte extract from Dante's Hell. Finally I dreamed that I saw a law opera, called the ‹Falcidia,› with libretto on the right of inheritance by Gans, and music by Spontini. A crazy dream! I saw the Roman Forum splendidly illuminated. In it Servius Asinius Göschenus, sitting as prætor on his chair, and throwing wide his toga in stately folds, burst out into raging recitative; Marcus Tullius Elversus, manifesting as *prima donna legataria* all the exquisite feminineness of his nature, sang the love-melting *bravura* of «Quicunque civis Romanus»; referees, rouged red as sealing-wax, bellowed in chorus as minors; private tutors, dressed as genii, in flesh-colored stockinets, danced an anti-Justinian ballet, crowning with flowers the «Twelve Tables,» while amid thunder and lightning rose from the ground the abused ghost of Roman Legislation, accompanied by trumpets, gongs, fiery rain, *cum omni causa.*

From this confusion I was rescued by the landlord of the Brocken, when he awoke me to see the sun rise. Above, on the tower, I found several already waiting, who rubbed their freezing hands; others, with sleep still in their eyes, stumbled up to us, until finally the whole silent congregation of the previous evening was reassembled, and we saw how above the horizon there rose a little carmine-red ball, spreading a dim wintry illumination. Far around, amid the mists, rose the mountains, as if swimming in a white rolling sea, only their summits being visible; so that we could imagine ourselves standing on a little hill in the midst of an inundated plain, in which here and there rose dry clods of earth. To retain that which I saw and felt, I sketched the following poem:—

IN THE east 'tis ever brighter,
Though the sun gleams cloudily;
Far and wide the mountain summits
Swim above the misty sea.

Had I seven-mile boots for travel,
Like the fleeting winds I'd rove,
Over valley, rock, and river,
To the home of her I love.

From the bed where now she's sleeping,
Soft the curtain I would slip;
Softly kiss her childlike forehead,
Soft the ruby of her lip.

And yet softer would I whisper
In the little lily ear,
«Think in dreams we still are loving,
Think I never lost thee, dear.»

LIFE AND OLD AGE

From ‹Book Le Grand›: Translation of Charles G. Leland

OTHERS may, if they choose, enjoy the good fortune of having their lady-love adorn their graves with garlands, and water them with the tears of true love. O women! hate me, laugh at me, mitten me, but let me live! Life is all too wondrous sweet, and the world is so beautifully bewildered: it is the dream of an intoxicated divinity who has taken French leave of the tippling multitude of immortals, and has laid down to sleep in a solitary star, and knows not himself that he also creates all that which he dreams; and the dream images form themselves often so fantastically wildly, and often so harmoniously and reasonably. The Iliad, Plato, the battle of Marathon, Moses, the Medicean Venus, the cathedral of Strasburg, the French Revolution, Hegel, and steamboats, etc., etc., are other good thoughts in this divine dream: but it will not last long, and the immortal one awakes and rubs his sleepy eyes, and smiles; and our world has run to nothing — yes, has never been.

No matter — I live! If I am but the shadowy image in a dream, still this is better than the cold black void annihilation of death. *Life* is the greatest of blessings and death the worst of evils.

And I live! The great pulsation of nature beats too in my breast; and when I carol aloud, I am answered by a thousand-fold echo. I hear a thousand nightingales. Spring hath sent them to awaken earth from her morning slumber, and earth trembles with ecstasy; her flowers are hymns, which she sings in inspiration to the sun; the sun moves far too slowly: I would fain lash on his steeds that they might advance more rapidly. But when he sinks hissing in the sea, and the night rises with her great eyes, oh then true pleasure first thrills through me like a new life, the evening breezes lie like flattering maidens on my wild heart, and the stars wink to me, and I rise and sweep over the little earth and the little thoughts of mankind.

But a day must come when the fire of youth will be quenched in my veins, when winter will dwell in my heart, when his snowflakes will whiten my locks and his mists will dim my eyes. Then my friends will lie in their weather-worn tombs, and I alone will remain like a solitary stalk forgotten by the reaper. A new race will have sprung up, with new desires and new ideas; full of wonder, I hear new names and listen to new songs, for the old names are forgotten, and I myself am forgotten, perhaps honored by but few, scorned by many, and loved by none! And then the rosy-cheeked boys will spring around me and place the old harp in my trembling hand, and say laughing, «Thou indolent gray-headed old man, sing us again songs of the dreams of thy youth.»

Then I will grasp the harp, and my old joys and sorrows will awake, the clouds will vanish, tears will again gleam on my pale cheeks. Spring will bloom once more in my breast, sweet tones of woe will tremble on the harp-strings. I shall see once more the blue flood and the marble palaces and the lovely faces of ladies and young girls, and I will sing a song of the flowers of the Brenta.

It will be my last song; the stars will gaze on me as in the nights of my youth, the loving moonlight will once more kiss my cheeks, the spirit chorus of nightingales long dead will sound flute-like from afar, my eyes intoxicated with sleep will softly close, my soul will re-echo with the notes of my harp—perfume breathes from the flowers of the Brenta.

A tree will shadow my grave. I would gladly have it a palm, but that tree will not grow in the North. It will be a linden, and of a summer evening lovers will sit there caressing; the green-finches will be listening silently, and my linden will rustle protectingly over the heads of the happy ones, who will be so happy that they will have no time to read what is written on the white tombstone. But when at a later day the lover has lost his love, then he will come again to the well-known linden, and sigh and weep, and gaze long and oft upon the stone until he reads the inscription, «He loved the flowers of the Brenta.»

DÜSSELDORF

From ‹Book Le Grand›: Translation of Charles G. Leland

YES, madam, there was I born; and I am particular in calling attention to this fact, lest after my death seven cities—those of Schilda, Krähwinkel, Polwitz, Bockum, Dülken, Göttingen, and Schöppenstadt—should contend for the honor of having witnessed my birth. Düsseldorf is a town on the Rhine where about sixteen thousand mortals live, and where many hundred thousands are buried; and among them are many of whom my mother says it were better if they were still alive,—for example, my grandfather and my uncle, the old Herr van Geldern and the young Herr van Geldern, who were both such celebrated doctors and saved the lives of so many men, and yet at last must both die themselves. And good pious Ursula, who bore me when a child in her arms, also lies buried there, and a rose-bush grows over her grave; she loved rose perfume so much in her life, and her heart was all rose perfume and goodness. And the shrewd old Canonicus also lies there buried. Lord, how miserable he looked when I last saw him! He consisted of nothing but soul and plasters, and yet he studied night and day as though he feared lest the worms might find a few ideas missing in his head. Little William also lies there, and that is my fault. We were schoolmates in the Franciscan cloister, and were one day playing on that side of the building where the Düssel flows between stone walls, and I said, «William, do get the kitten out, which has just fallen in!» and he cheerfully climbed out on the board which stretched over the brook, and pulled the cat out of the water, but fell in himself, and when they took him out he was dripping and dead. The kitten lived to a good old age.

The town of Düsseldorf is very beautiful, and if you think of it when in foreign lands, and happen at the same time to have been born there, strange feelings come over the soul. I was born there, and feel as if I must go directly home. And when I say *home*, I mean the Völkerstrasse and the house where I was born. This house will be some day very remarkable, and I have sent word to the old lady who owns it that she must not for her life sell it. For the whole house she would now hardly get as much as the present which the green-veiled English ladies will give the servant-girl when she shows them the room where I was born, and the hen-house wherein my father generally imprisoned me for stealing grapes, and also the brown door on which my mother taught me to write with chalk—O Lord! madam, should I ever become a famous author, it has cost my poor mother trouble enough.

But my renown as yet slumbers in the marble quarries of Carrara; the waste-paper laurel with which they have bedecked my brow has not spread its perfume through the wide world; and the green-veiled English ladies, when they visit Düsseldorf, leave the celebrated house unvisited, and go directly to the Market Place and there gaze on the colossal black equestrian statue which stands in its midst. This represents the Prince-Elector, Jan Wilhelm. He wears black armor and a long hanging wig.

In those days princes were not the persecuted wretches which they now are. Their crowns grew firmly on their heads, and at night they drew their caps over them and slept in peace; and their people slumbered calmly at their feet, and when they awoke in the morning they said, «Good-morning, father!» and he replied, «Good-morning, dear children!»

But there came a sudden change over all this; for one morning, when we awoke and would say, «Good-morning, father!» the father had traveled away, and in the whole town there was nothing but dumb sorrow. Everywhere there was a funeral-like expression, and people slipped silently through the market and read the long paper placed on the door of the town-house. It was dark and lowering, yet the lean tailor Kilian stood in the nankeen jacket which he generally wore only at home, and in his blue woolen stockings, so that his little bare legs peeped out as if in sorrow, and his thin lips quivered as he read murmuringly the handbill. An old invalid soldier from the Palatine read it in a somewhat louder tone, and little by little a transparent tear ran down his white, honorable old mustache. I stood near him, and asked why he wept? And he replied, «The Prince-Elector has abdicated.» And then he read further, and at the words «for the long-manifested fidelity of my subjects,» «and hereby release you from allegiance,» he wept still more. It is a strange sight to see, when so old a man, in faded uniform, with a scarred veteran's face, suddenly bursts into tears. While we read, the Princely-Electoral coat-of-arms was being taken down from the Town Hall, and everything began to appear as miserably dreary as though we were waiting for an eclipse of the sun. The gentlemen town councilors went about at an abdicating wearisome gait; even the omnipotent beadle looked as though he had no more commands to give, and stood calmly indifferent, although the crazy Aloysius stood upon one leg and chattered the names of French generals, while the tipsy, crooked Gumpertz rolled around in the gutter, singing *Ça ira! Ça ira!*

But I went home, weeping and lamenting because «the Prince-Elector had *abducted!*» My mother had trouble enough to explain the word, but I would hear nothing. I knew what I knew, and went weeping to bed, and in the night dreamed that the world had come to an end; that all the fair flower gardens and green meadows of the world were taken up and rolled up, and put away like carpets and baize from the floor; that a beadle climbed up on a high ladder and took down the sun; and that the tailor Kilian stood by and said to himself, «I must go home and dress myself neatly, for I am dead and am to be buried this afternoon.» And it grew darker and darker; a few stars glimmered sparely on high, and these at length fell down like yellow leaves in autumn; one by one all men vanished, and I, a poor child, wandered in anguish around, until, before the willow fence of a deserted farm-house, I saw a man digging up the earth with a spade, and near him an ugly spiteful-looking woman who held something in her apron like a human head — but it was the moon, and she laid it carefully in the open grave; and behind me stood the Palatine invalid, sighing, and spelling «The Prince-Elector has abducted.» . . .

The next day the world was again all in order, and we had school as before, and things were got by heart as before: the Roman emperors, chronology, the *nomina* in *im*, the *verba irregularia*, Greek, Hebrew, geography, German, mental arithmetic — Lord! my head is still giddy with it! — all must be thoroughly learned. And much of it was eventually to my advantage. For had I not learned the Roman emperors by heart, it would subsequently have been a matter of perfect indifference to me whether Niebuhr had or had not proved that they never really existed. And had I not learned the numbers of the different years, how could I ever in later years have found out any one in Berlin, where one house is as like another as drops of water or as grenadiers, and where it is impossible to find a friend unless you have the number of his house in your head? Therefore I associated with every friend some historical event which had happened in a year corresponding to the number of his house, so that the one recalled the other, and some curious point in history always occurred to me whenever I met any one whom I visited. For instance, when I met my tailor I at once thought of the battle of Marathon; if I saw the banker Christian Gumpel, I remembered the destruction of Jerusalem; if a Portuguese friend deeply in debt, of the flight of Mahomet; if the university judge, a man whose probity is well known, of the death of Haman; and if Wadzeck, I was at once reminded of Cleopatra. Ah, heaven! the poor creature is dead now; our tears are dry, and we may say of her with Hamlet, «Take her for all in all, she was an old woman; we oft shall look upon her like again!» But as I said, chronology is necessary. I know men who have nothing in their heads but a few years, yet who know exactly where to look for the right houses, and are moreover regular professors. But oh, the trouble I had at school with my learning to count! and it went even worse with the ready reckoning. I understood best of all *subtraction*, and for this I had a very practical rule: «four can't be taken from three, therefore I must borrow one;» but I advise all in such a case to borrow a few extra dollars, for no one can tell what may happen.

THE PHILISTINE OF BERLIN

From ‹Italy›

I AM the politest man in the world. I am happy in the reflection that I have never been rude in this life, where there are so many intolerable scamps who take you by the button and draw out their grievances, or even declaim their poems—yes, with true Christian patience have I ever listened to their *misereres* without betraying by a glance the intensity of ennui and of boredom into which my soul was plunged. Like unto a penitential martyr of a Brahmin, who offers up his body to devouring vermin, so that the creatures (also created by God) may satiate their appetites, so have I for a whole day taken my stand and calmly listened as I grinned and bore the chattering of the rabble, and my internal sighs were only heard by Him who rewards virtue.

But the wisdom of daily life enjoins politeness, and forbids a vexed silence or a vexatious reply, even when some chuckle-headed «commercial councilor» or barren-brained cheesemonger makes a set at us, beginning a conversation common to all Europe with the words, «Fine weather to-day.» No one knows but that we may meet that same Philistine again, when he may wreak bitter vengeance on us for not politely replying, «It is very fine weather.» Nay, it may even happen, dear reader, that thou mayest, some fine day, come to sit by the Philistine aforesaid in the inn at Cassel, and at the *table d'hôte*, even by his left side, when he is exactly the very man who has the dish with a jolly brown carp in it, which he is merrily dividing among the many.

If he now chance to have some ancient grudge against thee, he pushes away the dish to the right, so that thou gettest not the smallest bit of tail, and therewith canst not carp at all. For, alas! thou art just the thirteenth at table, which is always an unlucky thing when thou sittest at the left hand of the carver and the dish goes around to the right. And to get no carp is a great evil — perhaps, next to the loss of the national cockade, the greatest of all. The Philistine who has prepared this evil now mocks thee with a heavy grin, offering thee the laurel leaves which lie in the brown sauce. Alas! what avail laurels, if you have no carp with them; and the Philistine twinkles his eyes and snickers, and whispers, « Fine weather to-day! »

Ah! dear soul, it may even happen to thee that thou wilt at last come to lie in some church-yard next to that same Philistine, and when on the Day of Judgment thou hearest the trumpet sound, and sayest to thy neighbor, « Good friend, be so kind as to reach me your hand, if you please, and help me to stand up; my left leg is asleep with this damned long lying still! » — then thou wilt suddenly remember the well-known Philistine laugh, and wilt hear the mocking tones of « Fine weather to-day! »

« Foine wey-ther to-day! »

O reader, if you could only have heard the tone — the incomparable treble-base — in which these words were uttered, and could have seen the speaker himself, — the arch-prosaic, widow's-savings-bank countenance, the stupid-cute eyelets, the cocked-up, cunning, investigating nose, — you would at once have said, « This flower grew on no common sand, and these tones are in the dialect of Charlottenburg, where the tongue of Berlin is spoken even better than in Berlin itself. »

I am the politest man in the world. I love to eat brown carps, and I believe in the resurrection. Therefore I replied, « In fact, the weather is very fine. »

When the son of the Spree heard that, he grappled boldly on me, and I could not escape from his endless questions, to which he himself answered; nor, above all, from his comparisons between Berlin and Munich, which latter city he would not admit had a single good hair growing on it.

I, however, took the modern Athens under my protection, being always accustomed to praise the place where I am. Friend reader, if I did this at the expense of Berlin, you will forgive me when I quietly confess that it was done out of pure policy, for I am fully aware that if I should ever begin to praise my good Berliners, my renown would be forever at an end among them; for they would begin at once to shrug their shoulders, and whisper to one another, «The man must be uncommonly green: he even praises *us!*» No town in the world has so little local patriotism as Berlin. A thousand miserable poets have, it is true, long since celebrated Berlin both in prose and in rhyme, yet no cock in Berlin crowed their praise and no hen was cooked for them, and «under the Lindens» they were esteemed miserable poets as before. . . .

But after all, between you and me, reader, when it comes to calling the whole town «a new Athens,» the designation is a little absurd; and it costs me not a little trouble to represent it in this light. This went home to my very heart in the dialogue with the Berlin Philister, who, though he had conversed for some time with me, was unpolite enough to find an utter want of the first grain of Attic salt in the new Athens.

«That,» he cried tolerably loudly, «is only to be found in Berlin. There, and there only, is wit and irony. Here they have good white beer, but no irony.»

«No, we haven't got irony,» cried Nannerl, the pretty, well-formed waiting-maid, who at this instant sprang past us; «but you can have any other sort of beer.»

It grieved me to the heart that Nannerl should take irony to be any sort of beer, were it even the best brew of Stettin; and to prevent her from falling in future into such errors, I began to teach her after the following wise:—«Pretty Nannerl, irony is not beer, but an invention of the Berlin people,—the wisest folks in the world,—who were awfully vexed because they came too late into the world to invent gunpowder, and therefore undertook to find out something which should answer as well. Once upon a time, my dear, when a man had said or done something stupid, how could the matter be helped? That which was done could not be undone, and people said that the man was an ass. That was disagreeable. In Berlin, where the people are shrewdest, and where the most stupid things happen, the people soon found out the inconvenience. The government took hold of the matter vigorously: only the greater blunders were allowed to be printed, the lesser were simply suffered in conversation; only professors and high officials could say stupid things in public, lesser people could only make asses of themselves in private:

but all of these regulations were of no avail; suppressed stupidities availed themselves of extraordinary opportunities to come to light, those below were protected by those above, and the emergency was terrible, until some one discovered a reactionary means whereby every piece of stupidity could change its nature, and even be metamorphosed into wisdom. The process is altogether plain and easy, and consists simply in a man's declaring that the stupid word or deed of which he has been guilty was meant ironically. So, my dear girl, all things get along in this world: stupidity becomes irony, toadyism which has missed its aim becomes satire, natural coarseness is changed to artistic raillery, real madness is humor, ignorance real wit, and thou thyself art finally the Aspasia of the modern Athens."

I would have said more, but pretty Nannerl, whom I had up to this point held fast by the apron-string, broke away loose by main force, as the entire band of assembled guests began to roar for "A beer! a beer!" in stormy chorus. But the Berliner himself looked like irony incarnate as he remarked the enthusiasm with which the foaming glasses were welcomed, and after pointing to a group of beer-drinkers who toasted their hop nectar and disputed as to its excellence, he said smiling, "Those are your Athenians!"

HEINE'S VISIT TO GOETHE

When I visited him in Weimar, and stood before him, I involuntarily glanced at his side to see whether the eagle was not there with the lightning in his beak. I was nearly speaking Greek to him; but as I observed that he understood German, I stated to him in German that the plums on the road between Jena and Weimar were very good. I had for so many long winter nights thought over what lofty and profound things I would say to Goethe, if ever I saw him — and when I saw him at last, I said to him that the Saxon plums were very good! And Goethe smiled.

Translation of Stern and Snodgrass.

HELIODORUS

(Fourth Century A. D.)

OUR English — or more generally, our modern — novel is the progeny of the Greek romance of Heliodorus. If the self-respecting, simple-minded old bishop could have foreseen the vast concourse of the children of his mind, as numerous as the sands of his native Syria, would he have suppressed it? A legend still preserved leads one to think he would not; for Heliodorus, according to the account, had the courage of his romance-writing. The story says that after some Thessalian young persons, in the fourth century, had been misled to love by this Æthiopica of Heliodorus, the synod of the Church decreed that such amorous and inflaming literature should be committed to the flames, or the author deprived of his bishopric of Tricca. To the glory of Heliodorus, it should be added that he preferred resigning his prelacy to suppressing his genius.

Heliodorus was not the first romance writer. Other Greeks had humanized Oriental allegory, parable, and fictitious narrative,—the Greek race was wont to humanize whatever of outlandish art or religion came to it; and the Greek story-tellers, even before the Bishop of Tricca, made their heroes men and their heroines women, living natural lives without the intervention of genii or magic. But the tales of these forerunners have not been saved except in summaries. It was Heliodorus whose art so charmed that it preserved his little tales, and became a model for Longus, Achilles Tatius, and others who came after him. There is no better example in all literature of the quiet, silent working through centuries of a book of genuine human value. To his contemporaries Heliodorus was of so small value that the closing sentence of his romance — «Thus endeth the Æthiopian historie of Theagenes and Cariclia, the author wereof is Heliodorus of Emesos, a citie in Phœnicia, sonne of Theodosius, which fetched his petigree from the Sunne» — is about all the record we have of him.

His romance was brought to modern light by a German soldier, who in the plunder of a library at Buda in 1526, attracted by the rich binding of a manuscript, stole it. He brought his treasure westward and sold it to Vincent Obsopæus, who published it in Basle in 1534. «Until this period,» says Huet in his treatise on the origin of romances (Huet was a courtier of Louis XIV.), «nothing had been seen better conceived or better executed than those adventures of Theagenes and Chariclea. Nothing can be more chaste than their loves, in which the author's own virtuous mind assists the religion of Christianity, which he professed, in diffusing over the whole work that air of *honnêteté* in which almost all the earlier romances are deficient. The incidents are numerous, novel, probable, and skillfully unfolded. The dénouement is admirable: it is natural; it grows out of the subject; and it is in the highest degree touching and pathetic.» Quickly told, the story is this. The lovers — Chariclea, a priestess of Delphi, and Theagenes, a descendant of Achilles — fly to Egypt. After many adventures and misfortunes, they come to Æthiopia and are about to suffer immolation to the sun and moon, when it is revealed that Chariclea is the daughter of the king reigning in that country. By a miracle she had been born white. The marriage of the lovers follows.

In 1547 Jacques Amyot translated the story into French. It also found a translation into several other languages, and has exerted a wide influence upon fictitious narrative. It was universally read. «Heliodorus, that good Bishop of Tricca,» says Montaigne in one of his essays, «rather chose to lose the dignity, profit, and devotion of so venerable a prelacy than to lose his daughter: a daughter that continues to this day very graceful and comely; but notwithstanding, peradventure a little too curiously and wantonly trickt, and too amorous, for an ecclesiastical and sacerdotal daughter.» In this century of the reappearance also,— the century in which Montaigne wrote,— Tasso, promising the courtiers of the French King that such favorite reading of theirs should be preserved in the glories of Italian verse, transferred to the heroine Clorinda the incidents of the birth and early life of Chariclea; Tasso's friend Guarini imitated the proposed sacrifice and the discovery of the birth of Chariclea in his pastoral drama ‹Pastor Fido.› The boyhood of Racine, it is also said, was lighted by Heliodorus's story; for when at Port Royal, his imagination well-nigh smothered by the mass of dry erudition the monks had heaped upon him, he came by chance upon this romance. The fathers burnt the first copy, and the second, and a third, but the mischief had been done; Racine's imagination had been saved, and throughout his life the story was beloved of him. Both French and English writers of tragedy have used the plot for plays; and Raphael, aided by Giulio Romano, took two of the most striking incidents of the story for his canvases. In one he has painted the moment when Theagenes and Chariclea meet in the temple of Delphi; in the other, Chariclea on board the Tyrian ship is imploring the captain of the pirates that she may not be separated from her lover and the Egyptian priest. Says Charles Whibley in his Introduction to the romance:

«The invention of Heliodorus carries the reader far away from life and observation. Bloodthirsty pirates and armed men, caves and ambushes, dreams and visions, burnings, poisonings, and sudden deaths, battle and rapine,—these are the material of his ancient story. . . . It is in his opening scene that Heliodorus best approves his skill. He plunges at once into a very tangle of events, and captures the attention by a fearless contempt of prologue and explanation. . . . Throughout, the author shows himself a master of construction. Though his plot be involved, though his story begin anywhere else than at the beginning, it is the surest of hands which holds the thread. . . . The purpose of the narrative is never confused, and you reach the appointed end with a complete consciousness of the story's shape and construction. . . . For him the adventure was the beginning and the end of art. . . . There was never a writer who closed his senses more resolutely to the sights and sounds of actuality. In him the faculty of observation was replaced by the self-consciousness of the littérateur. Not even his vocabulary was fresh or original. Coray, the wisest of his editors, has proved that he borrowed his words as ingeniously as he concocted his episodes. His prose, in fact, is elaborately composed of tags from Homer and the Tragedians.»

The Greek text has been many times edited,—most successfully by Coray, whose edition appeared in Paris in 1804. The following are two episodes taken from the English version of Underdowne—«An Æthiopian Historie written in Greeke by Heliodorus no lesse wittie then pleasaunt Englished by Thomas Underdowne and newly corrected and augmented with divers and sundry new additions by the said authour whereunto is also annexed the argument of every booke in the beginning of the same for the better understanding of the storie. 1587.» The relation to the Greek original is often remote or casual; the version is of great independent value, however, as a monument of English prose.

THE LOVERS

From ‹The First Booke›

As soone as the day appeared and the Sunne began to shine on the tops of the hilles, men whose custome was to live by rapine and violence ranne to the top of a hill that stretched towards the mouth of Nylus called Heracleot: where standing awhile they viewed the sea underneath them, and when they had looked a good season a far off into the same, and could see nothing that might put them in hope of pray, they cast their eyes somewhat neare the shoare: where a shippe, tyed with cables to the maine land, lay at road, without sailers, and full fraughted, which thing they who were a farre of might easily conjecture:

for the burden caused the shippe to drawe water within the bourdes of the decke. But on the shore every place was ful of men, some quite dead, some halfe dead, some whose bodies yet panted, and plainly declared that there had ben a battell fought of late.

But there could be seene no signes or tokens of any just quarell, but there seemed to be an ill and unluckie banket, and those that remained, obtained such ende. For the tables were furnished with delicate dishes, some whereof laie in the handes of those that were slaine, being in steede of weapons to some of them in the battaile, so souddenly begunne. Others covered such as crope under them to hide themselves, as they thought. Besides, the cuppes were overthrowen, and fell out of the handes, either of them that dranke, or those who had in steade of stones used them. For that soudaine mischiefe wrought newe devises, and taught them in steade of weapons to use their pottes. Of those who lay there, one was wounded with an axe, an other was hurte with the shelles of fishes, whereof on the shore there was great plentie, an other was al to crushed with a lever, many burnt with fire, and the rest by divers other meanes, but most of all were slaine with arrowes. To be briefe, God shewed a wonderfull sight in so shorte time, bruing bloude with wine, joyning battaile with banketting, mingling indifferently slaughters with drinkings, and killing with quaffinges, providing such a sight for the theeves of Egypt to gaze at.

For they, when they had given these thinges the lookinge-on a good while from the hill, coulde not understande what that sight meante: for asmuch as they saw some slaine there, but the conquerors coulde they see no where; a manifest victorie but no spoyls taken away; a shippe without mariners onely, but as concerning other things untouched, as if shee had beene kept with a garde of many men, and lay at road in a faulse harboure. But for all that they knew not what that thing meant, yet they had respect to their lucre and gaine.

When therefore they had determined that themselves were the victors, they drewe neare unto the same: and not being farre from the ship and those that were slaine, they saw a sight more perplexed then the rest a great deale. A maid endued with excellent beautie, which also might be supposed a goddesse, sate uppon a rocke, who seemed not a little to bee grieved with that present mischaunce, but for al that of excellent courage: she had a garland of laurell on her head, a quiver on her backe, and in her lefte hand a bowe, leaning upon her thigh with her other hande, and looking downewarde, without moving of her head, beholding a certaine young man a good way off, the which was sore wounded, and seemed to lift up himselfe as if he had bin wakened out of a deep sleepe, almost of death it selfe: yet was he in this case of singular beautie, and for all that his cheekes were besprinkled with bloude, his whitenes did appeare so much the more. He was constrained for griefe to cloase his eyes, yet caused he the maide to looke stedfastly upon him, and these things must they needs see, because they saw her. But as soone as he came to him selfe a little, he uttered these words very faintly. And art thou safe in deede my sweet hart, quoth hee? or else hast thou with thy death by any mischance augmented this slaughter? Thou canst not, no, not by death, be separated from me. But of the fruition of thy sight and thy life, doeth all mine estate depend. Yea in you (answered the maide) doeth my whole fortune consist, whither I shall live or die; and for this cause, you see (shewing a knife in her hande) this was hetherto readie, but only for your recovering was restrayned. And as soone as shee had saide thus, she leapt from the stone, and they who were on the hill, as well for wonder as also for the feare they had, as if they had beene stricken with lightning, ranne everie man to hide them in the bushes there beside. For she seemed to them a thing of greater price, and more heavenlie, when she stoode upright, and her arrowes with the sudden moving of her bodie, gave a clashe on her shoulders, her apparrell wrought with golde glistered against the Sunne, and her haire under her garlande, blowen about with the winde, covered a great part of her backe. The theeves were greatly afraide of these thinges, the rather for that they understoode not what that should meane which they sawe. Some of them said indeede it was a Goddesse and Diana, other said it was Isis, which was honoured there: but some of them said it was some Priest of the Gods, that replenished with Divine furie had made the great slaughter which there appeared; and thus everie man gave his verdite, because they knewe not the trueth. But she hastilie running to the young man embraced him, wept for sorrow, kissed him, wiped away his bloud, and made pitiful mone, being very carefull for his safetie.

THEAGENES AND THE BULL

From ‹The Tenth Booke›

As soone as Hidaspes had in fewe woordes declared to the people his victorie, and what he had done else luckily for the common wealth, he commanded them who had to do with the holy affaires to beginne their sacrifice. There were three altars made: two which appertained to the Sunne and Moon were set together; the third thus was Bacchus, was erected a good way off; to him they sacrificed al manner of living things, because that his power is wel knowen, as I suppose, and pleaseth all. Uppon the other altars to the Sunne were offered young white horses, and to the Moone a yoke of oxen, by reason that they helpe them in their husbandrie. Not farre from thence, while these thinges were in doing, there was a soudaine uncertain voice heard (as is like would be among such a multitude) which cried: Let the sacrifice which our countrie accustometh to do, be now made for all our safeties, then let the first fruits that were gotten in the war be offered.

Hidaspes perceived that they called for humane sacrifices, which are woont to be offered of those that are taken in straung warres; and beckoned with hand, and told them that he would by and by doo what they required; and therewith he commaunded the prisoners appointed for the purpose to be brought foorth, among whom came Theagenes, and Cariclia, not bound, but garded about with men: all the other were heavie,—and good reason why,—saving Theagenes; and Cariclia smiled, and went with a cheerefull countenaunce. . . . At the altar of the Moone stoode two bullockes; and at the altar of the Sunne foure white horses, to be sacrificed: when the monstrous and strounge beast came in sight, they were as sore troubled, and afraid as if they had sene a sprite; and one of the bulles, which as might be thought sawe the beast alone, and two horses, brake out of their handes that helde them, and ranne about as fast as they could: mary, they could not breake out of the compasse of the army, because the souldiers with their shieldes had made as it were a wall round; but they ranne here and there, and overthrewe all that stoode in their way, were it vessel or anything els; so that there was a great shout, as well of those to whome they came for feare, as also for joy and pleasure that other had to see them overrunne their mates, and tread them under their feete. . . .

Then Theagenes, either moved with his own manly courage or else sturred forwarde with strength sent him of God, when he sawe his keepers that attended uppon him dispersed here and there, with the tumulte start up soudainely (for before he kneeled at the altar, and looked every minute to be slaine) and tooke up a cleft sticke, whereof there lay a great many upon the altar, and leapt uppon one of the horses that was broken loose, and holding him by the mane in steede of a bridle, and with his heeles and the cleft sticke making him to go, folowed the Bull. At the first every man thought that Theagenes would have bene gone, and therefore incouraged one another that they would not let him goe out of compasse of the souldiers. But by that hee did after, they sawe he did it not for feare, not to avoid the sacrificing: for when he had overtaken the Bull, in verie short time, he tooke him by the taile, and drave him forward of purpose to weary him in making him runne faster, which way so ever he went, hee followed after him, and with great skill so tooke heede to his shorte turnes that they hurt him not. After he had acquainted the Bull with this, he rode at his side, so neare that their skinnes touched, and their breathes and sweatte were mingled together, and he made them keepe so equall a course too, that those who were a farre off deemed that they had bene made but one, and commended Theagenes to the heavens, that had so straungly yoked a horse and a Bull together.

And upon this looked all the people; but when Cariclia saw it, shee trembled and quaked, because she knew not what hee meant, and was as sore afraide of his hurte, if he should by ill happe have a fall, as if she should have bene slaine herselfe. . . . Theagenes, after he had let the horse runne as faste as he coulde, so long till his breast was equall with the Bulles head, he let him go at libertie, and fell upon the Bulles head betweene his hornes, and cast his armes about his head like a garlande, and clasped his fingers on his forhead before, and let the rest of his body hang downe by the right shoulder of him. So that the Bull in going hurt him a little. After Theagenes perceived that he was weary with the great burthen, and his muscles were faint with too much travell, and that hee came before the place where Hydaspes sate, he turned himselfe before and set his feete before the Bull, who beatte upon his hoofes stil, and so tripped him. He being let of his course, and overcome with the strength of the young man, fell downe upon his head and shoulders, so that his hornes stucke so fast in the ground, that he could not move his head, and his feete stoode upward, with which he sprawled in vaine a great while, and by his feeblenes declared that he was overcome. Theagenes lay uppon him, and with his left hand held him downe, but lifted his right hand up to heaven, and looked merrilie upon Hydaspes and all that were there els, who laughed and were much delighted with that sight, and they heard that the Bull with his lowing declared the famousnesse of the victorie, as wel as if it had beene declared with a trumpet. On the other side was a great shoute of the people, that said plainly nothing that one could understand to his praise, but with their wide throates and gaping mouthes (as in like assemblies doeth oft happen) they seemed to extoll him to the heavens with one consent.

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

(1793–1835)

Of Mrs. Hemans, the critical Gilfillan said that she was «no Sibyl, but the most feminine writer of the age,» and that «She sat before her lyre, not touching it with awful reverence as though each string were a star, nor using it as the mere conductor to her overflowing thoughts, but regarding it as the soother and sustainer of her own high-wrought emotions — a graceful *alias* of herself.»

Felicia D. Hemans

It was because of this peace, sweetness, and high serenity, that for two generations her poetry found so full a response in the minds of all English-speaking women of taste and refinement, who recognized in it the harmonious expression of their own emotions and sentiments. Thus she became a household poet not only in England but in the United States, where she was so popular that she was invited to conduct a magazine in Boston, while most American visitors to England made pilgrimages to see her. Many of her poems, like ‹Casabianca,› ‹The Graves of a Household,› ‹Child amid the Flowers at Play,› ‹Bernardo del Carpio,› ‹The Better Land,› and ‹The Burial of William the Conqueror,› long ago attained the immortality of school-books, and are known by heart among innumerable readers to whom the name of Mrs. Hemans is a name only.

Felicia Dorothea Browne was born in Liverpool, September 25th, 1793, and brought up in Wales, whither her father shortly removed. The little girl was early noted for her «extreme beauty and precocious talents.» She was particularly fond of Shakespeare, and read his plays «in a secret haunt of her own — a seat among the branches of an old apple-tree, where she reveled in the treasures of the cherished volume.» At the age of fourteen she published her first poems. At eighteen she was married to Captain Hemans, of the British army. Six years afterwards, the marriage proving an unhappy one, they separated, the husband going abroad and the wife devoting her life to her five sons. Yet the busy mother and teacher found much time for writing, won several prizes for her poems, and attained a wide literary fame. Her drama ‘The Vespers of Palermo’ was represented, unsuccessfully, at Covent Garden in 1823. Her own keen criticism of her ‘Storm-Painter’—«it seemed all done in pale water-colors»—is equally true of this tragedy.

In 1825 she settled in Rhyllon, Wales, the country of her deepest affection. There «An atmosphere of home gathered round the dwelling,» writes her sister; «roses were planted and honeysuckles trained, and the rustling of the solitary poplar near her window was taken into her heart like the voice of a friend. The dingle became a favorite haunt, where she would pass many hours of dream-like enjoyment with her books and her own sweet fancies, her children playing round her.» Here she wrote ‘Records of Women’ (1828), which she said contained most of her «heart and individual feelings»; though all her work, of which she published eighteen separate volumes, is marked by absolute sincerity, careful and melodious versification, and lofty feeling. In 1829 Mrs. Hemans visited Walter Scott, a visit vividly described in her letters. He admired her greatly, but not her verses, for he told Joanna Baillie that she had «too many flowers and too little fruit.» The severe Jeffrey, on the other hand, declared that she was «beyond all comparison the most touching and accomplished writer of occasional verses that our literature has yet to boast of»; while Alison pronounced her the equal of Coleridge, «if not in depth of thought, at least in tenderness of feeling and beauty of expression.» He added that she «required only to have written a little less to have been one of the greatest lyric poets that England ever produced.» Wordsworth was very fond of her, saying that «in quickness of mind she had, within the range of his acquaintance, no equal.» At Rydal Mount he thought her talk delightful, as they strolled through his favorite vales or clambered along the mountain paths above Grasmere Lake. In his ‘Epitaphs’ he wrote—

«Mourn rather for that holy spirit
Sweet as the spring, as ocean deep;
For her who, ere her summer faded,
Has sunk into a breathless sleep.»

Many of her shorter poems appeared in the ephemeral style of her day, for «editors of little books in silken trimmings were always on their knees before her.» Beautiful and winning to the end, she spent her last years at the house of her brother in Dublin, where she charmed a brilliant literary coterie. There at the early age of forty-one she died.

A collective edition of Mrs. Hemans's ‘Poems’ in seven volumes was published in 1839 by her sister, Mrs. Hughes, who also wrote a ‘Memoir.’ Several American editions were issued from 1825 to 1850, and a modern edition was published by W. M. Rossetti (London, 1873).

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND

THE stately homes of England!
How beautiful they stand
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land!
The deer across their greensward bound
Through shade and sunny gleam;
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England!
Around their hearths by night
What gladsome looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light!
There woman's voice flows forth in song,
Or childhood's tale is told;
Or lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old.

The blessed homes of England!
How softly on their bowers
Is laid the holy quietness
That breathes from Sabbath hours!
Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell's chime
Floats through their woods at morn;
All other sounds in that still time
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage homes of England!
By thousands on her plains
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks
And round the hamlet fanes.
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves;
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the birds beneath their eaves.

The free, fair homes of England!
Long, long, in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be reared
To guard each hallowed wall!
And green forever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God!

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS IN NEW ENGLAND

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame:

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;—
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared,—
This was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band:
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod;
They have left unstained what there they found,—
Freedom to worship God.

THE HOUR OF DEATH

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all—
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

Day is for mortal care,
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer—
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth!

The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine;
There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power,
A time for softer tears—but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee—but thou art not of those
That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all—
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hues shall tinge the golden grain—
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

Is it when spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?
They have *one* season—all are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the air;
Thou art around us in our peaceful home;
And the world calls us forth—and thou art there.

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest;
Thou art where foe meets foe, and tempests rend
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all—
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

THE LOST PLEIAD

And is there glory from the heavens departed?
O void unmarked!—thy sisters of the sky
Still hold their place on high,
Though from its rank thine orb so long hath started,—
Thou that no more art seen of mortal eye.

Hath the night lost a gem, the regal night?
She wears her crown of old magnificence,
Though thou art exiled thence;
No desert seems to part those urns of light,
Midst the far depth of purple gloom intense.

They rise in joy, the starry myriads burning:
The shepherd greets them on his mountains free;
And from the silvery sea
To them the sailor's wakeful eye is turning—
Unchanged they rise, they have not mourned for thee.

Couldst thou be shaken from thy radiant place,
E'en as a dewdrop from the myrtle spray,
Swept by the wind away?
Wert thou not peopled by some glorious race,
And was there power to smite them with decay?

Why, who shall talk of thrones, of sceptres riven?
Bowed be our hearts to think of what *we* are,
When from its height afar
A world sinks thus—and yon majestic heaven
Shines not the less for that one vanished star!

THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP

WHAT hid'st thou in thy treasure-caves and cells,
Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main?
Pale glistening pearls and rainbow-colored shells,
Bright things which gleam unrecked-of and in vain!
Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy Sea!
We ask not such from thee.

Yet more—the depths have more! What wealth untold,
Far down and shining through their stillness, lies!
Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,
Won from ten thousand royal argosies!
Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful main!
Earth claims not *these* again.

Yet more—the depths have more! Thy waves have rolled
Above the cities of a world gone by;
Sand hath filled up the palaces of old,
Seaweed o'ergrown the halls of revelry.
Dash o'er them, Ocean, in thy scornful play!
Man yields them to decay.

Yet more—the billows and the depths have more!
High hearts and brave are gathered to thy breast!
They hear not now the booming waters' roar,
The battle thunders will not break their rest.
Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave!
Give back the true and brave!

Give back the lost and lovely! those for whom
The place was kept at board and hearth so long!
The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,
And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal song.
Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown—
But all is not thine own.

To thee the love of woman hath gone down;
Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,
O'er youth's bright locks, and beauty's flowery crown;
Yet must thou hear a voice: Restore the dead!
Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee—
Restore the dead, thou Sea!

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

(1849–)

For an author of reputation so extended, Mr. Henley's work is singularly limited in amount, consisting only of a few small volumes of poetry and essays. These books, however, represent a wide range of study and thought. William Ernest Henley was born in Gloucester, England, in 1849, and was educated in his native city. In 1875 he began to write for the London magazines, and edited for two years a short-lived journal called London, in which many of his verses first appeared. In 1889 he became editor of the Scots Observer (now the National Observer), and afterwards of the New Review, published in London, where he lives. This monthly is representative of the younger schools and late developments in literature.

William E. Henley

His critical essays contributed to the Saturday Review, the Athenæum, and other journals, were published in 1890 as 'Views and Reviews.' In 1873 appeared 'In Hospital: Rhymes and Rhythms,' and in 1888 a small 'Book of Verses,' followed by 'The Song of the Sword,' published in 1892. Two volumes, 'Lyra Heroica' and an anthology of English prose, were prepared by him; and he also wrote with Robert Louis Stevenson a volume of plays, published in 1893, of which 'Beau Austin' was acted at the Haymarket Theatre with great success. With Stevenson he published also 'Macaire' (1895), a melodramatic farce, which is a new version of the famous old harlequinade.

The 'Hospital' verses are unconventional, bold to the verge of daring, and belong perhaps rather to the field of pathology than of poetry. Surgeon's lint and antiseptics cannot be made attractive lyrical themes. Yet often there is vivid, if sombre, imagination in this series. Fine is the skill with which Henley, turning from these modern eccentricities, produces old French forms of verse, polished with the most delicate precision, and fancifully embellished. In the division called 'Life and Death' the poems are full of depth and beauty, and now and again one comes on a perfect song. In 'The

Song of the Sword› his many-colored mind produces work of a various character. The first part is an unrhymed rhythmical piece of declamation, suggestive of the saga, in which the sword speaks out of its bold heart; the second group, entitled ‹London Voluntaries,› has placed Henley's name among those poets who are pre-eminently associated with London streets and scenes. This poem-group, describing the city at various times of the year and day, has been compared to Whistler's studies of the world's greatest capital. Here is the same vivid drawing, the same impression of space and distance, and the same emphasis of the personality of the city. Henley's word pictures show how accurate is the comparison:—

«See the batch of boats
Here at the stairs, washed in the fresh-sprung beam!
And those are barges that were goblin floats,
Black, hag-steered, fraught with devilry and dream!
And in the piles the waters frolic clear,
The ripples into loose rings wander and flee,
And we—we can behold, that could but hear
The ancient River singing as he goes
New-mailed in morning to the ancient Sea.»

In the final division, called ‹Rhymes and Rhythms,› are many pieces of striking originality and lovely musical quality, our second poetical selection affording an illustration. It is interesting to compare Henley's treatment of London with that of Wordsworth's in his great sonnet ‹On Westminster Bridge,› in which he looks upon a city that

«doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning.»

Mr. Henley's critical qualities have been compared by Marriott Watson to «the flare of an electric light.» «There are queer patches of blackness outside the path of the illumination,» he says, «passages of darkness along the angles; but within these confines the white light cuts its way rudely, sharply, and with pitiless severity. Along the sphere of the irradiation the white flare is merciless in its scrutiny; every fault and flaw is picked out as by magic, every virtue is assigned its value.» This however gives but one side, the acidulous, biting side, of Henley's genius. At times, as in the wonderfully fine closing sentences of the prose selection herewith given, he is a prose poet writing English of music, majesty, and imaginative splendor.

BALLADE OF MIDSUMMER DAYS AND NIGHTS

With a ripple of leaves and a tinkle of streams
The full world rolls in a rhythm of praise,
And the winds are one with the clouds and beams —
Midsummer days! midsummer days!
The dusk grows vast; in a purple haze,
While the west from a rapture of sunset rights,
Faint stars their exquisite lamps upraise —
Midsummer nights! O midsummer nights!

The wood's green heart is a nest of dreams,
The lush grass thickens and springs and sways,
The rathe wheat rustles, the landscape gleams —
Midsummer days! midsummer days!
In the stilly fields, in the stilly ways,
All secret shadows and mystic lights,
Late lovers murmurous linger and gaze —
Midsummer nights! O midsummer nights!

There's a music of bells from the trampling teams,
Wild skylarks hover, the gorses blaze,
The rich ripe rose as with incense steams —
Midsummer days! midsummer days!
A soul from the honeysuckle strays,
And the nightingale as from prophet heights
Sings to the earth of her million Mays —
Midsummer nights! O midsummer nights!

ENVOY

And it's oh! for my dear, and the charm that stays —
Midsummer days! midsummer days!
It's oh! for my love, and the dark that plights —
Midsummer nights! O midsummer nights!

LONGFELLOW AND THE WATER-WORLD

From ‹Views and Reviews›

The ocean as confidant, a Laertes that can neither avoid his Hamlets nor bid them hold their peace, is a modern invention. Byron and Shelley discovered it; Heine took it into his confidence and told it the story of his loves; Wordsworth made it a moral influence; Browning loved it in his way, but his way was not often the poet's; to Matthew Arnold it was the voice of destiny, and its message was a message of despair; Hugo conferred with it as with a humble friend, and uttered such lofty things over it as are rarely heard upon the lips of man.

And so with living lyrists, each after his kind. Lord Tennyson listens and looks until it strikes him out an undying note of passion, or yearning, or regret:—

«Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me;»

Mr. Swinburne maddens with the wind and the sounds and the scent of it, until there passes into his verse a something of its vastness and its vehemency, the rapture of its inspiration, the palpitating, many-twinkling miracle of its light; Mr. William Morris has been taken with the manner of its melancholy; while to Whitman it has been «the great Camerado» indeed, for it gave him that song of the brown bird bereft of its mate, in whose absence the half of him had not been told to us.

But to Longfellow alone was it given to see that stately galley which Count Arnaldos saw; his only to hear the steersman singing that wild and wondrous song which none that hears it can resist, and none that has heard it may forget. Then did he learn the old monster's secret—the word of his charm, the core of his mystery, the human note in his music, the quality of his influence upon the heart and the mind of man; and then did he win himself a place apart among sea poets. With the most of them it is a case of «Ego et rex meus»: it is «I and the sea, and my egoism is as valiant and as vocal as the other's.» But Longfellow is the spokesman of a confraternity; what thrills him to utterance is the spirit of that strange and beautiful freemasonry established as long ago as when the first sailor steered the first keel out into the unknown, irresistible water-world, and so established the foundations of the eternal brotherhood of man with ocean. To him the sea is a place of mariners and ships. In his verse the rigging creaks, the white sail fills and crackles, there are blown smells of pine and hemp and tar; you catch the home wind on your cheeks; and old shipmen, their eyeballs white in their bronzed faces, with silver rings and gaudy handkerchiefs, come in and tell you moving stories of the immemorial, incommunicable deep. He abides in a port; he goes down to the docks, and loiters among the galiots and brigantines; he hears the melancholy song of the chanty-men; he sees the chips flying under the shipwright's adze; he smells the pitch that smokes and bubbles in the caldron. And straightway he falls to singing his variations on the ballad of Count Arnaldos; and the world listens, for its heart beats in his song.

«OUT OF THE NIGHT THAT COVERS ME»

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from Pole to Pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud,
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

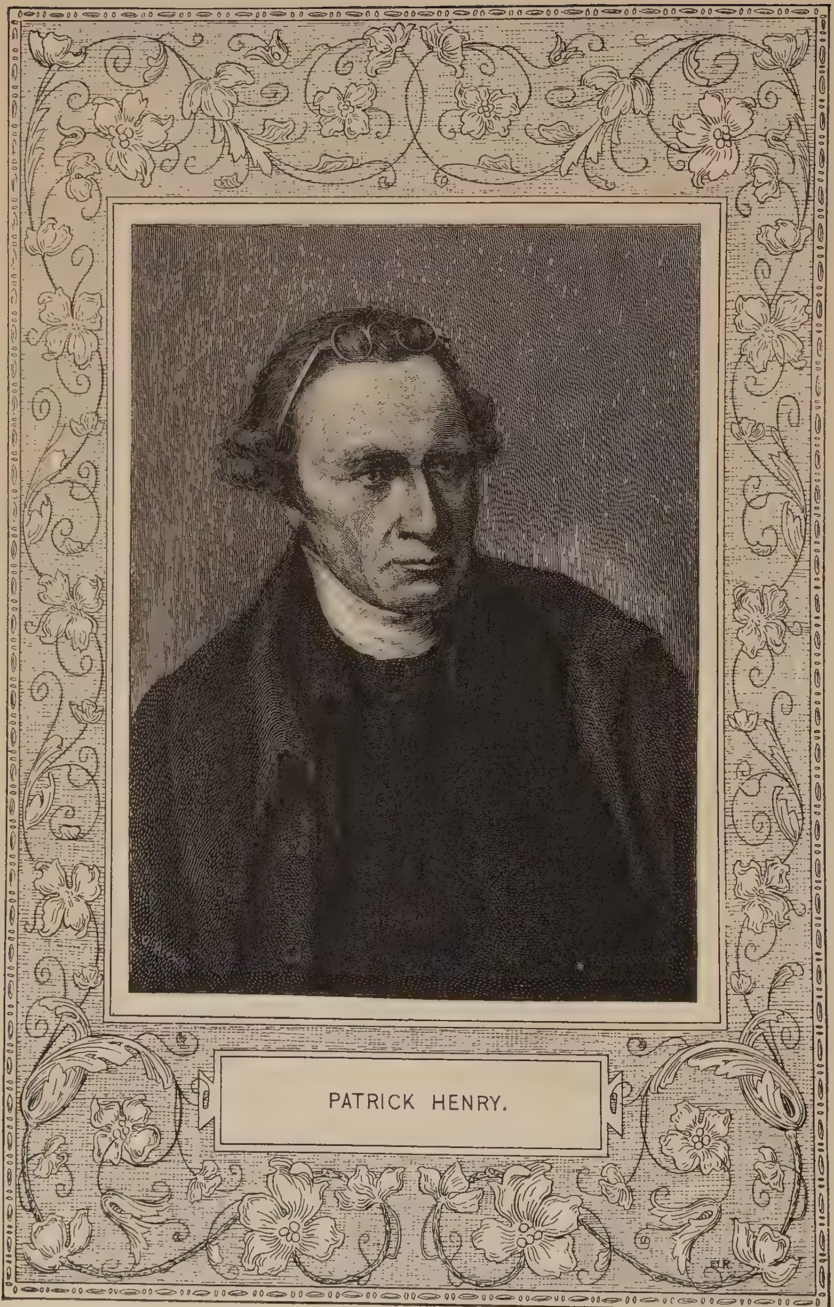
It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll:
I am the master of my fate;
I am the captain of my soul.

«OH, TIME AND CHANGE»

From ‹The Song of the Sword and Other Verses.› Copyright 1892, by Charles Scribner's Sons

Oh, Time and Change, they range and range
From sunshine round to thunder!
They glance and go as the great winds blow,
And the best of our dreams drive under;
For Time and Change estrange, estrange—
And now they have looked and seen us,
Oh we that were dear, we are all too near
With the thick of the world between us.

Oh, Death and Time, they chime and chime
Like bells at sunset falling!
They end the song, they right the wrong,
They set the old echoes calling;
For Death and Time bring on the prime
Of God's own chosen weather,
And we lie in the peace of the Great Release
As once in the grass together.



PATRICK HENRY.

PATRICK HENRY

(1736–1799)

Patrick Henry's fame as an American statesman and orator has the elements of permanency. A high-minded and broad-minded patriot, he had rare powers of persuasion by speech, —powers used for the welfare of his country. His forensic writing loses something in the reading, which is true of all good oratory. But certain of his flaming sentences still ring in the ears of Americans, and have historical significance.

Henry was born at Studley, Virginia, May 29th, 1736. He was of good Scotch and English blood, and was educated by his father; he married at eighteen and went early into business. He became a lawyer when twenty-four, and was successful from the first. When pleading the cause of a clergyman in 1763 in the celebrated tobacco-tax question, he showed himself to be a fine speaker; and from this on, advanced rapidly in public life. Elected in 1765 to the Virginia House, in a fiery speech he advocated resistance to the Stamp Act and became the leader of his colony. He was a delegate to the first Continental Congress, and in 1776, on the adoption of the Constitution, his own State made him four times governor; he declined re-election in 1786, to be again elected in 1796 and again to decline.

His policy throughout these public services was wise, broad, progressive. His spirit is reflected in the words of an early speech: «I am not a Virginian, but an American.» Retiring from public life in 1791 at the age of fifty-five, he practiced law, preferring to guard his broken health and provide for his large family; although subsequently Washington offered him the post of Secretary of State and that of Chief Justice, and President Adams named him minister to France. In 1799, however, at Washington's appeal he allowed himself to be elected to the Legislature; but died, June 6th, before taking his seat.

Henry's biography was written by William Wirt in 1817, in the tone of uncritical panegyric which biographers so rarely escape, and the rather tinsel brilliancy peculiar to Wirt. Good lives of Henry have since been written by his grandson, William Wirt Henry, and in the American Statesmen Series by Professor Moses Coit Tyler.

THE ALTERNATIVE

Speech in the Virginia Convention, 1775

From Wirt's ‹Life of Henry›

Mr. President:

It is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who having eyes see not, and having ears hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir: it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation — the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject?

Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? what terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer.

Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned, we have remonstrated, we have supplicated, we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free, if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending, if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained — we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak — unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations; and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged; their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable — and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, peace; but there is no peace. The war is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms. Our brethren are already in the field. Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? what would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! — I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

ON THE RETURN OF THE REFUGEES

Speech in the Virginia Legislature

From Wirt's ‹Life of Henry›

We have, sir, an extensive country without population: what can be a more obvious policy than that this country ought to be peopled? People, sir, form the strength and constitute the wealth of a nation. I want to see our vast forests filled up by some process a little more speedy than the ordinary course of nature. I wish to see these States rapidly ascending to that rank which their natural advantages authorize them to hold among the nations of the earth. Cast your eyes, sir, over this extensive country: observe the salubrity of your climate, the variety and fertility of your soil; and see that soil intersected in every quarter by bold navigable streams, flowing to the east and to the west, as if the finger of Heaven were marking out the course of your settlements, inviting you to enterprise and pointing the way to wealth. Sir, you are destined, at some time or other, to become a great agricultural and commercial people; the only question is, whether you choose to reach this point by slow gradations and at some distant period,—lingering on through a long and sickly minority, subjected meanwhile to the machinations, insults, and oppressions of enemies foreign and domestic, without sufficient strength to resist and chastise them,—or whether you choose rather to rush at once, as it were, to the full enjoyment of those high destinies, and be able to cope single-handed with the proudest oppressor of the Old World. If you prefer the latter course, as I trust you do, encourage emigration; encourage the husbandmen, the mechanics, the merchants of the Old World to come and settle in this land of promise; make it the home of the skillful, the industrious, the fortunate and happy, as well as the asylum of the distressed; fill up the measure of your population as speedily as you can, by the means which Heaven hath placed in your power: and I venture to prophesy there are those now living who will see this favored land amongst the most powerful on earth — able, sir, to take care of herself, without resorting to that policy which is always so dangerous, though sometimes unavoidable, of calling in foreign aid. Yes, sir, they will see her great in arts and in arms; her golden harvests waving over fields of immeasurable extent; her commerce penetrating the most distant seas, and her cannon silencing the vain boasts of those who now proudly affect to rule the waves.

But, sir, you must have men; you cannot get along without them: those heavy forests of valuable timber under which your lands are groaning must be cleared away; those vast riches which cover the face of your soil, as well as those which lie hid in its bosom, are to be developed and gathered only by the skill and enterprise of men; your timber, sir, must be worked up into ships, to transport the productions of the soil from which it has been cleared. Then you must have commercial men and commercial capital, to take off your productions and find the best markets for them abroad. Your great want, sir, is the want of men; and these you must have, and will have speedily, if you are wise. Do you ask how you are to get them? Open your doors, sir, and they will come in. The population of the Old World is full to overflowing; that population is ground, too, by the oppressions of the governments under which they live. Sir, they are already standing on tiptoe upon their native shores, and looking to your coasts with a wishful and longing eye. They see here a land blessed with natural and political advantages which are not equaled by those of any other country upon earth; a land on which a gracious Providence hath emptied the horn of abundance; a land over which Peace hath now stretched forth her white wings, and where Content and Plenty lie down at every door! Sir, they see something still more attractive than all this: they see a land in which Liberty hath taken up her abode, that Liberty whom they had considered as a fabled goddess, existing only in the fancies of poets. They see her here a real divinity, her altars rising on every hand throughout these happy States, her glories chanted by three millions of tongues, and the whole region smiling under her blessed influence. Sir, let but this our celestial goddess Liberty stretch forth her fair hand toward the people of the Old World, tell them to come, and bid them welcome — and you will see them pouring in from the north, from the south, from the east, and from the west; your wildernesses will be cleared and settled, your deserts will smile, your ranks will be filled, and you will soon be in a condition to defy the powers of any adversary.

But gentlemen object to any accession from Great Britain, and particularly to the return of the British refugees. Sir, I feel no objection to the return of those deluded people. They have, to be sure, mistaken their own interests most woefully, and most woefully have they suffered the punishment due to their offenses. But the relations which we bear to them and to their native country are now changed; their King hath acknowledged our independence, the quarrel is over, peace hath returned and found us a free people. Let us have the magnanimity, sir, to lay aside our antipathies and prejudices, and consider the subject in a political light. Those are an enterprising, moneyed people; they will be serviceable in taking off the surplus of our lands, and supplying us with necessaries during the infant state of our manufactures. Even if they be inimical to us in point of feeling and principle, I can see no objection in a political view in making them tributary to our advantage. And as I have no prejudices to prevent my making this use of them, so, sir, I have no fear of any mischief that they can do us. Afraid of *them!*— what, sir, shall *we*, who have laid the proud British lion at our feet, now be afraid of his *whelps?*

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